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***The year of the
big skirt hitch***

pages 14-17



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WORTH REPORTING

IN a remote part of Africa, on January 15, humanitarian Albert Schweitzer (see his story, "My Pelican," page 28) celebrated his 90th birthday in the hospital he built from logs with his own hands in 1913.

Since then his selfless work with lepers in Lambarene, in the Gabon Republic, has earned him a legendary image in his own time, and the 1953 Nobel Peace Prize.

His reputation has also stirred much controversy. Some younger Gabonese politicians are outraged by his refusal to modernise his hospital.



• Dr. Schweitzer

It has barely changed since it took in its first native patients 52 years ago.

Dr. Schweitzer does not believe in the necessities — Lambarene is without telephones and electric lighting system.

"Everything modern man regards as practical is not necessarily practical," he says.

In the evening of his life, the greatest concern of this philosopher-physician-musician is for the future simplicity of his settlement.

He believes any changes

OUR COVER

• Chic outfit by Paris couturier Pierre Cardin, who teams stockings and a matching sweater of floral cashmere with a brief skirt and fur-trimmed suede coat. This is the year of the Big Skirt Hitch (see pages 14 and 15) and of the gaily patterned stocking, too.

made after his death for the better can only, in fact, be for the worse.

His ideas may be old-fashioned, but for half a century he has buried himself in the depths of the jungle and achieved what he has set about when he first began studying medicine in 1905 — he has healed the sick.

Thanks from Sandor, Bimbo

REMEMBER our story late last year of Sandor Gubonyi and his dog, Bimbo, and Bimbo's decoration for gallantry in saving Sandor's life?

Mr. Gubonyi telephoned our Brisbane office from Julia Creek, North Queensland, to ask us to thank the many hundreds of people who wrote to him after reading the story.

He said he would like to reply to every letter — close on 1000 — but he cannot reply even to one, as he is not yet able to hold a pen firmly.

Then his friend Mr. Col Brady came on to the telephone line.

Col, a Julia Creek businessman, looked after Bimbo while Sandor, a fencing contractor, spent three months in hospital in Brisbane. The tractor accident and subsequent 11-day ordeal had temporarily paralysed him.

"My wife and I are in the process of buying Newry Island, near Mackay," said

Mr. Brady. "Sandor and Bimbo will be our guests there for as long as they wish."

"Personally, I think it will be a very long time before Sandor can work again. He can roll a smoke, and that's about all."

"We plan to develop Newry as a tourist resort. It will be a good place for him to convalesce."

Many of the letters about Sandor what plans he has for the future, and he considered this the best way of answering them.

★ ★ ★
DO you ever say you have a phobia about something, meaning that you fear it?

The real dyed-in-the-wool phobia — the one that involves psychiatrists — is an exaggeration of a normal reaction of fear and doubt and is a symptom of a deeper problem.

Among the many phobias are:

Acrophobia, fear of heights; agoraphobia, fear of open spaces; androphobia, fear of men; anthropophobia, fear of people; autophobia, fear of being alone; bathophobia, fear of depth; entomophobia, fear of insects; gynophobia, fear of women; hydrophobia, fear of water; nyctophobia, fear of darkness; claustrophobia, fear of closed spaces; phobophobia, fear of one's own fears; pyrophobia, fear of fire; thanatophobia, fear of death; xenophobia, fear of strangers; zoophobia, fear of animals.

"Punch and Judy" scored a howling success

By DIANE ROBERTS

● Punch and Judy—a not-so-devoted couple—have been entertaining children (and adults) for centuries. But when Punch and his wife left their puppet stage for a live performance at Brookvale, N.S.W., the results were disastrous.

CHILDREN, crying hysterically, clutched at mothers' hands as Punch mercilessly battered Judy with a club.

The actors wilted under the glares of mothers trying to comfort their sobbing children, and the producer wrung his hands as Punch threw the baby out of an imaginary window to fresh howls from the junior audience.

"Punch and Judy" was produced by Albie Thoms, of the Elizabethan Theatre Trust, as a lunch-hour play for children. The stage was a raised roundabout at the Warringah Mall shopping centre at Brookvale, N.S.W.

Brian Jones and Rosemary Gerrett played the roles of Punch and Judy, with Peter Whitford and John Krummel appearing as Toby the dog, a horse, a hangman, the Devil, a doctor, and a policeman.

"Everything seemed magnified in real life," said Mr. Mark Troy, manager of the Warringah Mall.

"Puppets can throw each other around, but when life-size people start doing it the children realise someone could be hurt."

After the first calamitous performance the script was hastily altered

and toned down, and "Punch and Judy" changed from a howling failure into a howling success for the rest of its five-day run.

In the classic "Punch and Judy" story, Punch, a grotesque hunchback with hooked nose and protruding stomach, is left to mind the baby while Judy goes shopping. When the baby cries, ignoring Punch's attempts to soothe it, Punch throws it out the window in desperation.

Judy is furious and beats Punch, who seizes a stick and beats her to death. Then Punch meets a number of characters including a doctor, negro, and policeman, most of whom he kills. Punch is finally caught, but tricks the hangman into putting his head into the noose, and Punch pulls the rope.

The ghost of Judy haunts him until the Devil arrives to carry him off, but after a tremendous fight Punch usually emerges the victor.

When the script was amended, children in the audience shed a few tears as the Devil trailed Punch, but these changed to laughter as the incorrigible Punch turned and chased the Devil—urged on by the eager shouts from his supporters in the front rows.



A PUPPET SHOW is only make-believe, but real-life Punch (Brian Jones) had his audience in tears. ABOVE: Judy (Rosemary Gerrett) gives Punch a noisy tongue-lashing.

THE DEVIL (left), in a fierce red mask, terrified the children as he crept up behind Punch's back—but screams from the audience warned Punch of the danger, and he chased the Devil off.

Pictures by staff photographer Ron Berg



EVEN A SMALL SPECTATOR can see that horrible-looking Devil is a "baddie" . . .

THOSE RED HORNS are pretty frightening when you're not yet four years old . . .

I CAN'T BEAR to WATCH IT. Go away, you nasty red Devil—I want my Mummy.

NEXT WEEK



Bon voyage!

She's sailing away on the holiday of her dreams . . .

And . . .

You'll find everything you want to know about holidays of your dreams in our 24-page lift-out—

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Death has ended their wonderful



ENGAGEMENT picture of Winston Churchill, of ducal lineage, and Clementine Hozier, granddaughter of an earl. AT RIGHT: Early in World War I, when he was Naval Chief.



CLEMMIE the DEVOTED

● "My Clemmie," the lovely and gracious woman whom Sir Winston Churchill married 56 years ago, and with whom, in his own words, he "lived happily ever after," played an enormous and vital part during his leadership of Britain.

BEFORE her husband became the war-time Prime Minister, Clementine Churchill was not well known. By choice, she had been very much in the shadows of his public life.

Then, gradually, as the spotlight played on him, the reputedly shy and self-effecting Clementine began to emerge as the "power behind the throne" in the nicest possible way.

One of the first to recognise her as the great man's tower of strength was Prime Minister Sir Robert (then Mr.) Menzies from Australia.

I remember vividly how impressed he was with Clementine Churchill after he had stayed with them for long and important talks in the early days of the war.

He began an interview I had with him which was to have been about Winston Churchill: "To understand the Prime Minister, one must see him against the background of his family and appreciate how much he depends on his wife."

And there unfolded a story of the absolute devotion of Clementine Churchill to her husband—his dependence on her, his adoration which, as Sir Robert said, was "something to be seen."

The war brought us all close to them.

It was when the blitz of 1940 had begun in all its fury that Clementine Churchill first had her hands full stopping Winston from taking deliberate risks.

Blitz-inspection tours by Churchill were morale-building and much appreciated, but when his jaunts caught up with the bombing Clemmie was appealed to: could she stop him taking such risks?

It wasn't easy, for at that time he was in a most obstinate mood.

She outmanoeuvred him by going along with him. It was a wifely ruse, and a clever one. Churchill, concerned about her safety, returned home before the worst of the raids.

This technique she kept up, for, as the Chief of Staff at the Ministry of Defence said, "Her presence made him cautious." And together they tramped many miles of bomb damage and rubble.

Fire-watcher

She followed this victory with another, persuading Winston to use an air-raid shelter — as an example to others. To this he agreed, but reluctantly. And so the famous annexe was equipped. Clementine, herself, did fire-watching duty nearby.

In many ways during these blitz days Clemmie was the "eyes and ears" of the Prime Minister.

One night, without Winston

knowing, she slipped off on a prow of the London Underground to see how those sheltering there were faring. She was horrified.

Hurrying back home to Number 10 Downing St., she gave Winston the full force of it. "Something must be done for these people," she said.

"You work something out, Clemmie," he told her.

On her suggestion, two million bunks were installed in the tube stations which became London's great air-raid dormitories, and to ensure orderliness fixed places were assigned by ticket.

During the war when they reluctantly abandoned their home, "Chartwell," and spent the weekends at "Chequers," Clementine, knowing her husband was not particularly fond of the cold and draughty edifice, set about making the best of it with artistic and homely touches.

Here she played hostess to Cabinet Ministers, Service chiefs, and heads of State concerned with the conduct of war. And it was such personal supervision that to this day elder statesmen recall the mothering they had.

Admiral of the Fleet Lord Fraser remembers most the constant concern for his wife that kept Winston anxious one weekend. She was hospital-visiting, the air-raids were bad, and when she was not home by nightfall Winston stormed about the

place tugging at the zip of his siren suit. "A stupid thing to do, to be out late like this, and no one knows who she is."

Lord Fraser thought it was rather a case of the kettle calling the black cat. When Clementine did return there was, he said, "a mild explosion." The guests appeared discreetly.

"I suppose there were more devoted couples," said, "so it was easy to appreciate his anxiety."

"No nonsense"

One Service chief who spent two out of three weekends at "Chequers" loved its homelike atmosphere.

"Clementine somehow managed to make it so," he recalled.

"When it was time for dinner she wouldn't have any nonsense. She would be the personal assistant to Tommy Thompson, to select the Prime Minister. And when he would come downstairs and say 'Chartwell had a bit more work to do, she would reply, 'We're going in to dinner and you can talk as long as you like afterwards.'"

A steady routine is something Clementine kept pretty hopelessly, to impose on her husband.

She thought first about his health and put this before all else — particularly during the war years.

partnership



SECOND WAR. They leave St. Paul's Cathedral on May 13, 1945, after a service of thanksgiving for the victory over Germany.



From ANNE
MATHESON, of
our London staff

Once she told Lloyd George she had written instructions for her successor on how to manage Winston Churchill — particularly his dinner.

The most important thing, she believed, was his dinner and his routine.

Glenda Macalpin, his Australian nurse, said: "He lived on a strict routine, but she loved to break it."

Lord Ismay, on his unpunctuality, tells how Clementine used to get very angry with him at times when he tried to get away with it.

Suggestion

Since a meal, in the Churchill family, is far more important than food and described by one friend as "a holiday combined with talk about world affairs," Winston's lack of consideration was a sore point with Clementine, particularly as she used to talk on every conceivable subject, and often greatly influenced his ideas.

There was a time when Churchill and Roosevelt were not getting on so well. Clementine, listening to the problems at the lunch table, said brightly: "Why don't you get Mr. Smuts to talk to Roosevelt about it?"

Churchill was on the telephone in a flash speaking to Smuts in South Africa. He explained things about the various points of disagreement, and asked if he would talk to Roosevelt. He did. And things improved.

Perhaps the greatest possible compliment Winston could have paid Clementine was during the war when he assured the war leaders everything could be discussed before her. There were no secrets from her.



PROTECTOR. If Sir Winston was indomitable in war, his wife was indomitable in peace. Firm dependability is spoken by the set of the features in this picture, taken on July 12, 1962, when Lady Churchill was leaving Middlesex Hospital, where he was ill with a bronchial infection. It was on this occasion she told reporters, "I think he's much better this evening. He was smoking a cigar."

General Sir Frederick Pile said she kept "Chequers" running as ringmaster and hostess.

"She was so bubbling," he says, "always full of life. But with a placid effect that calmed things down."

"She never came down to breakfast," he said of wartime days. But that had been a lifelong habit of the Churchills.

Winston once said, "My wife and I have tried two or three times in the past years to have breakfast together but we had to stop, otherwise our marriage would have been wrecked."

As is well known, Churchill's bedroom was also his office. He spent hours in bed

over his correspondence, even dictating his books.

Of the routine he worked out for himself, he said: "Thus one becomes independent of the sun, which otherwise meddles too much in one's affairs and upsets the routine of work."

Driver's seat

In spite of Churchill's toughness he has had many illnesses in his turbulent and triumphant life. No wife could have been closer to her husband at these times, and no husband more dependant on a wife.

Some said she had hitched her waggon to a hurricane, but had been more often in the driver's seat than was supposed.

Their dear friend, statesman Bernard Baruch, told Churchill:

"No one but you knows how enormous has been Clemmie's influence and contribution to your career. I have sensed your respect and devotion to her in how quickly you would heed her gentle admonition: 'Winston, I wouldn't say that.'"

Yet of this enduringly happy marriage Lord Roseberry forecast at their wedding in September, 1908, that it wouldn't last six months. Yet it did through years that were bleak. And when he was a political outcast Clementine walked with her head held high, certain her husband was right and everyone else was wrong.

"MY CLEMMIE." It is April 1, 1963, her 78th birthday, and she shows her devoted concern for the frail old statesman as he accompanies her to a birthday luncheon at the home of their daughter Mary (Mrs. Christopher Soames).

He was classed as an "unpredictable, egotistical buccaneer of Edwardian politics and a traitor to his class." At meetings his enemies threw bricks, rotten eggs, or even spat at him. But when his hopes and aspirations floundered she cherished and fostered them.

Whatever his mood or fortune, Winston felt secure and strong in the knowledge his Clemmie would remain steadfast.

The fleeting, though affectionate, references to Clementine in his memoirs may seem to indicate he took his wife for granted. But that is not so.

As every woman understands, his appreciation showed in the little things he said.

Clementine recalls how he had been beaten in one election after another, and it looked as though nobody wanted him.

He said, "Do you know, dear, I never realised how wonderful ordinary life could be with you."

Of her he wrote: "It would not have been possible for any public man to get through what I have gone through without the devoted assistance of what we call in England our 'better half'."

Most joyous

And even more touchingly, "My marriage was much the most fortunate and joyous event which happened to me in the whole of my life, for what can be more glorious than to be united in one's walk through life with a being incapable of an ignoble thought."

The woman who had looks

and personality made for the limelight, chose to walk in his shadow.

During his illnesses she always brought a message to the crowds of admirers waiting for news that told simply, as no doctor's bulletins could, how he was faring.

During one illness she visited him more than 70 times, never missing a day, and sometimes going twice. Yet she herself badly needed a check-up and rest.

No yes-woman

And always, the news would be on a buoyant note: "Quite cheerful, but very drowsy" or "I think he is going to be all right." And better news still: "I think he is much better. He was smoking a cigar."

How strong was her influence on Winston Churchill?

Nothing yet has been said or written to give a complete picture. But their daughter Mary, Mrs. Christopher Soames, told me in an interview recently, "My mother is a marvellous woman. She made a terrific contribution to his life."

Mary Soames is writing a book about Clementine Churchill. Although she admits it is difficult for a proper detachment about one's own mother, she has a vast family correspondence to draw on, and Clementine talks to her a great deal about their lives.

Of her mother she says, "She has such tremendous independence of mind — is not just a yes-woman."

"My father's life was founded on a background of security. It was a truly wonderful partnership."



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EXCLUSIVE

The Duke Makes a Film

● *The Duke of Windsor was so impressed when he saw film producer Jack Le Vien's Churchill-memoir film, "The Valiant Years," that he allowed him to embark on his own movie-memoirs: "a fascinating, intimate, and historic close-up of a Royal Prince."*

THE DUKE OF WINDSOR has been forbidden by his doctor to do any more work on the filmed story of his life until he makes a complete recovery from the operation he recently underwent in an American hospital.

But when the Duke does return to Europe to record his personal commentary for "A King's Story," the completed film will be the most intimate revelation of a monarch's life ever made.

It is due for release in Australia in September.

In the film the Duke and Duchess of Windsor answer no fewer than 100 searching questions about their life together, from the time they first met.

They have allowed cameras into their private retreat

just outside Paris, their old converted millhouse at Gif-sur-Yvette.

They allowed the director, Harry Booth, to take his pick from all the hundreds of mementoes the Duke has collected from his past life as Prince of Wales, then King

**By BETTY BEST, of
our London staff**

Edward VIII, and which he now has in a converted barn he calls his den in the mill grounds.

Many of these have been photographed in close-up and the Duke will describe what they mean to him.

Perhaps the most touching gesture the Duke made to

the film was to re-record his famous Abdication speech and be photographed as he did so.

When producer Jack Le Vien first approached the Duke to make this film they were both in New York. Le Vien had just finished the TV series "The Valiant Years," and, hearing that the Duke was in New York, asked him if he would like a private showing.

The Duke was so impressed with what he saw that he told Le Vien, "If you can handle my story with the same dignity and feeling you can do it whenever you like."

Then followed some months of research.

Le Vien wanted to go right back to the Duke's childhood, and for this needed to photograph all the Royal residences where he had spent so much of his youth.

Continued overleaf



THE DUCHESS OF WINDSOR talks animatedly as she and the Duke (right), with producer Jack Le Vien, wait for the filming of an interview.

BETWEEN "TAKES," the Duke (right) sits apart, noting developments. The film crew found him very gay, despite homesickness.



When she had looked through the camera under the Duke's instructions and heard the shooting schedule he had worked on with Booth and Le Vien, she said: "Well, I mustn't interrupt you. I'll be back on the day you need me."

She was, with the punctuality of a professional. And she seemed quite delighted to be included on the 100 questions Le Vien had prepared to ask them.

Most of these are being kept secret until the film is released. But Le Vien confided one to me which he had wondered if the Duchess would be prepared to answer.

He asked her what it was about the Duke which had first impressed her.

Without hesitating she gave a happy smile and said: "Oh, his gay brightness and quick wit. I thought: 'What a very nice young man!'"

The Duke gave a chuckle of pleasure at her reaction.

"Most desirable bachelor"

"I think you were the envy of nearly every woman in the world at that time," said Jack Le Vien.

"Oh, yes," answered the Duchess, looking suddenly very young. "I think he was the most desirable bachelor the world has ever known."

The Duchess was not present on the day the Abdication speech was scheduled. Jack Le Vien wanted to ask the Duke to do it over again once he had listened to the original recording.

"In comparison with our modern techniques the old quality sounded tinny and thin," he explained. "I know that this would give an unreal feeling to the sequence if inserted in the film. Also, there were no newsreels taken of the Duke when he spoke it originally at Windsor."

"I did not know if he would consent to go through it again 28 years later. But he agreed that it would be right."

"Then he broke the happy news that he could do it at the very desk he had used that day and with the actual microphone in front of him," Le Vien said.

"He had shipped the desk to France and has it in the barn with the mike on it. Apparently the B.B.C. gave him the mike after the broadcast."

Le Vien said it was the most emotional moment, not only for him as producer but for all the 35 technicians on the film, who had become very fond of the Duke.

"They are all pretty tough film men who have seen it all and never show emotion."

"But when they watched that 70-year-old man re-living the most difficult moment in his life, they all wept. They were quite unashamed of it."

"What amazed us all was the Duke's strength. At that point he was quite magnificent. He showed no sign of breaking down."

"TAKE A LOOK for yourself," the Duke seems to be saying as the Duchess peers through the viewfinder of a color camera.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — February 5, 1965



MAKE-UP artist Serge Groffe, who has prepared Maurice Chevalier and General de Gaulle for the cameras, makes up the Duke.





THE DUKE, already an expert with a cine camera, was fascinated by the film-making equipment and tried his hand at one of the color cameras.

"Even when we ran out of film, had to reload the cameras, and ask him to do it again, he never faltered. To me, an American, he was the very symbol of that particular strength in the British character which no one else has to such an extent.

"And, of course, it was a speech far more significant and moving at 70 than when he made it more than 28 years ago, on December 11, 1936.

"When he came to the line, 'It may be a long time before I return to my native land' and we all realised that he had not lived there since, it was heart-breaking."

It was the Duke's patent homesickness that everyone on the unit noticed most of all.

One day he discovered that the publicity man knew something about racing, and he drew him aside with an urgent demand for news of the fate of Aintree. (Aintree racecourse, venue of the Grand National Steeplechase since 1839, has been sold to building developers.)

"What's happening about Aintree? It would be a disaster to lose it. Something has got to be done about that. Fancy suggesting it could be run at Ascot—ridiculous!"

He told them that he loved television and that if there were any programmes from, or about, England, nothing under the sun would get him to go out that night.

"But the point which I hope this film will show more than anything else is that the Duke is first of all a happy and contented man with a great sense of humor," said Jack Le Vien.

"Freezes" at photographers

"In all the newspaper photographs of him everyone jumps to the conclusion that he is desperately sad. I now know that is because he is naturally shy, and when a photographer approaches him he freezes.

"We had the good fortune to work with him long enough for him to get to know us and relax with us. The result is that we saw him in his natural good spirits, his sense of fun uppermost. He seems far younger than 70."

In one week's shooting in France the unit got enough film for more than six hours of showing time—far more than any film star would have done.

It will, of course, be cut to ordinary feature length. But the highlights of his early memories of his family, his schooldays as a naval cadet at Osborne and Dartmouth where, as he said, "the going was pretty tough" will all be left in.

The Duke also talks about his attempt to get to the front during World War I. He asked Kitchener to send him and was refused.

IN THE BEAUTIFUL GARDEN he made at his French country home, the Duke, with the Duchess, laughs at the camera crew's joke.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — February 3, 1965

"I don't mind you getting killed. What I do mind is you being captured and held as a hostage," Kitchener said.

One of the happiest memories among those of his six around-the-world trips as Prince of Wales was volunteered without any prompting from Le Vien.

The Duke said his favorite country was Australia. "The people there were so warm and friendly toward me that I felt at home. They were such regular guys."

The Duke was quite prepared to talk about his family, especially about his mother, Queen Mary, whose devotion to duty he so admired. But he carefully avoided any mention of members of the Royal Family still living.

"I was fascinated by his intense loyalty to England, to his family, and to the old institutions. If he has any bitterness at all he hides it completely," said Le Vien.

"He was perfectly happy to give us amusing anecdotes about famous personalities of his day, including Winston Churchill, whom he greatly admires.

"His memory for details is quite fantastic and he was always in great form when reminiscing — as if it took him back for a moment to the country he most loves."

But the Duke also enjoys the present and took great delight in all technical details of filming.

When he was told that his make-up man had been Maurice Chevalier's for six films and had also prepared General de Gaulle for TV, he was delighted.

"In that case I'm in good hands—go ahead," he said. Only once did the Duke seem deeply upset.

It was the last day, and all the trucks were packed up and beginning to pull out of the long driveway.

Suddenly, there were tears in the Duke's eyes and he started to walk down the drive behind them.

They slowed up and allowed him to reach the gate by the main road first.

Then he stood there as they passed, waving good-bye.

"He was too moved to speak," said a technician, "and for that matter so were we. It was as if a little bit of his England was leaving him, and his face was tragic."

Since then the Duke has agreed that if he can he will come to London to record his own commentary for the film. He obviously wants to do so if his health and engagements permit. Otherwise he would use a Paris studio.

The London premiere will be on April 26.



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INVESTMENT GUIDE

THIS WEEK: Canned foods

By MARY BROKER

● With the market going through so many confusing ups and downs, the investor (as opposed to the trader) should either stay out until things have settled down or buy only solid long-term stocks in industries which cannot help but grow.

OF course a great number of excellent opportunities come up at times like these to buy leading shares at a lower than normal price. I talked about such stocks only a few weeks ago.

One thing you must also watch in the share market is the right time to get out of an industry. Many industries, such as building — in which, mind you, there are a few solid long-term stocks — go through good and bad cycles. Such industries are termed "cyclical" by the economists. The automotive industry is very similar.

These two groups are extremely sensitive to economic conditions.

For instance, during the credit squeeze, the building and automotive industries were among the first to feel the pinch.

For the past 18 months, with the average individual in quite a secure position and thus prepared to outlay capital on a new home or car, they have been enjoying excellent conditions. But should there be any pinch, they will be among the first to go.

The above is not said to frighten you into selling all your building or automotive shares, but to bring me to my point for today.

Which is to return to my old favorite of favorites — the food industry.

As I have indicated so many times before, food is the basic of all basics. We all must eat.

In Australia the food industry is in a wonderful position. Owing to the planned immigration scheme, growth of population is about double what it would normally be, which increases the market enormously.

Supermarket

Added to this, manufacturers can more or less plan their expansion schedules, so that they are not troubled, as so many other industries are, by over-capacity and hence idle plant, in times of slump.

The advent of the supermarket has made a tremendous difference to food-marketing techniques.

Everything is on open display, which leads to impulse buying. So many things which were hidden away on the back shelves of the old corner store are now in full view and obviously enjoying an increase in sales.

This applies especially to canned foods, and today I want to talk about two im-

porters and distributors of canned fish, Captain Products Ltd. and Seakist Foods Ltd.

I discussed these two excellent companies about six months ago, but since then both have announced greatly increased profits.

Captain Products is the marketer of Captain brand salmon, tuna, crab, and so on, through its subsidiary Downs Distributing Company Pty. Ltd.

It also owns Red Funnel Trawlers Pty. Ltd., which, apart from trawling operations, has a freezing plant used for the company's own distribution activities and for a provisioning business handling other frozen food.

What appeals to me about the company more than anything is its extremely sound financial position.

Capital is not large at £464,000 and is backed by reserves of approximately £800,000. Liabilities, i.e., what the company owes, amount to a tiny £200,000, while assets are close to £1,400,000, giving the 20/- shares an asset backing of 50/6 at last balance date.

Investments alone are worth £858,000, which is most impressive.

Over the past three years, profits have risen from £111,000 to £160,000, and earning rate from 24.0 per cent. to 34.6 per cent.

With so much cash around, a bonus issue would be no great surprise.

Fifty shares, which have risen from 72/6 to 83/- since I last discussed them, would cost about £211 and would return £4 per year at the current 8 per cent. dividend rate.

Seakist Foods Ltd., listed only in early 1963, has shown a remarkable rise, with profits up from £18,000 to £29,000 last year, equal to a 75 per cent. increase.

Earning rate was up from 15.5 to 27.0 per cent., which is certainly impressive.

As with Captain, Seakist also operates through a trading subsidiary, Hodgson & Co. Pty. Ltd., to market its products, "Ally," "Seakist," "Victory," "Ensign."

The "Clive of India" curry powder is an added help to turnover. "Lancer" smoked oysters are another specialty.

As opposed to Captain shares, which yield only 1.9 per cent., Seakist give quite a good yield of 4.3 at the present price of 11/9 per 5/- share.

One hundred at this price would cost about £60 and dividend would be £2/10/- per year at the prevailing 10 per cent. rate.

SOCIAL ROUNDABOUT

By

Mollie Lyons



ENGAGED. Miss Jan Behan and Mr. Peter Van de Velde, of Mosman, who have announced their engagement. Miss Behan is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Felix Behan, of Highgate Hill, Brisbane, and Mr. Van de Velde is the son of Mr. and Mrs. C. Van de Velde, of Hawthorn, Melbourne.



AT RECEPTION. Guest of honor Mr. Peter Summerton, associate director of the Independent Theatre, with Miss Doris Fitton (right) and Mrs. Robin Lovejoy at the party given at the Theatre to welcome Mr. Summerton home from his twelve-month trip overseas to study theatre production, six months of which was spent at the Aldwych Theatre, the London branch of the Royal Stratford Company.

THE anti-submarine frigate H.M.A.S. Parramatta, anchored off Garden Island, will serve as a grandstand on February 6 for official guests of the Royal Naval Sailing Association who'll watch from the decks events in the 19th annual regatta. A shuttle service of small boats will ferry them from the mainland out to the ship, which will be the official flagship for the day.

Welcoming them aboard at the top of the gangplank will be the captain of the ship, Commander R. H. Perry, and the chairman of the R.N.S.A. committee, Commander John Bath.

Parramatta will be "dressed" all over with bunting and flags, and awnings erected on the forecabin and upper deck will provide shelter for spectators.

Among guests who'll partake of afternoon tea in the wardroom will be Rear-Admiral and Mrs. O. H. Becher, Rear-Admiral and Mrs. A. H. Showers, Vice-Admiral Sir John Collins and Lady Collins, Captain and Mrs. Anthony Cooper, Captain and Mrs. John Bell, Captain and Mrs. Bill Dovers, and committee members and their wives.

NEWEST of the young-marrieds to catch the "terrace-house bug" are the Malcolm Brouns, who have just moved into their two-storey house at Woolloomooloo, which is really two terraces with the walls between knocked out. It stands on reclaimed land, once a swamp, which was sold at Crown auction in 1869 and bought by Pitt Street tailor John Mannix, who built the houses. Most exciting find so far has been the 100-year old sandstone blocks which came to light when the kitchen floorboards were taken up for replacing. They will now become a seat in the Spanish-type courtyard garden they're having at the back. Mrs. Broun has chosen a gold and white color scheme right through the house, except in her daughter Charlotte's room, which will combine gold and white with pink gingham.

MAYFAIR, London, will be the address for the next month or so of Mrs. John Loxton, who left by air on January 21 to visit her stepfather and mother, Mr. and Mrs. T. Rowe, in England. She went via America.

THOUGHT Mrs. Monica Read's pink, white, and chartreuse beach outfit the most stunning I've seen this summer. Her white two-piece sharkskin swimsuit (worn under a short pale pink beach coat just two shades darker than her huge beach towel) matched her gold and white sandals; she peeped out through glamorous pink sunglasses from under the brim of a chartreuse straw hat trimmed with pink velvet bows and outside white daisies; she carried a white cane bag adorned with luscious pearl-studded pink velvet strawberries.

MANY of his old schoolfriends from The King's School will travel down from the country to help Anthony Gow-Gates celebrate his 21st birthday on January 27. His parents, Mr. and Mrs. G. A. E. Gow-Gates, and his sister, Mrs. Bruce Smith, will help welcome the 200 guests as they arrive for the party at the Pickwick Club.

I LIKED the story told by actress Maggie Dence, who arrived back in Sydney by air after a year in England and America, wearing her three-quarter-length kangaroo-skin coat. Maggie was amazed at the interest created by her coat in both countries whenever she wore it and thought the best effort at identifying the fur was made by a woman in a London street, who said, "Of course, it is polar bear, dear, isn't it?"

POPULAR young Frenchman Herve Hutter left by air on January 20 for a month's leave in Paris and Marseilles. On his return Herve will take up again his duties as French Commercial Attache.

JUST engaged Marilyn Martin, of Darling Point, and "Bim" Thompson, of "Widdien," Kerrabee, chose a square-cut sapphire and diamond engagement ring when they shopped in town last week. They are planning a July wedding and will make their home on "Widdien."



MARRIED. Mr. Bruce Jarvis, of Singleton, and his bride leaving All Saints' Church, Hunters Hill, after their marriage, with their attendants (left to right), Miss Suzanne Horley, who wore violet-blue silk, and Miss Jill Waseley, and Miss Sue Waseley, who were in pale blue silk. The bride was Miss Carol Goad, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Goad, of Ermington.



JUST WED. Mr. and Mrs. Ian Goldsmith, of "Bourbah," Mullaley, leaving St. Canice's Church, Elizabeth Bay, after their marriage, with their attendants (from left) Miss Margaret Grosvenor, Miss Dianne Goldsmith, and Miss Susan Williams. The bride was formerly Miss Marlene Herbert, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Herbert, of "Daaron," Mullaley.



ABOVE: Miss Marcia Millane and Mr. Richard Slater, who have just announced their engagement, plan to marry in June. Miss Millane is the youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Millane, of Gordon.



AT LEFT: The president of the Lawn Tennis Association of N.S.W., Mr. George Sample, and Mrs. Sample congratulate Margaret Smith (at right) and Lesley Turner (looking on) on their victories in the Federation Cup at the dinner dance given in Melbourne by the president of the Lawn Tennis Association of Victoria, Mr. Harry Hopman, and the Federation Cup organising committee.



ABOVE: Just-engaged Miss Carolyn Quist, the only daughter of Mrs. J. L. W. Merson, of Clifton Gardens, and of Mr. Adrian Quist, of Point Piper, with her fiancé, Mr. Hamish Turnbull, who is the younger son of Senator and Mrs. R. J. D. Turnbull, of Launceston, Tasmania. They plan to marry later this year.



AT RIGHT: Mr. and Mrs. Brian Fowler after their marriage at St. Swithun's Church, Pymble, with their attendants (from left) Mrs. Richard Loudon, Miss Pamela Fowler, and Miss Karen Wallace. The bride was Miss Janette Steere, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. Steere, of Pymble, who gave a reception at Pymble Golf Club.

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THE IDEAL GIFT!

The perfect woman!

- A robot with a female form

By DAWN JAMES

● Just one sentence in the opening episode was enough to whet my appetite for more of "My Living Doll" (TCN9, Wednesdays, 7.30 p.m.).

AS a psychiatrist left with a gorgeous girl-robot on his hands, Bob Cummings announced his ambition to mould her into the Perfect Woman. Emotionally that is.

This I wish to see. In fact, it is practically a viewing must for all women — to pick up some hints.

Don't be swayed by the curious "Perfect Woman" definition given by Rhoda the Robot (Julie Newmar): "One who does what she's told and keeps her mouth shut." After all, who would expect a robot to be subtle — or accurate?

The series itself promises some worth-while, if mild, entertainment in the weeks to come.

At least it has a NEW basic theme ...

Rhoda the Robot is a top secret project at the Space Technology Research Centre (she just happens to have the shape of an enormous and glamorous girl).

And when her inventor has to go off to conveniently remote Pakistan on an indefinite assignment, he leaves Rhoda in the care of colleague Dr. Robert McDonald.

Dr. Bob acquires problems at the same time. Of course. Why, Rhoda is almost Stolen Government Property. And he has to keep her robotness a secret from his sister Irene (Doris Dowling) and his best friend Peter (Jack Mulvaney).

But he has this challenging Perfect Woman idea, you see, to make it all worth while.

Bob Cummings has, as you might expect, all his usual elderly-boyish charm (but I must say he still looks astonishingly young most of the time).

And Julie Newmar is a satisfactory sort of robot — "My Living Doll" looks like being fun.

★ ★ ★
THE ho-ho horror show is here to stay, it seems.

It began with "The Munsters," ATN7's Tuesday night offering at 7 o'clock.

With this series, I gave with the ghostly chuckles at its patent absurdity. At first. Like when ghastly Herman Munster (Fred Gwynne, with three inches added to the top of his head) gave his wife Lily (Yvonne de Carlo)

"lovely weeds for a lovely lady" and so on and so on and so on.

Now, several weeks later, I am able to view the show with a straight face and an occasional weakly appreciative moan.

The humor (I suppose that's the right word) has become predictable.

You know people are going to scream, terrified, when they see Herman. You know Lily's going to bridle happily at her big, handsome

gleeful ghoul who spends his time re-creating old disasters — you know, train crashes and things.

Gomez and Tish have two children: nice little Wednesday (Lisa Loring), and nasty little Pugsley (Ken Weatherwax), of whom the less said the better.

Then there's Granny (the late Jeanette MacDonald's sister, Blossom Rock) and Uncle Fester (Jackie Coogan, for pete's sake), and the butler Lurch (Ted Cassidy), and the Thing (which is somebody's hand).

They all live happily together in a gloomy Victorian house, which (no cobwebs and no dust) is certainly cleaner than the Munster mansion, if less obviously spooky.

But the first show — about a terrified truant officer who thought Wednesday and Pugsley should go to school — didn't really make the most of the cast's undoubted ability.

I shall have to keep on watching to see what happens eventually to the Addams family.

The man in the trunk

THE A.B.C. is not without its macabre touches of humor, either.

"World of Action" last Wednesday told the fascinating story of Mordecai Luk — the Man in the Trunk.

It's been called "the spy story of 1964": the attempt to smuggle a man out of Italy in a cabin-trunk (a whitish-colored one with



SHAPELY ROBOT Rhoda (Julie Newmar), whom Dr. McDonald (Bob Cummings) plans to make into the Perfect Woman.

black stripes, natively converted inside to fit people).

The programme, made only a few days after the attempt, had a dramatic sense of urgency when narrators Wilfrid Thomas and Derek Cooper referred continually to "last week" and "three days ago ..." (although it's several months old now, of course. I wonder why the A.B.C. couldn't get it sooner?).

Anyway, back to that macabre touch I was talking about earlier ...

The trunk containing Mr. Luk sported a neatly printed label: "Official Diplomatic MAIL," it said!

★ ★ ★
CHIVALRY isn't dead, of course. It isn't, is it? I have had disquieting thoughts about TV-type chivalry lately, though.

Consider "Broadside" (ATN7's girly version of TCN9's "McHale's Navy" — and a very watery version, at that). Now, how did this show get its name?

I was idly watching it the other Monday. All the

girls, in their bulky dungarees, were bending one of the cars in their pool ...

And we all know the "girls in slacks should turn their backs" ... "Broadside," eh? Hmm

Mod, trad, — and peculiar

IN the three short ballets called "A Game of Dance" on ABC-TV last week, Canadian dance choreographer Bill McGraw presented something modern, something traditional, something peculiar.

● Modern: the title ballet "A Game of Dance", based on the fact that dancers limber up while they wait for their cues in a studio theatre. Led by McGraw — who is a marvellously supple and controlled artist — the dancers were gay and clever and a pleasure to watch.

● Traditional: "The Waltz" with Estella Nova and Carlo de Regt. It was like TV Ballroom plus — graceful sweeping (and a pleasure to watch, too). Although I couldn't quite understand why the dancers had to brandish candelabra all the time. They looked as though they weighed a ton apiece (the candelabra, not the dancers).

● Peculiar: the ballet scene from "Romeo and Juliet," which, hosted by Leeming assured viewers, teamed ballet and the spoken word for the first time.

To me, this was a ballet that should also be a ballet. Merely listening to the star-crossed young lovers, the audience may lose itself in the tragedy and pathos of their romance.

Watching them swoop and glide around the floor (let's be literal, this was the balcony scene) at the same time ... no.

Ballet it was. "Romeo and Juliet" it was not.



CAROLYN JONES as Morticia.



JACKIE COOGAN as Uncle Fester.

READ "TV TIMES" FOR FULL WEEK'S PROGRAMMES

Man from the Golden Era of Hollywood

By PATRICIA JOHNSON

● Sydney is a fascinating, modern city — and it's time it was used as a background for a modern, big-city film, says visiting American scriptwriter Casey Robinson.

TANNED and silver-haired, Casey Robinson is a Hollywood veteran who first started as a sub-titles writer for silent films.

His wife was formerly Joan Potts, of Elizabeth Bay, N.S.W.

Mr. Robinson said, "Most of the films about Australia show it as a great outback country, rather like our Wild West. The time has come to use an exciting city like Sydney as a background."

He first went to Hollywood in 1927 after graduating from Cornell University, New York.

A good friend was an established sub-titles writer, and Mr. Robinson helped him out during a rush of work.

His name then was Kenneth C. Robinson.

"But the first film I subtitled — a Dick Barthelme movie, 'The Patent Leather Kid' — had me on the credits as Casey Robinson."

"It seemed a distinctive name, so I stuck to it."

With the change-over from silent films to talkies, Casey Robinson was without a job "for the first and only time in my life."

"In the very early film days, producers wanted only well-known authors and playwrights," he said.

"They had to find out the hard way that writing for the screen is a unique medium. Often, the best authors and

playwrights are hopeless at scripts," he said.

He got back into the film industry seven months later by "being lucky."

"The head of Warner Bros. (then called First National Pictures) was Harry Joe Brown," he said.

"One day he asked one of his secretaries to give him a list of all the writers who had ever worked for the studio."

Gangster films

"When he saw the list he said, 'Now point out someone who isn't an author or a playwright.'"

"The fellow chose my name, and Brown sent an immediate call for me to write some screenplays."

"He told me he was sick and tired of messing around with writers who didn't have the first idea of how to write for the screen medium."

One of the most satisfying aspects of his career is: "You have a pencil, a piece of paper and an idea and you're off!"

"That day Harry Joe Brown called for me we sat on the steps outside his office and he asked me to give him a plot."

"We started throwing ideas at each other and in half an hour had mapped out the rough story of a film which I later scripted, and which was a very successful gangster movie."

With the 1930s came the gangster movie era. Scripts

were being written for men.

"People like Bogart and Edward G. Robinson came up into the big time," he said.

"We had a new actress at the studio called Bette Davis. She sat around for months cooling her heels because there wasn't a part for her."

"She made a film with George Arliss, 'The Man Who Played God,' and then 'Of Human Bondage.' She won an Academy Award for this, portraying the Cockney waitress."

"But she wasn't a success."

"Her studio let her go and she came over to Warner Bros. The popular name for her around the lot was 'the Academy Award lemon.' They just didn't know what to do with her."

"In those days she was very shy, full of inhibitions."

"She just didn't have the make-up to push her own career."

But to Casey Robinson, she was one of the most intuitive and sensitive actresses in Hollywood. He set about looking for stories for her.

He found them — "Dark Victory," "All This and Heaven Too," "The Old Maid," and "Now, Voyager."

"With the right kind of vehicles, Bette's real personality came to the screen — and made her lastingly popular," he said.

"She didn't have the usual attributes of feminine beauty, but she had this



CASEY ROBINSON and his wife, Joan, formerly of Sydney. He prefers to write scripts for films rather than for TV.

marvellous quality of being able to portray beauty."

"She could make you think she was the most beautiful woman in the world. She could be any age, young, innocent girl to old dowager."

Ingrid Bergman was another of Casey Robinson's favorite actresses. He wrote the screenplay of the Edna Ferber novel, "Saratoga Trunk" for her.

"She and Bette Davis, although entirely different, were two of the most feminine women I have ever met," he said.

Of all the screenplays he has written in Hollywood in 30-odd years he has three favorites: "Dark Victory" ("I think it was the best picture Bette Davis ever made"), "King's Row," because everyone said it could never be put on the screen, and "The Snows of Kilimanjaro," because he had to expand Ernest Hemingway's short story and still keep the Hemingway spirit.

Although he doesn't con-

sider himself a star-maker, Mr. Robinson did foster the early screen careers of two of the most popular leading men of all time — Cary Grant and Gregory Peck.

"I used Cary in the first picture he ever made, a one-reeler I can't even remember the name of."

"He had that indefinable star quality and I wrote to all the executives at Paramount, where I was working, suggesting they put him on contract."

Star system

He first saw Gregory Peck acting in an off-Broadway play.

"I was beginning to collect my own young stars to play in my own productions," he said.

"I saw Greg in the play — it was a terrible play and lasted only five performances, but I was impressed and signed him to a contract which left him free to accept other offers."

"I starred him in a war film called 'Days of Glory,' which was released through R.K.O."

"Twentieth Century-Fox saw that and signed him for 'Keys of the Kingdom.'"

Although the days of the flamboyant star are dead, Casey Robinson says a different star system now operates in Hollywood.

"Stars are rising through the ranks of television," he said. "Steve McQueen is a good example."

"James Garner is well and truly on the way up, and I think the next great star to come from television will be Dick Van Dyke."

"People who say there is no star system in Hollywood now don't know what they're talking about."

"It is still very much in existence."

"If a director found the most fascinating newcomer, with loads of talent but no experience, he would have an impossible job trying to finance a film to star him or her."

"Producers won't invest

their money unless the star of the picture is going to be someone who has already proved popular with the public."

The death of Hollywood's Golden Era, he says, was the fault of the stars themselves.

"They thought the public wanted to see them cooking in the kitchen and being ordinary, but that was just what the public didn't want."

"It destroyed the glamor image of Hollywood."

Mr. Robinson believes that television has given great impetus to film-making.

"People thought TV would kill films," he said, "the same as they thought films would kill stage shows. Instead, it has made the movie-going public more discerning."

Casey Robinson prefers to write for films rather than for TV.

"Alfred Hitchcock asked me to write two stories for his TV series."

"He told me he had made more money in five years of television than all his life in pictures."

"I wrote the scripts as a personal favor, but it was not nearly as soul-satisfying as writing for films."

"But television is a goldmine for writers in Hollywood. So many scripts are needed that good writers can name their own prices."

"I would love to write a script for an Australian film," he said. "My wife, Joan, has told me so much about Australia I feel I've seen and know more about your country than I could have learned on a six weeks' visit."

After they return to America — they live on the edge of Beverly Hills — Mr. Robinson will start immediately on new projects.

"I can't stop working," he said. "I read every day of my life, and I'm at my typewriter at home at Beverly Hills every day from 6 a.m. until 3 or 4."

"It's a rat-race — but it's also the most marvellous fun in the world."

"Two of the most feminine women I have met"



● "The Academy Award lemon," they used to call Bette Davis after her Oscar for "Of Human Bondage." No one knew what to do with her. (She is pictured, left, with George Brent in the Robinson-scripted "Dark Victory," made in 1939.)

But to Casey Robinson Bette Davis was an intuitive, sensitive actress. He set about writing film scripts which brought her personality blazing to the screen.

Ingrid Bergman (right, with Warner Baxter in "Adam Had Four Sons," 1941) is his other favorite.



THE YEAR OF PARIS



HEIM'S elegant version (above) of the line — tunic and camel-hair coat teamed with boots, ribbed stockings, and hat worn at dead centre.



ANOTHER HEIM (right): Coat in tiger-skin is worn over a black jersey chemise. The spectacular ankle "bracelets" are knitted into the matching woollen stockings.

LONDON



AT COVENT GARDEN, girls from nearby offices can be seen at lunch-time larking round the fruit and vegetable stalls, almost uniformly wearing skinny sweaters and above-knee skirts. At left and above are typical silhouettes and skirt lengths, all three softened by knitted stockings. A pretty, slender knee has become a modelling must.

THE BIG SKIRT HITCH

Hems ride a new fashion high for 1965

NEW YORK

• The big hitch started in Paris last year when Courrèges, who believes a woman's knees are pretty, introduced an abbreviated skirt — 1½ in. above the knee.

In the U.S. the new knees are more often seen by night, but harder girls can be spotted (knees knocking boldly, younger older men) all day long.

Some offices, appalled by the impaired efficiency of male employees, have banned them — although the typical girl (left) looks neat and prim enough.



Fashion commentator Edith Berk told our New York office that she could no longer ignore the style.

"I tell audiences at my fashion shows it is designed for women under 35," she said, "and that panti-leg girdles and hose are a must. Some skirts are four inches above the knee!"

London girls are crazy about the new length.

Mod designer Mary Quant said: "I put only one or two

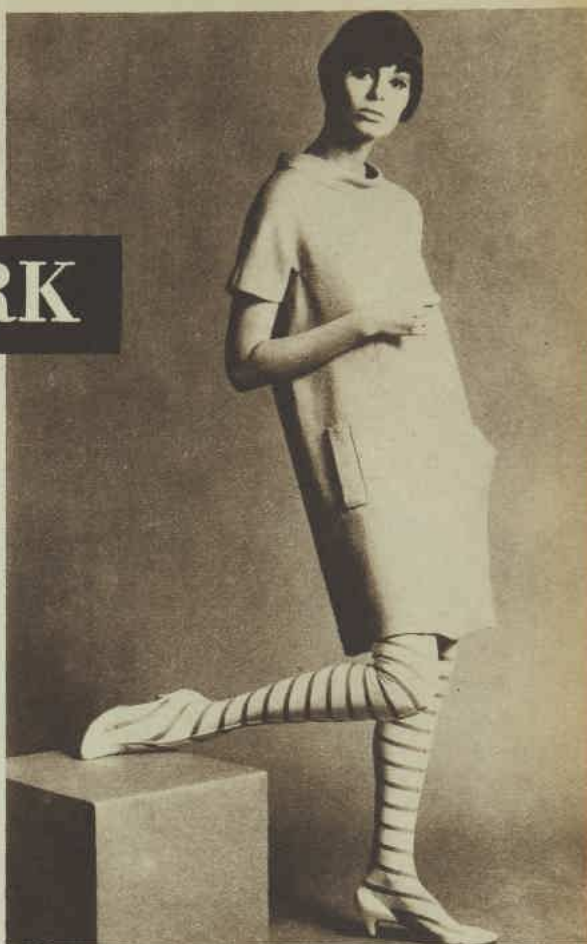
short skirts in my last collection, since I thought knee-length just right," she said.

"What happened? The girls hitched them up!"

So for spring she has skirts at least 3 in. above the knee.

"But it's unlikely they will leave it at that," she said

starkly. Meantime, in Paris, other couture houses, notably Jacques Heim, are showing elegant designs that spotlight a length of leg between boots and the shortest skirts ever seen.



"CRAZY LEGS" (above) is the name of striped stockings that distract the eye from a skirt 3 in. above the knee—and flaring at that. LEFT: A way-out ensemble even for a way-out U.S. style.



CONSERVATIVE example. The London street scene tends to be a knee-tipping coat that flaps open to show a skin-tight skirt above lots of leg. One older woman, after shortening her skirts, said: "I feel years younger. Just that much off the hem of a coat makes you feel so light-hearted."



FOUR INCHES above the knee for this dress from a London spring collection. The Dolly girls, fans of the ankle-flogger, are shortening skirts as enthusiastically as their mothers dropped them for the 1947 New Look.



KNEES-UP is the 1965 model pose. Shoe and stocking manufacturers have expressed their understandable enthusiasm for the style with boots and patterned stockings. In America they're called "leprosy legs."

OVERLEAF: Paris DROPS the skirt-length for after-5

Paris drops the in after

For evening, Paris shows the demure hemlines of 1920

● By day, skirts are currently being worn short and ever shorter, but for after-five Paris is dropping the hem to mid-calf and above-ankle.

This demi-length, shown here in a round-up of Paris dresses, was launched rather timidly in the Paris autumn collections.

Crusaded by brilliant designer St. Laurent, it has caught the fancy of elegant young Parisiennes.

St. Laurent considers the length (his are mid-calf) not only wonderfully feminine but a perfect com-

promise between the ultra-short disc dress and the newly revived floor-trailing ballgowns.

The length and design of this chic fashion are a steal from the '20s. The current batch are made in sheers and brocade. Fur and ruffles are the most liked trims.

Backed by important Paris couture fashion houses, the dropped hemline may well become the new international look for late-day elegance.

—Betty Keep

● Yves St. Laurent puts a "cage" of transparent chantilly lace (left) over a slender sheath made in matching colored silk. The short coif and long strand of pearls are a steal from the 'twenties.

● Calf-length dress with long sleeves (right) is made in apricot and silver brocade. The dress is belted with a self-material tie and banded at the hem with fur. Design by Yves St. Laurent.



skirt length

5 fashions

● Covered-up theatre dress in black and gold brocade is made with a divided skirt. The bodice is smoothly moulded and form-fitting. Design by Heim.



● Brown lace dress with bloused bodice, dropped waistline, and flounced skirt is very 1920s. The skirt is the new calf-length. Design by St. Laurent.



● Black net and lace ruffles make a romantic overdress for a shorter sheath in matching silk. The dress has a ribbon bow at the waistline. Design by Ricci.



● Exotic red and silver brocade is the material choice for this tailored two-piece suit. The suit is belted in silver and worn with a red blouse. Design is by Heim.



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Sweet family sounds

WE kept our children enjoyably and
advantageously occupied during these
school holidays by teaching them to touch-
type and play the recorder. Admittedly,
this is possible only for families who own
a typewriter and who are willing to invest
in a recorder (or two, making for lovely
duets). Simple recorder books are available,
from which you can learn first, keeping one
note ahead of the children. As for touch-
typing, simply mark the letters of the
alphabet on relevant fingers with a ball-
point pen, and leave the child to practise
by himself.

£1/1/- to Mrs. E. Stahar, South Oak-
leigh, Vic.

Fifty years' use

THE other day my grandmother washed
out a small jar for the first time in over
50 years of continual use. On setting up
house after her marriage she had filled it
with cloves, and for the first time it was
empty.

£1/1/- to "Cloves" (name supplied),
Lithgow, N.S.W.

Busy knitting needles

I WAS the 368th person to answer an
advertisement for hand-knitters of baby
clothes. The harassed manageress con-
fessed she was now looking for knitters of
outstanding and unusual patterns.

£1/1/- to "Ordinary Babe" (name
supplied), Victor Harbor, S.A.

Parcel of letters

FOLLOWING on the letter about the
long-term gift parcel, I thought readers
might be interested in a somewhat similar
parcel that was handed to me as I left
on a trip. On the outside was a note saying
"One letter to be opened each day." It
contained about 25 letters, poems, humorous
stories, experiences, etc., from members of
our church group. When miles from home,
what a thrill it was to read these messages
from old friends. I recommend this to
any group wishing to give a travelling
member something from all members.

£1/1/- to Mrs. E. Wood, Melville, W.A.

READERS' CURES FOR HICCUPS

• L. Young (A.C.T.) asked if any
others had "weird and wonderful"
cures for hiccups. Indeed they have,
as this selection of answers shows.

SUPPOSE they are Jack
and Bob. Jack has hic-
cups, so Bob says to Jack
(very slowly, clearly, and
seriously), "Have you got
the hiccups, Jack?" Jack re-
plies just as slowly and
seriously, "Yes, I have got
the hiccups, Bob" — and will
discover they have gone. This
is a tested one.

£1/1/- to Mrs. Duicic Alt-
man, Kilburn, S.A.

FOR years I have used this
never-fail cure. First
count the number of seconds
between hiccups. Say it is
20 seconds. Then count
again, and immediately after
the 20th second, have a
drink of water. This seems
to drown the hiccups on the
way up.

£1/1/- to Miss M. J.
Thorpe, Rockhampton, Qld.

HERE is my grand-
mother's cure — tried
and found to work: cross the
wrists, with the pulses
pressed together.

£1/1/- to Mrs. J. Carney,
Dungog, N.S.W.

WHILE dining at a
friend's house, one of
the party was attacked by
hiccups, which were cured
in a novel way. A knife
was put into a glass of cold
water, and the sufferer was
told to drink the water
slowly, at the same time
looking at the point of the
knife under the water. The
cure was immediate.

£1/1/- to Mrs. E. Pascall,
Tramere North, S.A.

WHILE I was visiting my
neighbor, her small
daughter had an attack of
hiccups. My neighbor im-
mediately went to the fridge

for a lemon and gave her
a teaspoon of unsweetened,
pure lemon juice. It did the
trick.

£1/1/- to "Live and
Learn" (name supplied),
Newcastle, N.S.W.

THIS is a method which
never fails to work for
me. I block each ear with
the index fingers, and drink
a glass of water held by an
obliging sympathiser. This
brings relief from even the
most severe attacks, and is
much quicker than sipping
a teaspoon of vinegar or
blowing into a paper bag.

£1/1/- to Mrs. P. Ogden,
Nollamora, W.A.

MANY years ago a teen-
age neighbor of mine
had frequent attacks of hic-
cups. She would take a very
deep breath, hold it a
moment, then let out a pierc-
ing scream, and the hiccups
would cease. She explained
that she had discovered the
cure when, one day, exasper-
ated, she had declared, "If
they don't stop soon, I'll
scream!" She did, and im-
mediately got relief. How-
ever, her "cure" was at
times quite unnerving to her
family, friends, and neigh-
bors.

£1/1/- to Mrs. B. Stegert,
Bundaberg, Qld.

WITHOUT success I have
tried such cures as
holding my breath and
drinking water nonstop.
However, I have found the
trouble can always be
stopped by pressing my
thumb on the pulse of the
left wrist.

£1/1/- to "Capricorn"
(name supplied), Bondi,
N.S.W.

MY husband had to
undergo a major opera-
tion, after which bad hic-
cups developed. Nurses and
doctors tried everything they
knew, but to no avail. Then
they tried ice-cream — and no
more hiccups.

£1/1/- to Mrs. L. Wilson,
Moorabbin, Vic.

THIS really is a cure:
Place the tip of the
index finger of the right
hand against the tip of the
thumb on the same hand,
nail edge to nail edge.

£1/1/- to "Swan" (name
supplied), Mosman, N.S.W.

ONCE, when I was at
school, my teacher, who
was also the school nurse,
told me to hold my breath,
press down my upper lip,
look at the ceiling, and count
to 20. Although this sounds
very weird, it worked effi-
ciently and has never failed.

£1/1/- to A. Polloch, Red-
cliffe, Qld.

I HAVE heard of and tried
yet another cure for hic-
cups. The method is to
clasp both hands together at
the joint of the thumb and
forefinger. With thumb of
right hand, press very hard
against pressure point be-
tween thumb and forefinger
on left hand. At the same
time hold your breath until
hiccups have gone.

£1/1/- to Miss H. Simp-
son, Hornsby, N.S.W.

MY cure, I think, beats all.
When I get an attack
of hiccups I promptly go and
clean my teeth. This has
never failed me yet. Try it
next time you get an attack.

£1/1/- to "Tenna" (name
supplied), Hughes, A.C.T.



NED KELLY

But still
he has
his fans

• Ned Kelly's armor has been banished to the base-
ment of the National Museum in Melbourne. An
exhibition of calculators and computers replaces it.

Don't worry, Ned. The ravages of rust
May wreck the reputations of the just,
Whose armor was their righteousness, but who
Are destined for oblivion, while you
Will live as long as there are lips to frame
(Australian, anyhow) your magic name
Which leaps so readily to mind for cracks
About assessors of our income tax
And other characters such as, of course,
Connections of an unsuccessful horse.
Yet this is not the reason you survive.
Affection, too, has kept your name alive,
Because there lurks, concealed most times by jest,
An outlaw in each law-abiding breast.

—DOROTHY DRAIN

PLEASE note that such
"weird and wonderful"
cures as holding one's arms
above the head till tired and
breathing into a paper bag
are not as ridiculous as they
seem. They merely amount
to scientific, logical attempts
to control and regulate the
breathing.

£1/1/- to J. Cahill,
Gordon, N.S.W.

£1/1/- to Mrs. E. Roberts,
Albion, Qld.

OVER 50 years ago I went
with a friend to visit
her aunt, who had a farm
in the Scottish highlands.
During the visit my friend
had a severe attack of hic-
cups and became very dis-
tressed. Her aunt stood up,
looked very severe, and in a
stern voice said, "Annie
Wood, you have stolen my
keys." In a few seconds,
when the niece had re-
covered from the shock, the
hiccups had ceased.

£1/1/- to Elsie Harris,
Hobart.

A HICCUP sufferer,
I know of one cure which
is most effective. A friend
told me of the "drinking
water backwards" cure,
which entails half-filling a
glass with water, leaning
one's head over the glass
and drinking from the far
side. Sounds complicated,
but it's really quite simple.

£1/1/- to Mrs. E. Roberts,
Albion, Qld.

PRESS the thumb of the
right hand in the palm
of the left, and hold the
breath. Another cure is to
swallow a pinch of salt.

£1/1/- to Mrs. J. O'Brien,
Elwood, Vic.

I WOULD like to add my
treatment to the list.
I find that swallowing two
mouthfuls of water, and
holding the third mouthful
does the trick.

£1/1/- to Mrs. M. Waters,
Hermit Park, Qld.

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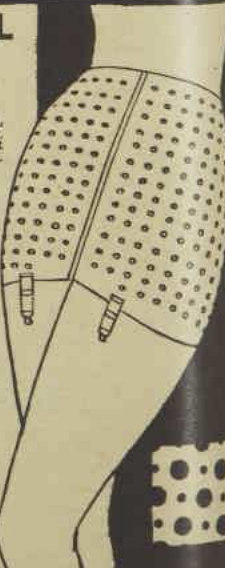
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Second instalment of
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By **DOROTHY
EDEN**

Bella

WHEN their widowed father dies, LALLY and BELLA McBRIDE decide to go to London to seek employment. On the coach they meet an elderly widow, MRS. PROUDFOOT, who offers them board and lodgings.

After settling into their room, the girls meet Mrs. Proudfoot's son, NOAH. They are apprehensive at the sight of him and notice that the dumb servant girl, TOTTIE, is terrified. Mrs. Proudfoot, who likes to be called AUNT AGGIE, says she will ask a MRS. JENNINGS about employing them. They are woken that night by a shriek, but Aunt Aggie explains her niece is in labor. Next day the girls see the baby, but there is no sign of the mother.

That night Lally, unable to sleep, creeps downstairs to the cradle and is astonished to find it empty. Hearing hammering in the cellar she hides as Noah brings up a box and goes outside to bury it. Later he denies this and Aunt Aggie pacifies Lally with a warm drink. When she does not waken the next day, Bella learns it was drugged and threatens to go for a doctor, but Aunt Aggie warns her Noah will stop her. She calls for help from a window to two men passing by. GUY RAVEN and DR. BUSHEY force their way into the house and later call the police. Dr. Bushey takes Tottie to his home and Guy escorts the sisters to his town house.

They learn Guy is a widower standing for Parliament and intends to use their case as part of his election campaign against poverty and vice. But after the court case against the Proudfoots, the newspapers run a smear campaign against him. To silence malicious rumors he proposes to Lally, but she refuses. NOW READ ON:

GUY was standing in his usual posture with his back to the fire. But seeing Bella alone and in her best gown of grey tulle, which was a little dowdy and old-fashioned, he enquired, "Didn't the dressmakers' boxes arrive?"

"Yes, they did. Lally and I found the contents — very extravagant. But —"

"They perhaps didn't fit? I had to make a guess as to size. But where is your sister? She's coming down, I hope?"

"She asks to be excused. She has a very bad headache. She — Mr. Raven, you know us both equally little. Why did you decide it was Lally you would marry?"

"Not because her charms exceed yours, Miss Isabella. Simply because she is the elder of you."

"Then, Mr. Raven — if you have no special preference for Lally, will you marry me instead?"

He swung round, staring at her.

"My sister has a much more delicate nervous system than I have. She's suffered dreadfully from shock, she has nightmares all the time about Noah and the dead baby. Now the thought of marrying someone virtually a stranger terrifies her."

"Terrifies? Not a nice word, Miss Isabella."

"It's only that you're a stranger, I'm afraid another ordeal so soon would make her brain give way. She begged me to —"

"Offer yourself instead? And doesn't the thought of such an ordeal terrify you, too?"

"I've said I'm much stronger," she said tartly.

"Sit down, my dear. Let's drink to this extraordinary situation. I lose one bride and gain another in the space of twelve hours. Incredible, damned amusing, really."

"Then — you will do this?"

"Why not? It makes no odds to me which one of you I have."

Guy Raven enjoyed the histrionic gesture and the flouting of public opinion. He even had an odd satisfaction in making this improbable and wildly unsuitable

To page 20

"You wear my wedding ring, so you will wear the diamonds," Guy told Bella.



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marriage. He would find imposing his will on society highly stimulating. His bride would be accepted and he would make his mark as a politician. The future promised to be lively, at least, a welcome change from the dark, lonely nightmare of the past two years.

Only one small thing nagged at him. He had had to give way in his choice of his bride. Isabella, Bella, whatever he was to call her, had a tendency to dramatise things. Sauciness, his mother called it. Perhaps it was better that his wife (how he hated and resented using this word of another woman!) had spirit. Lifting herself from a nondescript background to that of wife of a rising politician would require all the skill and courage she possessed. Would it ever work?

Well, if it didn't, she could stay down at Ravenscroft with her sister and enjoy a rural life.

In the meantime, she must be properly outfitted. She had looks and would make a presentable figure. Since Mamma wouldn't undertake this chore, he must send for Cousin Henrietta.

A few days later, Cousin Henrietta arrived.

She was a dumpy, plain, dowdy little woman who stood in the hall surrounded by a multitude of bags and boxes and peered at Bella and Lally through a lorgnette.

"Which one is the bride, Guy? They both look remarkably young."

Guy led Bella forward and presented her.

"Ha! Well, my dear, let me congratulate you on your courage."

"Courage, Cousin Henrietta?" Guy queried good-humoredly.

"From the little you've told me, and the great deal I've gleaned from the newspapers, the situation would alarm any woman. But," the old lady neered again, "she has a good chin, I see. Well, when do we begin shopping?"

"As soon as possible. The ceremony—" (He didn't. Bella noticed, say wedding), "is to be next Wednesday. It was good of you to come, Cousin Henrietta."

"I did it to annoy your mother, if you must know." The old lady gave a loud, cackling laugh.

After an exhausting week spent almost entirely with dressmakers and milliners, the wedding day had come. Bella was dressed in grey with a little bonnet trimmed with modest pink roses. She hated the mousiness of the clothes, and wore them only because of Guy's insistence on extreme simplicity. Indeed, Lally looked gayer than the bride in her favorite blue. Cousin Henrietta looked a fright, and Doctor Bushey, the only other person present, did nothing to mark the special occasion except wear a rather drooping rosebud in his buttonhole.

Bella was thankful to escape the hypocrisy of obvious festivity. She didn't tremble, though only by the exertion of tremendous will-power, when Guy slipped the ring on her finger.

There was gaiety in the house that night, as it

Continued from page 19

BELLA

happened. Mrs. Doughty, on her own initiative, had prepared a celebration dinner. Bella had thankfully shed her grey mouse wedding gown and put on one of the new ones, an apricot silk. It bared her shoulders and set off her lovely long neck.

Lally, also, took a timid pleasure in dressing in a pretty gown and twisting up her fair hair. Cousin Henrietta had not yet found them a maid who came up to her highly critical standards, but she promised to do so before leaving for the country.

Doctor Bushey had come back to dinner and when Bella went downstairs she found two strange men whom Guy introduced as political colleagues. Bella was not unaware of the startled look of admiration that came into their faces.

But she found the dinner had not been arranged for her pleasure. The men had too many absorbing political topics to discuss, and she was too nervous to get control of the conversation. Guy was animated as she had never seen him before, but about some wretched school in the East End.

COUSIN Henrietta was tapping Bella's arm. Bella recovered herself hastily. Was dinner over? She had almost forgotten to eat. She realised she was to rise and leave the gentlemen to their port. Followed by a relieved Lally, she led the way to the drawing-room. Cousin Henrietta at once excused herself, saying she had had a long day and would go up immediately.

"If you ask me, you'd be wise to do the same. They'll be in there for hours."

"Hours! But—"

"Port and Politics. Even a new bride provides little competition to that irresistible combination."

Instinct was all she had to use, for she had the vaguest notion of what to expect when Guy finally came to share the room that had been hastily re-decorated and furnished for their needs. She undressed and put on the snowy-white lawn nightgown with its ruffle of lace at the throat and wrists. She sat up primly against the plump down pillows, laying her hands flat on the counterpane and staring at her wedding ring.

Mrs. Guy Raven . . . She was that not from love or ambition but expediency. She had to keep reminding herself of this fact, for obviously her husband needed no reminding. He was in no haste to join his bride. Far-off gusts of laughter sounded from downstairs. The port decanter must be getting passed round again. And again . . .

There was a little French gilt clock ticking on the mantelpiece over the embers of the dying fire. Bella lifted the candle to peer at it and saw the hands pointed to one-thirty.

Suddenly she realised that Guy was not coming.

FOR THE CHILDREN

Wuff, Snuff & Tuff



She got back into bed and blew out the candle.

"Has Mr. Raven gone yet, Mrs. Doughty?" she asked next morning when tea was brought in.

"Not yet, madam. He's in the library with his secretary."

"Tell him I'd like to see him before he goes out."

"Certainly, madam."

She had put on one of her new robes and brushed her hair, although it still hung loose to her waist, when the knock at the door announced Guy.

He came in, saying in his formal voice, "Good morning, my love. You wanted to see me?"

"You were very late last night. You perhaps didn't want to—disturb me?"

He looked at her and she could see he hated her. He was wishing for her long black hair to be corn-colored, her face to be gentle and amiable. His thoughts were as clear as if he had shocked them. And she didn't know what to do about his ravaged face, his loneliness.

"Don't let me—keep you," she managed to say, but when he had gone, willingly, she tormented herself that she had not behaved differently.

Before Cousin Henrietta departed she finally declared herself satisfied with one of the many lady's maids she had interviewed.

Louise, an angular young woman with sharp angles, was installed. Bella disliked her on sight, but had to admit she could create a most elegant coiffure.

All the same, Cousin Henrietta's wisdom was proved by Guy announcing that Bella and Lally were to be prepared to go to the opera the next evening. He had taken a box, and they were to make a grand toilette.

She knew how important the occasion was from Guy's set face. It was the first time he had come to her room while she was dressing. Louise had just finished her hair, doing it very modestly on the top of her head so that she looked taller and older and with a dignity she didn't feel. She was wearing the Chinese red gown, because the color gave her courage.

She told Louise to go to Lally and, as the woman went, couldn't resist spinning round in front of her husband, and saying breathlessly, "Will I do?"

"Haven't you a gown of quieter taste?"

"No!" she flared. "I'll wear this one."

His eyes flickered in surprise. "Keep calm, my dear. I only mean you to be looked at, not stared at."

He took a flat, narrow box from his breast pocket. "You'll enjoy plenty of admiration when you wear these."

He opened the box and the diamonds glittered like sun dazzle. Bella gasped. She said, crazily, the first words that came into her head.

"They are your wife's!"

"Yes. Put them on."

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THEY EXPECTED YOU TO FORGIVE...

By M. C. HIGGS

It was a hard decision
to make, but the only one
to ensure their happiness



When the girl entered the room all eyes followed her
progress as she moved among the guests at the party.

So. He was on his way home again, was he! She put the letter down beside her on the breakfast table and sipped her coffee unseeingly.

"Made an utter fool of myself..."

Too true, he had.

"Given you and the children absolute hell..." Well, of course.

"Must have been completely mad..." Completely.

And he had the cheek to imagine that all he had to do now was to say he was sorry and come crawling back. Until next time, naturally. A man who had slipped once was only too likely to slip again. He had the nerve to expect you to be waiting on the doorstep full of smiles, with a welcome-home dinner on the table...

Feeling like a bit of a break, no doubt.

And after all she had gone through; the heartbreak, the bitter disillusionment, the veiled sympathy of the neighbors, the pitying glances in the shops. Oh, it was too much, too much. She was a changed woman now—older, harder. Never again would she expose herself to such pain and loneliness. He could keep out. She would never, never have him back.

Elspeth's young face was set and unsmiling as she rose from the table to get young Jamie ready for school. Only now was the little boy beginning to accept his father's absence without continual questioning or to go to bed at night without missing the story or the game they had had together.

One day he would find out that the man he adored cared so little about him that he could desert him for a chat of a cheap girl not worth his little finger.

Even this morning as he stood there, sturdy and rosy, in his hooded blue mackintosh and gumboots, swinging the satchel containing his slippers and sandwiches, he reminded her irresistibly of Ben. Those long-lashed eyes of so dark a blue that in emotional moments pupil and iris seemed to blend into one...

"Woodwork today," he announced, in no hurry to go. "An' when I've finished the tractor I'm goin' to make a pipe-rack for daddy. Be in time for his birthday, an' we can send it by post if he hasn't got back by then, can't we?"

"There's Vicky calling," said Elspeth hastily. "Run along now, darling. Be a good boy." She kissed his smooth cheek and hurried upstairs to where Vicky the toddler was standing up in her cot, her fair curls an aureole around her head and her pink nightdress echoing the clear color in her cheeks.

Elspeth caught her up and held her tightly. Oh, how could he, how could

he... and then to suppose it was nothing much at all and that when he was tired of that Pipsie he could come crawling home again. He could think again, and it would do him a power of good. Teach him a lesson he wouldn't forget in a hurry.

Dressing Vicky and getting her settled in the high-chair, Elspeth let her mind go back to the evening when they first met Pipsie. They had been so happy as they went out of the house together—Ben so tall and endearing, those blue eyes snapping and a great moon rising behind a belt of dark trees.

She remembered almost a superstitious feeling that such happiness was too great to last—that something would surely intervene to spoil it, and she had shivered a little and held on to Ben's arm with her long fingers. His warm hand had reached out and covered them warmly... it had all been so safe, so safe...

Then the girl coming into the room where the party was. Elspeth, like everyone else, had looked up as she made her entrance. She was not particularly beautiful, but she was sex personified—her figure, her mouth, those sultry eyes under their heavy lids.

Elspeth scarcely gave it another thought. Ben was a mature man, wasn't he, not a silly boy, a man deeply and truly in love with his wife; the father of two lovely little children.

She should have known better, she said now, wryly, to herself, spooning cereal into Vicky's little rosebud mouth. Men. Silly fools. You couldn't trust them the length of the street—not even after their solemn vows and the times without number that they had sworn that you alone out of all the women in the world meant anything to them.

Ben had been very quiet on the way home, of course, but she had put it down to tiredness after a long day.

Then, bit by bit, things had piled up—working late at the office, lipstick on his shirt... and people dropping little hints...

And a horrible gnawing jealousy, a hard, terrible bitterness that she would never have thought herself capable of previously. Bit by bit their marriage cooled; they could scarcely speak to each other without bickering. It was as though Ben had caught some terrible infection, a burning fever

that drained him of all sense and self-respect.

Then a fearful, shattering row—and after that, silence. Ben had gone, and the house was empty and her heart was emptier still.

Disgrace, misery, a fearful oppression and loneliness.

And she was expected now to rush out with open arms and welcome him back as though nothing whatever had happened.

Not on your life. She had learnt her lesson, once and for all.

Oh, well, there was the rest of the day to get on with. Ben would not be turning up till after five o'clock when his working day ended. There was the shopping to do and mother to be visited—it was her anniversary today, ironically enough—she and dad had been married for 29 years.

Elspeth always made a point of taking some flowers or a little gift, and it was specially needed now, when the older folk had taken her own tragedy so terribly to heart. Ben had not bothered to remember how many people would be hurt when he deserted his little family and made them objects of pity and curiosity to everyone who knew them.

Mother and dad were in the sitting-room looking at their letters and cards of congratulation when Elspeth walked in. When she had kissed them and handed over a sheaf of red carnations she came out with her news.

"A letter from Ben this morning," she said abruptly. "He's coming home."

Her mother's face was suddenly irradiated as though a light within had been turned on, and her father's blue eyes shone with pleasure and excitement. Then, watching the hardness in Elspeth's expression, their bright looks faded to anxiety and uncertainty.

"He's—sorry for everything?" said her mother quietly at last.

"Oh, he's the real bad boy turned saint," said Elspeth savagely. "Can't think what possessed him, says it's all over for good; says he's going to spend his whole life making amends..."

There was a heavy silence in the bright little room.

"I know how you feel," said the older man steadily, breaking the spell that held the three of them. "But, darling, there's only one possible way to happiness again for you all—"

To page 55

KILL & REPEL

MOSQUITOES, FLEAS, SANDFLIES
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*She had mapped out the perfect
campaign for him but he didn't
care now whether he won or lost*



ILLUSTRATED BY ASTRA

a lesson in love

By
MARY
DRAKE

THE phone rang just as Philip was about to leave the office. It was Joyce, and he guessed what was going to happen. Too often, lately, she had asked for a rain check at the last minute, and he was beginning to have his suspicions. Yet her excuses always seemed genuine enough. Maybe it would be a sudden toothache, or else a girlfriend was stuck for a baby-sitter.

Tonight she told him that an uncle had arrived unexpectedly from her home town. He would only be here for the one night, and her mother would never forgive her if she didn't dine with him and show him some attention.

A pity about the tickets for the new musical they both wanted to see. She was full of regrets. He did understand, didn't he? Yes, he said, he supposed he did.

But there was still that little rankling suspicion. In the months that he had known her she had kept him in a constant state of uncertainty. Sometimes she would be full of affection, and he felt sure that she loved him. Then at others she kept him at arm's length, and he was plunged into despair. If he had any sense he would demand a show-down, but the fear of precipitating a break made him pause. He just couldn't imagine his life without her, doubts and all.

But his disappointment tonight was acute. They were already familiar with the lyrics of the musical, and had planned weeks ago to see it together. Having no inclination to take anyone else or to see it on his own, he returned the tickets to the box-office on his way home.

The flat seemed cheerless and uninviting when he let himself in. He had asked her to come for a drink as a prelude to the evening, and then

they were going to dine at Pierre's, their favorite little French restaurant, before going to the theatre. The bowl of tawny marigolds on the polished table mocked him; he had bought and arranged them himself last night.

The cigarette box was filled in readiness, two cocktail glasses stood on the silver tray, and a jug of martinis was chilling in the fridge.

Flinging his hat down on a chair, he picked up one of the glasses and strode out to the kitchen. He may as well have one himself before going out for a solitary meal. He filled the glass to the brim, carried it inside and moodily flung himself down on the settee.

The first sip was cold, astringent, and very dry, just the way he liked it. When he had drained the glass he got up to replenish it. By the time he had drunk two martinis his mood had mellowed. Poor Joyce, she would hate missing their evening together as much as he did. It wouldn't be much fun dining with a stuffy old uncle. She would need to be on her best behaviour for him so he would take home a good report to her mother. He

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - February 3, 1965

CHARLIE'S cup of tea

A surprise was in store for the boys when they met Roger... a short short story

By
Constance
Clarke
Greene



THE old lady in the corner house called to Charlie, who had been spying on her. "There you are, Charlie."

He took off his army surplus camouflage hat and suit, which he had ordered through the mail and was guaranteed to conceal him from the enemy, and stepped out into the brilliant sunlight.

"You were the bad guys and I was the good ones," he volunteered, and Mrs. Latham looked pleased.

"That so?" she inquired. "That's sort of a switch. I'm usually the good ones and my great-nephew is the bad. He likes it that way. He doesn't have very much fun and he's awfully good in school, so I suppose he likes a change when he comes to visit me."

Charlie frowned.

"Does he get A's in his exams?" he asked, hating Mrs. Latham's great-nephew without any trouble at all.

"I'm afraid so," Mrs. Latham looked woe-begone. "He doesn't even try very hard. It just comes naturally. He's never been very strong and he can't play baseball or hockey or things like that. He has to stay home and take it easy. Fortunately, he loves to read."

This guy was some creep.

"No kidding?" Charlie said. "Does he have any pets or brothers and sisters or things like that?"

"He's allergic to cat hair," Mrs. Latham continued, looking even sadder. "His family lives on a well-travelled road and his dog was killed by a car last year. They don't want to get fond of another dog and have it killed, so they bought him some goldfish."

She sighed and waved toward her kitchen door.

"I've just made some cakes and I don't have a soul to help me eat them. Would you be so kind?"

Not a man to turn down an invitation, Charlie condescended to escort Mrs. Latham into the kitchen, which smelled of vanilla and chocolate and floor wax. The rocker in the bay window was still moving slightly, as if she had just got up from it.

"Can I sit there?" Charlie asked. There was something about sitting in Mrs. Latham's rocker and eating cakes that made him feel as if he had done this many, many years ago and would be doing it many, many years hence.

"Be my guest," she said and heaped cakes on a plate.

"Mrs. Latham, when you were a mother did you let your children have that many cakes or did you say 'Only one' every time you passed the plate, the way my mother does?"

She smiled. "I suppose I said 'Only one' just the way your mother does, Charlie. It sort of comes out automatically when you're thinking of teeth and dentists' bills and discipline and things like that. But when you're old and your children are grown, all those things don't seem so important any more."

"I bet my mother will never

change," Charlie said, resigned. "I bet when she's as old as you and I have a beard and a bald head and am famous, she'll still say 'Only one'."

The old lady and the scruffy-looking little boy sat in companionable silence, broken only by the sound of the rocking chair going full tilt and of Charlie's teeth crunching into the delicious bits of chocolate.

"Roger, that's my great-nephew, he's just about your age and, as a matter of fact, I was going to speak to you about him. He's coming to spend a week with me next month when he gets his vacation and I was thinking maybe you could come over and play with him."

Charlie was faced with a dilemma. Mrs. Latham was his good friend and he did want to oblige her. On the other hand, this Roger sounded like not exactly Charlie's cup of tea.

Gallantry, and Charlie's taste buds, won out. Helping himself to yet another cake, he said, "Sure, I'd like that fine." That was a lie that wouldn't hurt anyone and might possibly help.

Roger came on a dark late-winter day. His father brought him and Charlie, who knew he was coming, hid behind Mrs. Latham's garage and watched. Roger was thin and wore glasses and was at least a half head taller than Charlie.

Charlie's friend Arthur, who had been alerted to the arrival, snorted from his post behind Charlie.

"Like you say, he sure is a creep."

Oddly enough, Charlie turned on his pal and hissed: "Shut up. Give the guy a chance, will you?"

Arthur's feelings, which were of the tender variety, got hurt. "O.K., wise guy," he huffed, "you did say he was a creep and all I said was he was a creep, too. So what's to get sore at?"

Charlie said, "You can't judge a book by its cover," and Arthur asked, "What's that got to do with that creep?"

Sometimes it just didn't pay to open your mouth to this kid. They waited in silence until, presently, the kitchen door opened and Roger came out. He had a small object in his hand which he put to his lips and, from it, came a bird call. Sounded like a jay or a robin—or a crow. Charlie wasn't sure.

Roger waited and then he blew

again and two birds appeared from nowhere. They perched on the nearest tree and waited. Roger waited, too. Then he tossed out some crumbs and the birds ate them, ignoring the boy. He repeated this performance several times, and each time more birds gathered.

Still hidden, Charlie and Arthur could hardly contain themselves. Sure, they'd had bird callers and all. None had ever really worked. They were impressed.

Roger went back in the house and, when the kitchen door opened, they could practically see the aroma drifting out, the way it does in the funnies. In waves. It was Mrs. Latham's apple pie.

Reached where he lived, Arthur whispered, "Think we oughta go in and meet the kid?"

Charlie, who had been entertaining similar thoughts, nodded. They dislodged themselves from the mulch pile and sauntered up to the door.

"Why, Charlie and Arthur, what a lovely surprise!" Mrs. Latham caroled. "Do come in and meet my great-nephew, who's going to be here a week. Roger, these are two friends of mine." Without a pause, she drew her knife, cut three slices of pie, poured three glasses of milk, and said, "Sit down."

"We just happened to see you call the birds," Charlie got down to brass tacks. "What's that you used?"

Roger produced the caller from his pocket. "I made it," he said. "It's not hard. I'll show you, if you like."

"That'd be cool," Arthur said. "I never saw one work so good."

"It does work pretty well," Roger conceded. A silence fell.

"Maybe the boys would like to hear some of your records," Mrs. Latham suggested.

"Sure," Roger said.

They emerged an hour later with promises of Roger's teaching them to play chess and their taking him to the river to show him where the elusive squirrel made his home.

"It's like, I don't know, it's like Roger's a sort of a what you call an intellectual," Arthur stammered.

Neither one of them had ever met one before and the experience was exhilarating.

"Yeah," Charlie breathed.

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HE-48



BOB CONRAD

Western 'James Bond'

● Bob Conrad, who was Tom Lapaka of the "Hawaiian Eye" TV series, is about to become a James Bond in Western dress.

HE will star in a new Warner Brothers series "The Wild West," which will go on TV in some parts of the world late this year.

In "The Wild West" he will play a character surrounded with suspense. Ross Martin will star with him.

For the new series Bob Conrad will get £A5000 for the first episode and £A2500 for each addi-

tional show. The first time the series is re-run he will be paid 50 per cent. of the original salary, and another 50 per cent. for the next three re-runs added together.

★ ★ ★
JEFFREY HUNTER, who stars in the title role in the "Temple Houston" TV series, is considering making another TV show. The long-time movie star will appear in a test episode for a TV series being produced by Desilu Studios. The title: "Star Trek."

"BURKE'S LAW" may yet go from TV to the movies. Gene Barry, who portrays millionaire policeman Amos Burke, is still negotiating with Columbia Pictures to make a movie based on the series. The picture would have the same settings, same cast, and same Rolls-Royce. A decision on the movie will be made as soon as the American Broadcasting Corporation decides whether to place an order with Four Star Television for a new batch of "Burke's Law" episodes.

★ ★ ★
SHELLEY FABARES is leaving her television home — "The Donna Reed Show." The young actress, who has appeared as the teenage daughter of the Stones, is starting a series of her own. Called "Meet Me In St. Louis," it will be a half-hour situation comedy show and will be seen in many countries in mid-1965. The series is taken from the book "Meet Me In St. Louis," by Sally Benson, who is writing some of the script. The show is also based on the 1944 Judy Garland movie.

Television

DENNIS THE MENACE is about to leave for India to appear in a movie with towering Clint Walker. The movie: "Meet the Magnificent." This is Jay North's second movie assignment since the TV series died and he found himself without a job. Says his mother today: "We both cried when 'Dennis' was discontinued. You never know. Today, Jay is much better off than if the series went on."

★ ★ ★
A NEW Cartwright is on his way. Michael Landon, who portrays Little Joe on the "Bonanza" TV series, and his wife, Lynn, are expecting another child. It will be their third.

★ ★ ★
EDD (Kookie) BYRNES is to appear in a movie "Beat Ball," which will be made at Paramount Studios. Byrnes' latest good fortune comes on the heels of an announcement that another of the "Big Three" will make a movie. Roger Smith, who played private eye Jeff Spencer in "77 Sunset Strip," will star in a film in addition to a new TV series he has planned, "Mr. Roberts."

Tommy Hanlon's Thought for the week

Momma once said, when she and Dad were having one of their little discussions (actually they were arguments, but discussion sounds better), that she would go out to work. Dad said he didn't like to see women working and brought out all the old clichés like, "A woman's place is in the home," "The world's best cooks are men—show me one good restaurant with a woman cook," "Show me one really successful businesswoman or a successful woman architect." Well, if you ever have that kind of argument (oops! discussion) just tell your husband Momma's moral and watch the expression on his face...

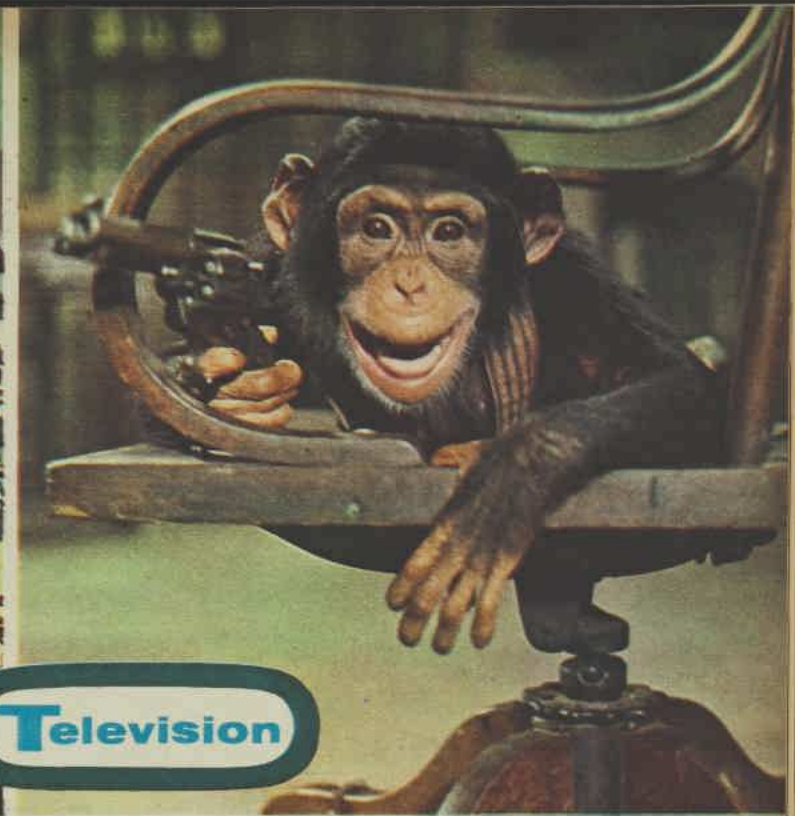
Momma's moral—"Women can never be as successful as men. They don't have wives to help them."



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TOBY TYLER (Kevin Corcoran) has a "grandstand" view of the gay parade when the circus comes to town. After an argument with his aunt and uncle, orphan Toby runs away to begin a new life with the circus.

MR. STUBBS is one of the circus chimps. He and Toby make friends — and that makes problems for Toby. Mr. Stubbs keeps getting into trouble; above, he brandishes a gun he stole from the sheriff.

TOBY TYLER (and MR. STUBBS)

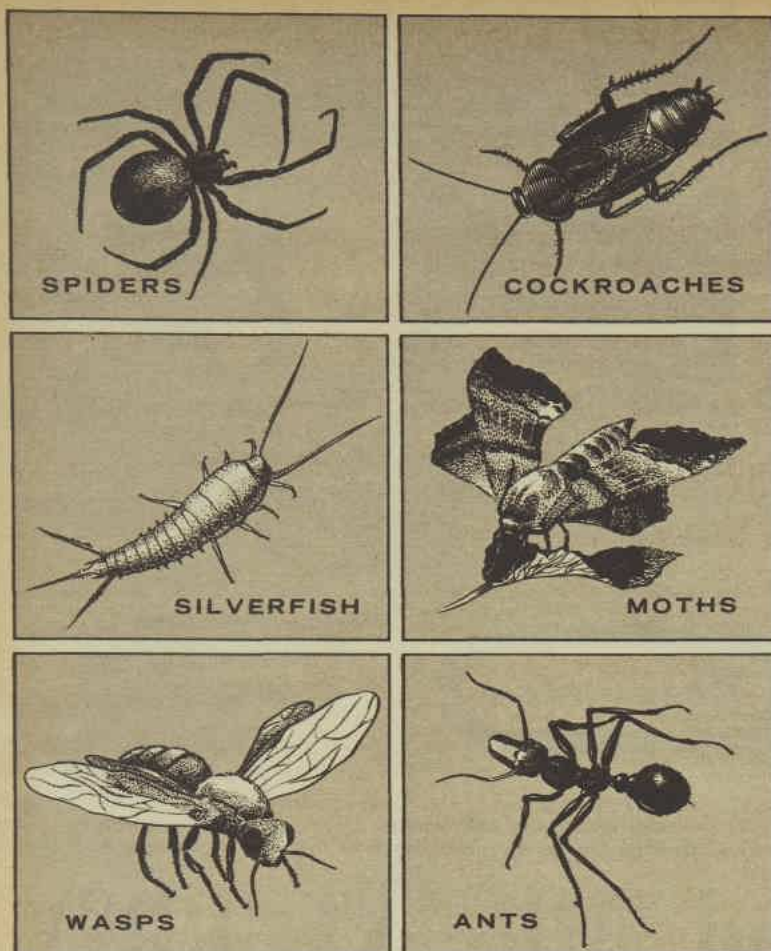
in the new "Disneyland" series



ABOVE: After a lot of exciting adventures, Toby and Mr. Stubbs BOTH become stars of the circus. The story is set in small-town America at the close of the nineteenth century.

RIGHT: Young equestrienne star Mademoiselle Jeanette (Barbara Beaird) also befriends Toby. She helps him get his start as a bareback rider, shares in his triumphant success.





SPIDERS

COCKROACHES

SILVERFISH

MOTHS

WASPS

ANTS

whatever the pest— 'DEADLINE'* knocks it...dead!

ARE you ever troubled with ants? Do you occasionally find spiders in the house—or moths, or flying insects of various types? Have you ever wished there was a spray that could knock out insects like fly sprays knock out flies?

A new, all-purpose insecticide

Well, now there is one! A new, all-purpose spray that has just been marketed by one of the leading insecticide manufacturers in the United States; and this remarkable new product is now available in Australia. It's called 'DEADLINE' DOUBLE ACTION INSECT AND ROACH KILLER. As its name implies it has a DOUBLE ACTION. It not only knocks insect pests dead in their tracks, but it also actually REPELS them for up to four weeks after it has been used.

University field tests prove killing activity; repellent action

Tests carried out by the University of Georgia (U.S.A.), prove that 'DEADLINE' has a two weeks' killing activity—a residual repellent action against cockroaches of up to four weeks! 'DEADLINE' is not just another fly spray. It kills flies and mosquitoes of course, but, it is formulated primarily to kill and repel the bigger and tougher insects like SPIDERS, BLOWFLIES, MOTHS, BEETLES, SLATERS, SILVERFISH, WASPS AND COCKROACHES.

'DEADLINE' is safe in use

'DEADLINE' is perfectly safe. It does not stain carpets or furnishings. It is safe to humans and safe to pets. There's NO odour with 'DEADLINE.' With 'DEADLINE' you can handle any insect invasion. Just stand back... take aim... and press the button! 'DEADLINE' flushes out insects from behind cupboards, and even from hard-to-reach cracks and crevices.

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Dress Sense

By

BETTY KEEP

6204.—Suit and blouse in sizes 12½, 14½, 16½, 18½, 20½, and 22½ for 33, 35, 37, 39, 41, and 43in. bust. Vogue pattern 6204, price 7/6 includes postage. Patterns are available from Betty Keep, Box 4, P.O., Croydon, N.S.W.

● This suit with a boxy cardigan-type jacket was chosen for a reader with a 39in. bust measurement. A paper pattern is available for the design in this special size.



HERE is part of the reader's letter, and my reply:

"Would it be possible to procure from you a paper pattern for a size 39in. bust? The style I am needing is for a plain suit I could wear in the country. I suppose a 38in. or 40in. size would do if you haven't the 39in."

Our pattern department includes several patterns in half sizes, and the one I have chosen for you (above) should be excellent for country wear.

The boxy jacket has four patch pockets and bracelet-length sleeves. The tuck-in blouse is sleeveless and has a notched collar. The skirt has stitched-down inverted pleats. Further details are beside the illustration.

"I have received an invitation to a wedding reception and the ceremony is at 11.30 a.m. I do not know what style of outfit would be correct to wear. Could I wear a suit, and would I need a hat?"

A suit or dress with matching jacket would be excellent fashion for the occasion. I advise you to wear a hat and, of course, gloves.

"I have a white taffeta evening frock with a plain sleeveless bodice and bell skirt. What accessories would make the style less plain?"

Add long glittery earrings and colored shoes. Emerald-green or orange would both look striking with stark-white.

"Would you assist me in planning my bridesmaid frock for a wedding taking place at the end of April? The frock is being made in beige moire taffeta, and my problem is what contrast to use to finish the waist and what to wear on my hair. I am 18 and a natural blonde."

Finish the waistline of the dress with a moss-green velvet ribbon belt, bow-tied at centre front. Wear a wreath of green leaves in your hair and complete the outfit with beige shoes and matching gloves.

"I have always worn navy blue or grey, and now wonder if any of the brighter colors would suit me. I have grey hair, blue eyes, and a fresh complexion."

Bright sapphire-blue and sky-blue or soft or dark pink, and a rosy-red pink should all suit your coloring extremely well.

"As my wedding is very small, and the reception at my family house, would a proper formal bridal gown be incorrect?"

It would be correct to wear a bridal gown and veil. After all, you are only a bride once, so make it a glamorous occasion.

"Do you think it would be possible for me to remodel an out-of-date fur coat?"

I think it would be more satisfactory to have the coat professionally remodelled.



the wonder of a greeting from Australia

(and to Italy a 22-word letter telegram costs you only 27/6)*

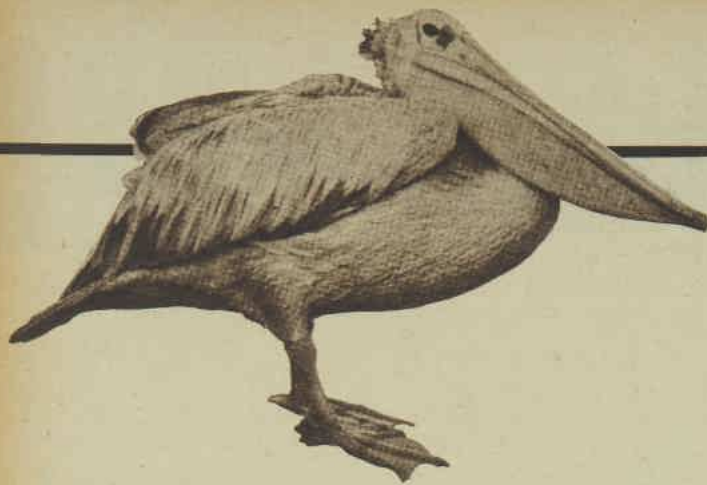
It's so simple and inexpensive to send greetings overseas. Just write your message—in Italian, if you like—on the special overseas form at your Post Office. That's all. And very soon a friend or loved one overseas will know how much you care for them. Rates to all countries are sur-

prisingly low: a 22-word* letter telegram costs only 27/6 to Italy and most European countries, 22/- to the U.S.A., Canada and the Netherlands, 18/4 to Britain, 5/6 to New Zealand.

*Including prefix (LT) and address.

THE OVERSEAS TELECOMMUNICATIONS COMMISSION (AUSTRALIA)





The Story of

● Dr. Albert Schweitzer is one of the great men of our time. Doctor, philosopher, musician, and missionary, he has spent 50 years working among lepers and other sick in the steamy jungles of Lambarene, in French Equatorial Africa. To him all life is sacred. He is reputed to have held up building operations rather than disturb an ants' nest. In this story of the pelican—told by the bumptious bird itself—the 90-year-old doctor also produces a revealing self-portrait.

I AM the Pelican, the hero of this book. So it seems to me that I ought to introduce myself and give you some facts about my life. Only a confused memory remains of the days when I was a fledgling.

I can recall being with my two brothers in a nest up in a great tree overlooking the river and forest. There we waited with wide open beaks for the food our parents were going to bring us. I have no idea how we came down out of that tree to find ourselves on a sandbank near a thicket of papyrus.

Some black men, shouting and brandishing sticks to frighten off our parents, carried the three of us away with our legs tied up. In the village, they pushed us into a basket where we could scarcely move our beaks.

The next day, two men put us into a canoe and set off with us. On the second day of this journey, we left the river and were paddled into a broad stream. Twice the sun went down and night fell.

In the middle of the third day, the canoe came ashore where there were palm trees and mangoes and many mud huts. The two men climbed up a hill toward a large house. Dogs came bounding and barking out of the compound—I can tell you, we were very frightened.

A strong voice was heard and silence was restored. There appeared a man of great height and with him someone dressed in white. I soon learned that it was Dr. Schweitzer and Nurse Emma Haussknecht.

For some time, the Doctor looked over our kidnappers and our basket. Then he said to Mlle Emma, "Three pelicans to feed—that's all we need!"

The Doctor said to the two men, "Don't you know it's a sin to take little ones away from their parents? How could you have done it? Wait and see, the good Lord will find a way to punish you. Didn't you learn that from the missionary at school?"

The expression on the Doctor's face was terrifying and the two men looked very uncomfortable. However, they recovered themselves quickly and said, "We thought you'd like the pelicans and that's why we brought them to you. If you make us an offer, they're yours. Otherwise we'll take them to another white man."

The Doctor's face reddened with anger. "That's enough. Do you think I'm going to let you drag those poor creatures, half dead with hunger, around any longer? They shall remain here! Now then, here's some money to pay you for your journey and for the fish you bought them."

Fish for the gluttons

The Doctor gently felt our wings and feet. "You're lucky," he said to the two natives, "not to have broken anything. I would have given you a bad half hour." Then, turning to the nurse, "We'll obviously have to feed them for several months. It won't be an easy thing. The dry season is coming to an end. When the river rises, it's going to be difficult to get any fish. But after that, they'll fly off and we'll be rid of them. How I regret having to sacrifice so many fish for the gluttons!"

Meanwhile, more nurses had arrived as well as one they called "Doctoresse." Looking down at us, she cried, "What a wonderfully stupid look they have! But they are cute with their round behinds still covered with down."

They wanted to take hold of us and pet us, but for the first time we struck out with our beaks in every direction.

"First, I'll have to build a shelter for them," the Doctor announced. "It will take the whole afternoon and I have so many other things to do."

He summoned George, the local carpenter, and together they sorted out corrugated iron and planks to make us a shelter between the piles on which the house stood.

He worked under the house all afternoon, crawling around and not trying to hide his bad humor over all the extra work. I found it quite peculiar that such a kind person could be so disagreeable. Little by little, as the Doctor and his helper went on hammering and sawing, the idlers went off to their own work.

Mlle Emma went away, and a few minutes later she returned carrying some fish, which she proceeded to push down our beaks. What a joy it was for half-starved creatures like us! When there were no more little fish she said to the Doctor, "They're still hungry!—but there's nothing left but some big carp. They could never swallow them!"

The Doctor's voice echoed from under the house. "Well, try it. You may see a miracle."

We finished off the big carp, too. To make them go down they poured water down our beaks. This was a wonderful change after the treatment we had had from those rascals.

By sundown our shelter under the house was ready. They spread a soft bed of dry leaves over the ground and we snuggled down into it. We were protected by a coop which the Doctor and Mlle Emma had found for us.

"Above all," the Doctor said, "we must see to it that nobody touches them and bruises a wing. If they're not in shape to fly off some day you'll have to feed them fish, day after day, for years!"

"Heaven preserve us from that," Mlle Emma exclaimed. I found it somewhat embarrassing that from the beginning they were in such a hurry to get rid of us. Snug in our bed, we had a refreshing nap until sunrise. Then barking dogs, cackling chickens, noisy geese, and our own hunger woke us up. We were put into an enclosure just outside the Doctor's own room where the mango trees and palms gave marvellous shade.



"What a wonderfully stupid look they have . . . but cute, with down-covered behinds."

They brought us a wooden tub filled with water and more fish, which the Doctor and Mlle Emma divided between us. As they had to push the fish down our beaks and we were clumsy, they both soon had blood trickling from scratches on their arms.

In three weeks we were able to catch fish tossed to us. When the rainy season came the river began to rise, and the fisherman no longer brought in much of anything. The good days were over.

"Poor creatures!" said the Doctor after our meagre repast. More than once when the fisherman arrived I heard him say to Mlle Emma:

"Don't have any fish served at the table today. Give it all to the pelicans. They need it more than we do."

The little black box

I remember one morning when they came to get us out of our coop, the Doctoresse appeared with her little box and said, "I really must take a picture of them." She worked around us from a distance for fear of being pecked.

Because I was the youngest and also—I must confess—the weakest, I was the favorite of the Doctor and the nurse.

With the coming of the Christmas season, we had lost our down and possessed some real feathers. My eldest brother was already waddling around under the mango trees flapping his great wings.

While I was watching him do it the Doctoresse arrived with her little black box and said once more, "I must take a picture."

One day my eldest brother, beating his wings hard, swept up into the air and found himself perched high on the fence of the enclosure.

A few days later my second brother did the same thing. They stayed up on the fence and would not come down even when they brought our fish. So they tossed them up, and my brothers never missed one, even when the aim was too high, or too low, or too far to one side.

As for me, I had not even managed a few steps, let



"My friendship with the Doctor gives me the right to be his companion wherever he goes."

My Pelican

By DR. ALBERT SCHWEITZER —
(who lets the pelican do all the talking)

alone flapping my wings. Mlle Emma was very concerned about me and lamented the fact to the Doctor.

"He is eating," the Doctor told her consolingly, "and when a pelican eats, he always ends up by getting along fine."

Soon, my brothers found out how to get down from the fence, go off to the river, and swim near the shore. I could not even get to the top of the enclosure.

But in the spring time, at the end of the rainy season, I succeeded in getting down to the river. Not very skillfully, but still managed quite a graceful flight.

"You see," said the Doctor, smiling at Mlle Emma, "he managed it in the end."

So we could all swim and fish in the river.

I STILL lagged behind my brothers in one thing — I could take off from the ground quite well with a spring into the air, but not from the water. I tried hard to get myself off the river for a whole week but I could not manage it.

One Sunday afternoon, the Doctor was sitting on the shore. He seemed to take pleasure in watching my vain efforts to lift myself from the water, efforts that alternated with returns to the shore followed by fresh take-offs, trying to convince myself that I was about to fly away.

I win a great victory

"Beginnings are always difficult," he would say to me every time I ran aground. When a patient came walking by, he said to him, "You see a rare sight there. A pelican who can take off from solid ground but not from the water."

The patient watched, too, and began to laugh with the Doctor. The annoyance I felt at so much stupidity gave me the strength of ten. I rose from the water — and repeated my victory several times over.

"Bravo," the Doctor cried. "Now we can hope to be rid of you some day, too."

At the beginning of summer, the dry season returned. Sandbars emerged and pools appeared between them where fish were abundant.

What a good life we led that first dry season when we were grown up. It was then that we began to learn what it meant to fly. Before that we had only skimmed over the water. But with the other pelicans, we rose high into the air describing majestic circles of smooth flight above the hospital.

When the other pelicans went back to the lake regions and marshlands at the end of the dry season, my brothers went with them.

"Good riddance," said the Doctor to Mlle Emma. "Let's hope the little one will do the same."

But the little one — meaning me — had decided not to give them that satisfaction. At the hospital, I was at home. Why go off, far away, into a life full of strangers?

It was the same thing with us as with the monkeys who grew up in hospital. When they were big enough to be on their own, some of the nurses went deep into the forest with the boys who carried the gentle creatures. There they were set free.

The nurses, returning home with tears in their eyes, usually found the same monkeys waiting for them under the verandah. They could only get rid of them — for they were getting quite insupportable — by ferrying them to the other side of the river somewhere off in the forest.

As for me, I swore that the Doctor would not shake me off so easily.



"I allow only the Doctor and Mlle Emma to come near me. Only they have the right to hold my beak firmly and lead me behind them."

Lady pelicans have several times suggested that I leave the hospital and set up housekeeping in a tree somewhere with them. I have always remained quite reserved, standing pat. I do not want to be like Koudekou, the Doctor's parrot, who was foolish enough to get caught, in his old age, in the net of a lady parrot.

He went off with her after living at the hospital for years as though in his own home. Of course, he was quite free to make the change if he took the fancy.

Now he lives with his wife in the hollow of a tree down in a papyrus swamp below the hospital. How could he prefer gathering his own miserable palm nuts instead of being seated by his master at dinner on the back of his chair, having his share of everything that was served? Not to speak of the sorrow his incomprehensible departure caused the Doctor.

Little by little, I have become a person of some importance throughout the countryside. For years, of

Continued on page 31



"I have a pleasant relationship with the goats and the sheep. But the dogs are another story. I am not too proud of that."



"When we meet on the street I join in the conversations he has. When I hiss or click, he says to me 'Dear pelican, dear pelican'."

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Continued
from page 29:

The Story of My Pelican

course, other pelicans have lived here for short spells, and in some cases permanently. But I am unique among them all. No one dares question my status.

Once, well in the past, an intruder, a vagabond from no one knew where — he was not even a descendant of one of the hospital pelicans — tried to do it.

When the others went off after the end of the dry season, he stayed on. Because he had a tuft of feathers on the back of his head, the staff called him "The Professor." The Professor very much wanted my position. When the Doctor was down by the river, he went, too.

Several times he had the effrontery to appear in the evening to get some fish at the kitchen door. One day when there was only one fish, the Doctor gave it to him, rewarding me with a fine speech on the subject of brotherhood.

The blows I administered to that so-called brother would have brought him to reason a long time ago if the Doctor had not treated him with such misplaced kindness.

I am the only one in the neighborhood to bear the title "The Doctor's Pelican."

When I go off on an excursion perching along the river banks or lakes near a village, as I fly up over the banks the children cry, "Look, there's the Doctor's pelican!" And they escort me on my way.

I mention only in passing the silly, quarrelsome white gander who tried to make himself important for a while by walking beside me. He will not think of doing that again.

When he comes down the river on outstretched wings with his two companions, he avoids alighting near me or swimming in my preserves. I taught him a little modesty.

I have a pleasant relationship with the goats and sheep. The big ram is a friend of mine. But as for the dogs — that is another story. I am not too proud of that.

Sometimes, the whole pack gets ready to descend on me.

When I manage to get my back up against a tree to protect my rear, I can keep them respectful by pecking at them. When I don't manage to protect myself in that way, I have to rush off as quickly as I can.

Many a mean trick they have played on me while I tried to shift positions.

My standing at the hospital is such that I can take many liberties. In general, though, I simply swim around the spot where the women clean fish along the river bank. The things they cast out into the water are mouthfuls not to be disdained.

Sometimes, a longing comes over me not to be satisfied with scraps but to have a whole fish. I have to join in with one or two other pelicans for a project such as that.

We perch on a canoe, and with a very absorbed air, we begin preening our plumage. We busy ourselves with that until most of the women have finished cleaning their fish and returned home.

NOTHING can be done before that, for the whole troop would defend themselves with paddles and machetes. The attack can succeed only against one or two women who remain behind lulled into a sense of security.

Suddenly we rush upon them with loud cries and terrible blows from our beaks and wings. They take flight in terror and the fish are ours.

The conclusion of these battles takes place at the Doctor's, where the women go with their complaints and demands for payment.

They receive it — and I get a scolding. Sometimes, though, they make demands out of pure greediness, and I hope they get what they deserve.

I must confess that these pranks do not always end up so well. It has happened that one or another of these intrepid women will defend herself valiantly. Already, I have had two severe blows on the beak with a machete. As for whacks with a paddle, I do not even count them any more.

Twice, with success at hand, I almost died of suffocation. This was because the Africans have a foolish habit of tying their fish, four or five of them together, with a liana vine passed through their gills. They sell them that way, by the string.

Too greedy, I swooped down on a cluster of them, and after swallowing one or two of the fish, dragged the others down my gullet but found I could not swallow them.

Every effort to cough them up was in vain. The string

me. When his light goes out, I sleep until dawn, the hour for fishing.

The friendship between the Doctor and me gives me the right to be his companion wherever he goes. I walk along beside him when we meet on the hospital street or down by the river. I join in the conversations he has with whites and blacks.

Impertinent nurse

I was with him when he discussed the question about repairing the big canoe they had pulled up on the shore, with Basile, the carpenter.

When Basile, for whom I have no love at all, started to work with his saw, I showed my disapproval of the whole affair by thrusting about with my beak.

I insist that all men, white or black, keep a respectful distance. I allow only the Doctor and Mlle Emma to come near me. Only they have the right to hold my closed beak firmly in their hands and lead me behind them, to lift me up and carry me under their arms.

I do not like poor jokes. One of the nurses, an impertinent little person, once gave me a quarter of an orange instead of a fish.

She had better watch herself and keep out of my path! Several black and blue marks already decorate her legs and more may come.

My relations with the Doctoresse are of a special character. To tell the truth, she does not like me. But she finds me interesting. I feel the same and accept her attentions more patiently than those of others.

It took me a long time to understand why she followed me about with her little black box. She gave it away herself one day when she said to one of the staff who came along as she was following me: "I've got some adorable pictures of him."

For very little, I would have broken off our relationship. One day, soon after I realised what she was after, I heard her say to someone, "He loves to be photographed in interesting poses. That's why he holds so still, the vain old chap."

Those foolish words wounded me to the depths of my soul. It is not because of any interest in what she wants to do with the little black box that I let her come near me and

keep so quiet, but one of kindness and because she is a part of the Doctor's household.

She will surely miss me when she has gone away, and she will try to console herself for my absence by looking at those pictures.

For my part, I will be sorry not to be followed around any more by that little black box.

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"In the spring time, at the end of the rainy season, I succeeded in getting down to the river. Little by little, I have become a person of some importance throughout the countryside."

of fish stuck there and I was gasping for air. I was saved both times by some boys who saw my distress.

They ran off to the Doctor's to let him know what had happened and he came quickly, plunging his arm down my throat right up to his elbow, and pulled out the fish. Then he took his knife, cut the liana vine, and as I recovered, he gave me the fish one by one.

At night, I love more than anything else to be near where the Doctor is and mount guard over him.

After getting my fish from the kitchen, I perch on the door that closes the verandah near his room. Whoever wants to come up on the porch gets warned off by my hissing.

If the visitor pays no attention, I hit him hard with my beak from above — European or African, it makes no difference to me.

Precious night hours

After dinner, when the Doctor is sitting by the light of a lamp at his work table, I fly to the door of the enclosure surrounding our old shelter and perch there facing him. When I hiss or click my beak, he says to me, "Dear pelican, dear pelican!"

Sometimes he stops writing and talks softly to me in the night.

Those night hours spent with him are very precious to



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LUNCH BOX CAKE

INGREDIENTS

2 cups S.R. flour 1-1/3rd cups brown sugar
2 heaped tablespoons KREAM CORNFLOUR.
2 oz. pine kernels or chopped walnuts or almonds.
1 cup chopped mixed fruits.

1 cup semolina or all-bran. 1 1/2 cups milk.
1/3rd cup NUTRO OIL. 1 egg. Pinch salt.

METHOD. Soak the Semolina or All-Bran in the milk. Sift flour, salt and KREAM CORNFLOUR, add to the sugar, fruit and nuts, blend together, make a well in the centre, add semolina or all-bran, egg and NUTRO OIL. Beat well until all ingredients are combined. Bake in a well-greased loaf tin for 1 to 1 1/2 hours at 350 Gas, 375 Electric.

May be served Sliced with Butter.

Use the above recipe for cup cakes. Fill patty pans 2/3rds and bake for 20 minutes at 350 Gas, 375 Electric.

Appetising dishes like these could win £500 in prizes.

Section 1. 1st PRIZE £200 CASH for the best recipe using Kream Cornflour. Five £10 Consolation Prizes.

Section 2. 1st PRIZE £200 CASH for the best recipe using Cameo Custard Powder. Five £10 Consolation Prizes.

Entries will be judged on novelty and appeal of dish, ease and speed of preparation, low cost of ingredients.

KREAM | CAMEO
CORN FLOUR | CUSTARD POWDER

CHERRY-PINE CUSTARD CREAM

INGREDIENTS

1 pint milk.
1 tablespoon sugar.
2 heaped tablespoons CAMEO Custard Powder.
1 15 oz. can crushed pineapple.
1 dozen glacé cherries.
1 pint whipped cream.

METHOD. Make CAMEO Custard Powder as directed on packet. Drain pineapple well, add to cooled custard with chopped Glacé Cherries (reserve a few cherry pieces for decoration). When Custard is quite cold stir in half the thickly whipped cream. Spoon into serving dishes and decorate with whipped cream and cherries. (Serves 6)

Use the CHERRY-PINE CUSTARD CREAM to fill small short-bread tart cases. Decorate with whipped cream and chopped cherries.

How to enter the KREAM-CAMEO recipe competition.

- Each recipe entered must contain as an ingredient, either Cameo Custard Powder or Kream Cornflour, regardless of quantity used.
- You may submit any number of entries but each must be accompanied by an entry form and a Cameo Custard Powder or Kream Cornflour box too. (Not applicable in States where this is contrary to State legislation.)
- Recipes should be clearly and concisely written in ink or typed, first settling out ingredients needed followed by method. Use level spoon measurements, and the 8oz. measuring cup.
- Quest closing date for receipt of entries is 10th February, 1965.
- Results will be published in this magazine on 24th March, 1965.
- Employees of Maize Products Pty. Ltd. or their advertising agents, are not eligible to enter. Employees' families are also ineligible.
- The advertiser reserves the right to make use of recipes submitted for any or all purposes.
- It is a basic condition of the sending in and acceptance of every entry that it is intended and agreed that the conduct of the contest and everything done in connection therewith and all arrangements relating thereto

(whether mentioned in the conditions or to be implied) and that every entry and any agreement or transaction entered into or payment made by order under it shall not give rise to any legal relationship, rights, duties or consequences whatsoever or be legally enforceable or the subject of litigation, but all such arrangements, agreements and transactions are binding in honour only. The judges' decision is final. No correspondence can be entered into. The panel of judges will be headed by Mrs. Carmel Jordan, Food Economist.

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SAVORY SAUCES

SAUCE-MAKING is an art which all aspiring cooks should endeavor to master. The ideal sauce should enhance the taste of the dish with which it is served, and so should have a definite but not overpowering flavor.

Four basic types of savory sauces are most commonly used by the modern housewife. These sauces, with their classical French names in brackets, are as follows:

White Sauce (Bechamel): Served with fish, vegetables, corned meats.

Brown Sauce (Espagnole): served with red and white meats, vegetables.

Creamy Sauce (Veloute): Served with white meats, fish, vegetables.

Tomato Sauce (Tomate): Served with red and white meats, vegetables.

Once these four are mastered, the imaginative cook can evolve endless variations of the basic recipes.

THICKENING AGENTS

The liaison or thickening agents used in sauce-making are of four types:

1. FLOUR

When flour is mixed and cooked with shortening, this is known as roux. Can be made in three ways:

White Roux: Mixture of equal quantities of shortening and flour cooked over moderate heat, but not allowed to attain any color.

Pale Roux: Same mixture as above allowed to cook until it attains light fawn color.

Brown Roux: Same mixture cooked until it becomes russet-brown; to shorten cooking time of roux, brown flour in oven before adding it to the melted shortening.

2. ARROWROOT, CORNFLOUR

These are blended with a little of liquid used in the sauce and added gradually to heated remainder.

3. POTATO FLOUR

Can be used as substitute for plain flour or cornflour. Produces very glossy, smooth sauce. Less cooking is required and sauce

need not be simmered for 3 minutes required by flour.

4. EGG LIAISON

Egg-yolks can be added to completed sauce for extra thickness and creaminess. Sauce should not be boiled after adding eggs.

CONSISTENCIES

The amount of shortening and flour used in sauces depends on the consistency desired.

FLOUR

Thin Sauce: Use 1oz. shortening and 1oz. flour to 1 pint liquid.

Medium Sauce: Use 1½oz. shortening and 1½oz. flour to 1 pint liquid.

Thick Masking Sauce: Use 2oz. shortening and 2oz. flour to 1 pint liquid.

CORNFLOUR

For sauces thickened with cornflour, the following amounts are used, depending on desired consistency.

Thin Sauce: 3 tablespoons cornflour to 1 pint liquid.

Medium Sauce: 4 tablespoons cornflour to 1 pint liquid.

Thick Sauce: 5 tablespoons cornflour to 1 pint liquid.

All sauces will thicken on standing and reheating. To prevent skin forming on top of sauce, cover closely with greased paper or aluminium foil.

The following recipes give the techniques used in making the basic sauces:

WHITE SAUCE (THIN)

One ounce shortening, 1oz. flour, 1 pint milk, salt, pepper.

Melt shortening over low heat, remove from heat, stir in flour, working until smooth. Gradually stir in milk, return to heat; cook, stirring constantly, until boiling point is reached. Cook further 3 minutes, season to taste.

BROWN SAUCE

One onion, 1 carrot, 1 stalk celery, 1½oz. shortening, 1½oz. flour, 1 pint brown stock, 1 pint tomato puree, 1oz. bacon, salt, herbs, seasonings as desired.

Dice vegetables finely, add to melted shortening, cook 5 minutes. Blend in flour, cook slowly 10 minutes. Remove from heat, add stock slowly, stirring well. Return to heat, stir until thickened, add tomato puree, bacon, and herbs, simmer 40 minutes. Strain, season.

CREAMY SAUCE

Ingredients and method are similar to those for white sauce, except shortening and flour are allowed to color lightly and well-flavored white stock is substituted for the milk.

TOMATO SAUCE

One rasher bacon, 1 onion, 1 carrot, 1 bayleaf, pinch herbs, 1½oz. shortening, 1½oz. flour, 1 pint white stock, 1lb. tomatoes, salt, pinch sugar.

Dice bacon and vegetables finely. Add to melted shortening, bayleaf, and herbs, cook slowly 15 minutes. Stir in flour, cook 8 to 10 minutes. Cool slightly, stir in stock and skinned, chopped tomatoes. Return to heat, stir until thickened. Simmer 45 minutes, strain, add salt and sugar.

VARIATIONS

Once the cook is thoroughly familiar with the elementary methods, the variations below could be tried:

WHITE SAUCE

Mornay: Add grated cheese.

Supreme: Add cream, egg-yolks, lemon juice.

Onion: Add 2 large onions, blanched, boiled, drained, and chopped.

Caper: Add capers as desired.

BROWN SAUCE

Bordelaise: Add garlic, chopped parsley, and red wine.

Portugaise: Add cooked tomatoes and garlic.

Mustard: Add 1 teaspoon mixed English mustard and french mustard, ¼ teaspoon chilli sauce, and 1 teaspoon anchovy essence or paste.

CREAMY SAUCE

Allemande: Add extra butter and egg-yolks.

Cardinal: Use fish stock and add crushed lobster.

Oyster: Use oyster liquid and add chopped oysters, lemon juice, and cayenne.

TOMATO SAUCE

Creole: Add garlic and minced green pepper.

Americaine: Use fish stock and add chopped lobster meat.

● Four main types, special butters, and classical Hollandaise.

Nicoise: Add garlic, capers, lemon juice, and sliced olives.

Barbecue: Add chopped parsley and chives, worcestershire sauce, and chilli powder.

HOLLANDAISE AND SPECIAL BUTTERS

HOLLANDAISE SAUCE

This classical recipe is made by an entirely different method from the usual basic recipe. It is merely a mixture of egg-yolks, butter, lemon juice or vinegar, and is thickened by being beaten over a saucepan of boiling water. Its consistency can be varied by amount of egg-yolks used and time of cooking, but experience alone will enable the cook to judge this correctly.

Basic proportions: 3 egg-yolks, 3 tablespoons lemon juice or vinegar, 4 to 6oz. butter.

Place egg-yolks and lemon juice in earthenware basin, beat constantly over gently boiling water until mixture is consistency of thickened cream. Remove from heat, quickly but gradually beat in butter which has been cut into small squares. Cover, stand basin in luke-warm water until ready for use.

NOTE: Butter can be melted, then cooled and added a little at a time, if desired.

VARIATIONS

Bearnaise: Use tarragon vinegar and add salt, pepper, and little chopped chervil or tarragon as desired.

Maltaise: Add the juice of blood oranges just before serving.

Choron: Substitute concentrated tomato puree for chopped chervil or tarragon in Bearnaise sauce.

SPECIAL BUTTERS

The various types of compound butters such as maitre d'hotel, parsley, lemon, Bercy, black, lobster, etc., are actually not sauces but an accompaniment to such foods as grilled meat and fish and cold collations. They are made by combining required amount of flavoring with softened butter, then rechilling and forming into shapes as desired.



SWEET SAUCES

● Bland and rich recipes to add color, interest, and nutriment to desserts.

SWEET sauces add extra flavor and nutriment to desserts, provide a contrast in textures, and also help to make them look more attractive.

Although most sweet sauces are suitable to accompany any dessert, a good general rule to follow is to serve simple, bland sauces with luscious-type desserts, and the more flavorful sauces with plain, steamed, or baked puddings.

Because of the wide variety of methods used to make sweet sauces, it is not possible to group their basic recipes as for savory sauces. But they can be grouped according to their basic ingredient or flavoring. These are:

Milk, fruit, butter, and wine or spirits. Flavorings used in all sweet sauces can be increased or decreased according to taste.

MILK BASE

These bland, smooth sauces make an ideal accompaniment to both hot and cold desserts.

CUSTARD SAUCE

Care must be taken in making this sauce so the mixture is allowed to come almost to the boil only, then removed immediately from the heat, otherwise it may curdle. To help prevent this, add 1 teaspoon of cornflour to the eggs before commencing to cook.

Beat 3 eggs with 2 tablespoons sugar, pour in 1 pint warmed milk and cook, stirring constantly until mixture is thick enough to coat silver spoon. Remove from heat, add vanilla to taste, cover until ready for use. Serve hot or cold with steamed and baked puddings.

SWEET WHITE SAUCE

Heat 2 cups milk with 2 tablespoons sugar and small piece of lemon rind. Stir in 2 tablespoons cornflour which have been blended with $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk and cook, stirring constantly, 2 to 3 minutes. Remove lemon rind, add vanilla, cover to prevent skin forming until ready for use. Serve as for custard sauce.

Variations — Chocolate Sauce: Add 2 tablespoons grated or powdered chocolate.
Honey Sauce: Use honey in place of sugar.

RICH CHOCOLATE SAUCE

Combine in saucepan 1 small can evaporated milk, 2 tablespoons grated or powdered chocolate, 1oz. butter, and pinch salt. Bring slowly to boil, add 1 cup sugar and 3 tablespoons golden syrup. Boil gently 5 minutes. Cool slightly, flavor with vanilla, rum, or coffee. Serve with simple puddings or ice-cream.

BUTTER BASE

These sauces depend on the richness of butter for much of their flavor.

CARAMEL SAUCE

Combine 1 tablespoon butter, 2 tablespoons brown sugar, 2 tablespoons condensed milk, 1 dessertspoon golden syrup in saucepan. Cook, stirring constantly, until mixture is rich golden color and leaves sides of saucepan. Remove from heat, gradually stir in 4 tablespoons hot water. Return to heat, cook further 1 to 2 minutes. Add sufficient cream or milk to correct consistency after it has cooled. Serve with steamed, baked, and rice puddings and ice-cream.

BUTTERSCOTCH SAUCE

Melt 2-3rds cup butter, stir in $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups brown sugar, cook slowly until sugar dissolves. Boil 5 minutes. Remove from heat, stir in 1 large can evaporated milk and vanilla to taste. Serve with hot or cold desserts and ice-cream.

HARD SAUCE

Cream 4oz. butter thoroughly, beat in 4oz. castor or icing sugar, then gradually add 2 tablespoons brandy. Chill well. Serve with steamed fruit puddings.

FRUIT BASE

In these sauces, fresh or canned fruit is used to give a sharp, distinctive flavor. Plain fruit sauces are simply made by thickening fruit juices with blended arrowroot or cornflour (1 to $1\frac{1}{2}$ dessertspoons to every cup of liquid) and sweetening to taste. Arrowroot gives a clearer, more glossy sauce.

Serve fruit sauces with hot steamed puddings, rice custards and moulds, and blancmange.

Extra flavorings, such as brandy, sherry, or rum, can be added if desired.

RASPBERRY CREAM SAUCE

Drain syrup from large can of raspberries, crush fruit with fork, sprinkle with $1\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoons sugar and 2 dessertspoons kirsch or similar liqueur. Set aside. Mix together 1-3rd cup sugar, 1 teaspoon flour, and $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, pour over 1 cup hot sauterne or any other sweet white wine. Place on stove, cook, stirring constantly, until boiling. Remove from heat, cool slightly, stir in 2 egg-yolks previously beaten with pinch each of nutmeg and ginger. Return to heat, cook 3 or 4 minutes, stirring constantly and being careful not to boil. (Saucepan can be placed over hot water if desired.) Add crushed berries. If sauce is to be served hot, stir in $\frac{1}{2}$ cup cream; if cold, chill before folding in $\frac{1}{2}$ cup whipped cream.

LEMON SAUCE

Place $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar and 3 tablespoons sifted flour in top half of double saucepan. Stir in 2 egg-yolks previously beaten with $\frac{1}{2}$ cup cold water. Place over hot water, cook 10 minutes, stirring constantly. Add $1\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoons sweet butter, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup lemon juice, grated rind of half lemon and orange. Mix. Serve hot or cold.

GLACE FRUIT SAUCE

Place 1 cup orange juice, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup lemon juice, and $\frac{1}{2}$ cup pineapple juice in saucepan. Add $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups sugar, cook about 10 minutes or until mixture becomes syrupy. Add 1 tablespoon golden syrup and $\frac{1}{2}$ cup finely chopped mixed glace fruits. Cover, simmer gently 20 minutes. Cool, fold in 3 tablespoons slivered toasted almonds. Serve cold.

APRICOT JAM SAUCE

Combine $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups apricot jam, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup water, and 3 tablespoons sugar. Bring to boil, cook, stirring to prevent scorching, 5 to 10 minutes. Rub through sieve or puree in electric blender. Just before serving, stir in 2 tablespoons kirsch or any similar liqueur or brandy.

WINE, SPIRIT BASE

The quantity and type of the wines and spirits used in these recipes can be varied to suit individual taste.

FOAMY WHITE SAUCE

Combine 3 egg-yolks, 2 tablespoons castor sugar, and $\frac{1}{2}$ pint sherry or Marsala in earthenware basin. Beat over boiling water until mixture thickens to desired consistency.

Serve with fruit desserts.

BRANDY SAUCE

Heat 1 cup water with 1 tablespoon sugar, stir in 1 tablespoon arrowroot or cornflour blended with extra 2 tablespoons water. Cook, stirring constantly, 2 or 3 minutes. Add 3 tablespoons brandy just before serving. Serve with steamed fruit puddings.

EASY CHOCOLATE RUM SAUCE

Place 6oz. dark chocolate (broken into small pieces) and $\frac{1}{2}$ cup strong coffee in small saucepan. Cook gently until chocolate melts, stirring constantly. Add 1 tablespoon rum and mix well. Serve hot.

SAUCE RECIPES

These sauces are all easy to make, and will help to vary the menu when served with winter or summer desserts.

Mock Maple Sauce: Combine equal quantities of honey and golden syrup. Heat, add lemon juice to taste. Serve with ice-cream.

Cider Sauce: Place 1 cup of sugar and $\frac{1}{2}$ cup cider in a saucepan. Bring to the boil over low heat, cook 4 to 5 minutes. Serve warm or cold, poured over waffles or fritters.

Marshmallow Peppermint Sauce: Place $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup water, 1 dessertspoon gelatine, and pinch of cream of tartar in saucepan, boil steadily 10 minutes. When beginning to thicken, add 1 or 2 drops peppermint essence. Beat until white and fluffy. Serve immediately.

Whipped Honey Sauce: Whip 3 egg-whites with a pinch of salt until stiff. Add very gradually $\frac{1}{2}$ cup honey, beating constantly until mixture thickens. Fold in $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon grated orange rind. Serve with ice-cream.



CONFECTIONERY

FIRST of all we discuss home-made sweets and candies of the crystalline or creamy type.

This group of sweets comprises fondants, creams, fudges, and coconut-ice types, which are all similar in texture.

Ingredients used, temperature to which syrup is boiled, and method of handling or setting after boiling will determine the final result.

INGREDIENTS

Sugar: Basis of all candies. Can be crystal, brown, or pure icing sugar (for some uncooked sweets).

Liquid glucose or maize syrup: Delays or prevents crystallisation and keeps mixture creamy.

Cream of tartar, lemon juice, vinegar: Helps prevent crystallisation and gives a crisp texture.

Milk (fresh, evaporated, or sweetened condensed), **butter:** Used in some recipes to create characteristic textures and flavors.

Flavorings, colorings: Essences, fruit juices, unsweetened cooking chocolate, coffee, dried fruits, nuts, coconut. They enhance flavor and, in some recipes, alter texture. Colorings improve and vary appearance.

EQUIPMENT

Heavy saucepan; wooden spoon or spatula; heatproof basins; two-pronged wire fork (for chocolate dipping); marble slab, upturned enamel tray or laminated plastic table top (for manipulating fondant); sugar thermometer to determine exact temperature of syrup. (Cold-water testing can be used but is not as reliable as thermometer reading.)

THE SYRUP

It is important to boil the sugar syrup to correct degree to evaporate water and bring syrup to correct consistency for beating, kneading, or setting.

The following temperatures and cold-water tests are those generally used:

Soft ball: 236-240deg. F. Small quantity of syrup dropped into cold water moulds easily with the fingers into soft ball.

Firm or hard ball: 250-260deg. F. Test

as for soft ball, but syrup should mould into firm ball.

Small crack: 265-290deg. F. Syrup is clear, but when dropped into cold water cracks and breaks if crushed with fingers.

Hard crack: 295-315deg. F. Syrup is golden in color, snaps and crackles in cold water.

TO COOK SYRUP

Pour required amount of water into saucepan, add sugar in centre, taking care none clings to sides of saucepan. Heat slowly until sugar dissolves, then boil rapidly to desired degree.

If sugar clings to sides of saucepan place lid on 1 minute and the steamy heat will dissolve it quickly.

Do not stir ingredients at this stage because sugar will cling on saucepan sides and this is main cause of syrup crystallising or candying.

COLD-WATER TESTING

Spoon a little syrup into cold water and mould with fingers; shallow bowl makes it easier to see and manipulate syrup; if desired consistency is not reached, cook further and test again; use fresh cold water for each test, because as water becomes warm the test is less accurate.

THERMOMETER

Do not place cold thermometer in boiling syrup. First immerse in cold water and bring to boil; if thermometer is not the type that clips to side of pan, return to hot water after each test; when immersing in syrup cover bulb completely without letting it touch base of pan; keep thermometer upright and take reading as near eye-level as possible; handle, wash, dry, and store carefully.

METHODS

Fondant: Made from white sugar, water, and glucose. Boil syrup to 238-240deg. F. Use to make ribbon creams, fruit or nut creams, fruit rolls and centres for chocolate creams.

Fudge: Similar texture to fondant. Boil syrup to 238-240deg. F.

Coconut-Ice, Ginger Creams: Similar in texture to fondant and fudge. Boil the syrup to 236deg. F.

TO ENSURE SUCCESS

Measure accurately; use glucose or quantity of cream of tartar given in recipe; measure glucose with wet spoon or weigh on wet greaseproof paper; allow bubbles to subside before pouring syrup into basin for beating.

FONDANT, FUDGE, AND COCONUT-ICE

FONDANT

One pound sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ pint water, 1 dessertspoon glucose, flavoring (vanilla, lemon, almond, peppermint, etc), coloring.

Place water in saucepan with sugar and glucose. Bring slowly to boil over low heat. Boil syrup to 238-240deg. F. Remove from heat; when bubbles subside, pour into basin, cool. Beat until thick. Turn on to flat surface such as marble slab, tray, or laminated table top, knead with hands until smooth and glossy. Divide into portions. Color and flavor each portion differently, adding few drops at a time and kneading until evenly colored and flavored.

Use as follows:

Ribbon Creams: Roll portions of fondant thinly, place on top of each other, press layers together, cut into shapes.

Walnut or Almond Creams: Shape small pieces fondant into balls. Press half almond or walnut on top or on 2 sides.

Prune and Date Creams: Stone dates and large, moist dessert prunes, press into boat shapes. Shape small pieces fondant to fit into prunes and dates.

FRUITY NUT FUDGE

Half cup water, 2 cups brown sugar, 2 dessertspoons glucose, 2 tablespoons butter, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup walnuts, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped dates.

Place first 4 ingredients in saucepan, heat slowly until boiling, place lid on one minute. Remove, boil syrup to 238-240deg. F. Cool in basin, beat until thick, add walnuts and dates. Press into greased tin. When almost set, mark into squares, cut sharply.

COCONUT-ICE

Half cup milk, 2 cups sugar, 1 teaspoon glucose or $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon cream of tartar, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup coconut, 1 teaspoon vanilla, a small amount of pink coloring.

● How to make creamy, non-crystalline and uncooked sweets, and delicious chocolates.

Place milk, sugar, glucose or cream of tartar in saucepan. Bring slowly to boil. Place lid on one minute, remove, boil to 236deg. F. When bubbles subside, divide into 2 basins, allow to cool. Add half coconut and vanilla to each basin, color one pink. Beat until thick and creamy. Press one portion into tin (greased or lined with greased or waxed paper). Press second portion on top. Cut into blocks when cold and set.

For Ginger or Cherry Creams: Omit coconut and replace with $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped crystallised ginger or glace cherries (sugar removed).

WHITE GINGER FUDGE

Half cup water, 2 cups sugar, 2 tablespoons glucose, 2 egg-whites, 4oz. preserved ginger.

Place water in saucepan, add sugar and glucose and heat until the sugar dissolves. Bring to the boil and boil 10 minutes. Meanwhile, beat egg-whites stiffly and chop the ginger. Pour sugar mixture very slowly on to beaten egg-whites, beating constantly. Add ginger, pour into prepared tins. Cut into squares when set.

NON-CRYSTALLINE SWEETS

This group includes caramels, toffees, fudges of a special type, and sweets of the marshmallow and jelly type which depend on ingredients such as egg-whites and gelatine for their texture.

Such candies and sweets are best made on a bright, dry day because sugar mixtures have an affinity for moisture and tend to become soft and sticky in damp, rainy weather.

METHODS

In making candies it is essential the sugar be completely dissolved in the liquid. Simple sugar syrups or those containing gelatine dissolve readily, and very little stirring is necessary.

Candies containing fresh milk, evaporated or condensed milk, or cream tend to catch and burn unless stirred carefully while cooking. Addition of milk of any type enriches flavor, but lengthens cooking time and needs extra care.

The following information will help you make successful candies and sweets:

CARAMELS

Texture should be "chewy." Degree of hardness is governed by temperature reached during cooking, but because caramel mixture is thick, boiling is usually for stated time instead of to fixed temperature. Most popular and easily made are Russian Caramels. (See recipe right.)

TOFFEES

Candies of this type should be hard. Simple toffees made with sugar, water, and acid such as lemon juice or vinegar (to prevent crystallisation) are clear and golden in color; addition of butter or substitute improves flavor but clouds mixture as in butterscotch. When mixture has boiled to required temperature (300-310deg. F. for toffees, 312deg. F. for butterscotch), or until syrup snaps and crackles in cold water (hard crack test: see opposite), remove from heat immediately; as soon as bubbles subside, pour into greased tins for setting. Leave plain or sprinkle coconut, chopped nuts, or nonpareils over top; mark into squares when almost set, or break up roughly when quite cold.

Stand saucepan containing cooked butterscotch in dish of warm water while butter is stirred in, then pour mixture into shallow, greased tin; mark into squares while warm, break when cold.

SPECIAL TYPE FUDGES

Made by boiling sugar, water to 290deg. F. or for 10 minutes or until it crackles when tested in cold water; pour syrup slowly on to stiffly beaten egg-whites, mix well; if chopped nuts or crystallised fruits (sugar removed) are used to flavor, add at this time; spread mixture into greased tin, mark into squares when almost cold, or set by dropping small spoonfuls on to greased surface.

MARSHMALLOWS AND JELLIES

Standard sugar boiling tests are not applicable to mixtures containing gelatine. These are boiled for definite lengths of time instead of to definite temperature. A large saucepan is necessary for marshmallow mixture because it tends to froth up and boil over.

Cooked gelatine syrups are handled as follows:

Marshmallows: Turn into large basin to cool (large because mixture increases in bulk during beating); flavor, beat until very thick and opaque; color, pour into shallow tins greased and coated with mixture of sifted icing sugar and cornflour. When set, turn out on to paper covered with icing sugar, plain or toasted coconut, or

crushed corn cereal; cut into squares and toss in either one of these mixtures.

Jellies: Color, flavor, leave unbeaten and clear; pour into wetted trays; when cold and set cut into squares, roll in castor sugar, icing sugar, or icing mixture.

RECIPES

RUSSIAN CARAMELS

One can sweetened condensed milk, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. brown sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. butter or substitute, 2 tablespoons golden syrup.

Place all ingredients into saucepan, stir over low heat until dark brown in color and mixture leaves sides of saucepan. Pour into greased tin; when cool mark into squares and cut when cold.

BUTTERSCOTCH

Half-pint water, 2lb. white sugar, 4oz. brown sugar, 2oz. glucose, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt,

2oz. butter, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon cream of tartar.

Place all ingredients except butter in saucepan. Bring slowly to boiling point. Boil to 310deg. F. or until syrup is light honey color. Stand saucepan in dish of warm water, add butter, stir slowly until melted and well mixed. Pour into greased tins, and before it is quite cold mark into squares with greased knife.

BUTTERED WALNUTS OR ALMONDS

Half-cup water, 12oz. sugar, 1 tablespoon glucose, 3 dessertspoons butter, walnut halves, or whole blanched almonds.

Boil water, sugar, and glucose to 238deg. F. Add butter, boil again to 310deg. F. Remove from heat, drop nuts in a few at a time, and lift out one at a time with small spoon. Place on greased tray or paper until they have set hard.

FRENCH JELLIES

One ounce gelatine, 1 pint water, 2lb. sugar, pinch cream of tartar, lemon juice, or fruit essence, coloring, castor sugar.

Soak gelatine $\frac{1}{2}$ hour in half the water. Place in pan with remainder of water, sugar, and cream of tartar. Bring slowly to boil, cook steadily 20 minutes. Allow to become cold; color and flavor. Pour into wetted slab-tins. When set turn out on to clean paper coated with castor-sugar or icing-sugar. Cut into squares, toss in sugar.

TOFFEE

Two pounds sugar, 1 cup water, 1 dessertspoon vinegar, 1 dessertspoon butter.

Place sugar, water, and vinegar into a saucepan, heat slowly, stirring constantly, until all sugar grains have dissolved. Bring

Continued overleaf



CONFECTIONERY . . . continued from previous page

to the boil and cook, without stirring, until toffee reaches 310deg. F. or until it is the color of honey. Add butter, allow to melt and gently stir once or twice to mix butter in evenly. Too much stirring will cause crystallisation. Pour into a greased tin or paper patty-cases. Decorate with nuts, coconut, sprinkles, etc.

DIVINITY FUDGE

Half-cup water, 2 cups sugar, 1 tablespoon glucose, 2 egg-whites, 1 cup chopped walnuts.

Bring water, sugar, and glucose slowly to boiling point. Boil to 290deg. F. Pour slowly on to stiffly beaten egg-whites, holding saucepan in one hand and beating in with the other. Fold in nuts when syrup and egg-whites are thoroughly mixed. Pour into greased tin, mark into squares or drop small spoonfuls on to greased surface.

MARSHMALLOWS

Five tablespoons gelatine, 2lb. sugar, 1½ cups cold water, 1 cup boiling water, 1 dessertspoon lemon juice, 1 teaspoon vanilla, sifted icing sugar or toasted coconut.

Soak gelatine in cold water; place sugar and boiling water in large saucepan, bring to boil, add soaked gelatine, boil steadily 20 minutes. Pour into large bowl, allow to become cold, add lemon juice and vanilla. Beat until very thick, color, and pour into greased slab-tins coated with icing sugar and a little cornflour. When set, turn out on to large sheet of clean paper covered with icing mixture or toasted coconut. Cut into squares, toss in icing mixture or coconut until coated all over.

UNCOOKED SWEETS

Simple, uncooked sweets are made with icing sugar as the main ingredient. Butter or other fat, egg, fruit juice or rind, condensed milk, fruits, nuts, coconut, flavorings, and coloring are added to provide variations in texture and flavor.

When butter, condensed milk, or similar ingredients are used, sweets have a soft creamy texture.

Some types, such as uncooked cherry fudge and nutty fruit slices, are best kept refrigerated in hot weather.

INGREDIENTS

Icing Sugar: Pure icing sugar is best; icing mixtures gives a less satisfactory result. Crush, roll, and sift icing sugar, store in plastic bag in refrigerator.

Fat: Butter, margarine, or solid-type white shortening. The latter has a low melting point and is used extensively.

Packaged Cream Cheese: Gives unusual flavor and smooth creamy texture; combines well with fruits, nuts, coconut, chocolate, and icing sugar.

Biscuit Crumbs: Plain sweet biscuit crumbs provide texture and flavor variation.

Almond Meal: Used for richness and flavor, especially in uncooked marzipan.

Nuts, Dried or Crystallised Fruit, Desiccated Coconut: Used to flavor. Crystallised fruit should be washed free of sugar before using.

RECIPES

The recipes below for uncooked confectionery are easy to make and are ideal novelty sweets for festive occasions.

UNCOOKED CHERRY FUDGE

Two ounces packaged cream cheese; 2½ cups sifted icing sugar; ½ cup desiccated coconut, ½ teaspoon vanilla, 2oz. chopped glace cherries, 1oz. dark chocolate.

Beat cream cheese until soft, blend in icing sugar, vanilla, coconut, and cherries a little at a time. Press into greased square tin, chill until firm. Spread top with chocolate softened over hot water. Mark into squares, chill, and cut into squares when firm.

UNCOOKED COCONUT ICE

One pound icing sugar, ½lb. desiccated coconut, 1 teaspoon vanilla, ½ teaspoon lemon juice, 2 slightly beaten egg-whites, 4oz. solid-type white shortening, pink coloring or 2 tablespoons cocoa blended with 1 tablespoon warm milk.

Mix icing sugar, coconut, vanilla, lemon juice, and egg-whites. Melt shortening over gentle heat. Pour into other ingredients, mix well. Press half mixture into shallow tin lined with waxed paper, color remaining half pink or add blended cocoa. Press into tin on top of white portion. Stand in cool place until firm, cut into blocks.

UNCOOKED FONDANT

One pound icing sugar, 2oz. glucose, 1 egg-white, lemon juice, vanilla, coloring.

Melt glucose in cup standing in boiling water. Drop slightly beaten egg-white into well in centre of sifted icing sugar. Cover with a little icing sugar, add glucose. Mix from centre outwards with wooden spoon. When nearly all sugar is absorbed, remove spoon, knead with hands. Turn on to board dusted with icing sugar, continue kneading until smooth and satiny. Add vanilla, lemon juice, and coloring a few drops at a time, knead until colored and

flavored to taste. Use as for cooked fondant.

NUTTY FRUIT SLICES

Half-cup firmly packed brown sugar, 3 dessertspoons cocoa, ½ teaspoon salt, ½lb. plain sweet biscuits, 1 cup finely chopped dried fruits (mixture of dates, raisins, prunes, apricots, ginger, pineapple, or cherries), 3 tablespoons very finely chopped walnuts, 4oz. solid-type white shortening, 3 tablespoons jam, 1 tablespoon milk, 1 tablespoon sherry, coconut.

Mix sugar, cocoa, salt, crushed biscuits, fruits, and nuts. Melt shortening over low heat, add jam, milk, and sherry. Stir into dry ingredients. Knead thoroughly with hands. Lift on to board, divide into 4 portions; shape each into roll 1in. in diameter, roll in coconut. Wrap in grease-proof paper, chill, slice thinly.

MARZIPAN NOVELTIES

Four ounces almond meal, ½lb. sifted icing sugar, 1 egg-yolk, 1 tablespoon orange juice or sherry.

Mix almond meal, icing sugar, egg-yolk, and orange juice or sherry to a firm paste. Use to make miniature fruits as follows:

Apples: Roll small portions into balls the size of large marbles; press stem portion of clove into top of each; with small paintbrush color lightly with red and green food coloring.

Bananas: Shape small portions into crescents, brush lightly with yellow coloring, touch each end and some portions of sides with melted chocolate or brown food coloring.

Carrots: Mould small portions to carrot shapes; brush lightly with orange coloring; press small parsley sprig into top of each.

CHOCOLATE LOGS

Two-thirds cup butter or substitute, 1 cup sifted icing sugar, ½ teaspoon almond essence, 1 tablespoon cocoa, 2 cups uncooked rolled oats, 4oz. dark chocolate (melted).

Beat together butter or substitute with sugar until light and fluffy. Add essence and cocoa, beat until well blended, stir in oats. Chill dough several hours until firm. Break off pieces of chilled dough, roll to form small logs. Spoon little chocolate over top of each log and completely cover, allow to dry. Then spoon fancy pattern down centre of each with remainder of chocolate.

MAKING CHOCOLATES

Practice and patience are needed to produce home-made chocolates of good quality. The following hints should be noted.

Chocolates which consist of an outer covering of chocolate over a different centre are made by dipping the centre ingredient (using a dipping fork or thin skewer) into a bowl of prepared melted chocolate.

When dipping the centres, use good-quality chocolate, work in a dry, cool place; prevent steam or cold air contacting chocolate while dipping; avoid overheating chocolate when melting; for an economical chocolate covering use equal quantities cooked fondant and chocolate, melted separately, then combined.

Suitable centres for dipping in chocolate are pieces of colored, flavored fondant, pieces of ginger, caramels, nuts, etc.

CHOCOLATE DIP

Eight ounces covering chocolate, 1oz. unsweetened chocolate, ½oz. cocoa butter (obtainable at chemists), ½oz. paraffin wax (to give surface shine).

Place all ingredients in top of double-boiler over warm (not hot) water. Stir until melted and mixed. Beat until cool and almost set. Melt again over warm water until thin enough for dipping. Pierce prepared centres with dipping fork, dip into melted chocolate, place carefully on waxed paper to set.

ECONOMICAL CHOCOLATES

Four ounces semi-sweet chocolate, 4oz. cooked fondant, prepared centres.

Melt chocolate and fondant separately, combine and mix well. Lift centres in and out of mixture with fork, set on waxed paper.

Note: Uncooked fondant cannot be used in this way. The chocolate-fondant mixture must be kept melted to flowing consistency throughout dipping process.

HOME-MADE CHOCOLATE

(A simple economical substitute for block chocolate.)

Four ounces solid-type white shortening, 4oz. icing sugar, 6 tablespoons cocoa, 4 tablespoons full-cream powdered milk, pinch salt.

Sift icing sugar, cocoa, powdered milk, and salt into basin. Melt shortening over gentle heat; avoid overheating. Add to dry ingredients, mix until smooth and thick. Pour into 6in. square shallow tin, set. Cut into squares.

VARIATIONS

Mocha: Add 1 dessertspoon instant coffee and 1 teaspoon malted-milk powder.

Coconut Rough: Add ½ cup desiccated coconut and ½ teaspoon grated orange rind.

Fruit and Nut: Add ½ cup chopped raisins and 1 tablespoon chopped nuts.



JELLIES

● Sweet and savory, using powdered gelatine or the many packaged jellies.

A WIDE range of sweet and savory jellies can be made using powdered gelatine or sweet packaged jellies.

TYPES OF JELLY

Clear Jelly: Flavored as desired, used for jellifying fruits, vegetables, salads, or for dessert, whipped to be an opaque sponge, with or without stiffly beaten egg-whites.

Note: Pineapple must be pre-cooked or canned for successful setting, because uncooked pineapple contains a substance which prevents gelatine setting.

Chiffon Type: Fruit-flavored egg-gelatine mixture lightened with stiffly beaten egg-whites.

Bavarian Jelly: Plain jelly beaten to a thick foam and enriched with whipped cream.

Custard Jelly: Egg custard set with gelatine. See lesson on custards on page 13 of Complete Cookery Course Book 2.

Aspic Jelly: For savory dishes made from stock or water, gelatine, flavorings.

CORRECT PROPORTIONS

Standard proportion of 1oz. or 2 dessertspoons gelatine to 1 pint liquid varies according to type of jelly required as—

Whipped Jelly: Reduce liquid for dissolving jelly crystals by $\frac{1}{4}$ cup for each $\frac{1}{2}$ pint; or use 2 dessertspoons dissolved gelatine to $\frac{1}{2}$ pint water, fruit syrup, etc. Whip when beginning to thicken.

Chiffon: For a 3- or 4-egg mixture use 3 teaspoons gelatine.

Bavarian or Custard Type: Reduce liquid for dissolving jelly to $\frac{1}{2}$ pint; when partially set, fold in $\frac{1}{4}$ pint whipped cream; or add 2 dessertspoons dissolved gelatine and $\frac{1}{4}$ pint whipped cream to $\frac{1}{2}$ pint custard; or make $\frac{1}{2}$ pint stirred custard with egg-yolks, cool, add 1 dessertspoon gelatine dissolved and stiffly beaten egg-whites.

Aspic Jelly: Acid ingredients as lemon juice and vinegar affect setting property of gelatine. To overcome this, increase quantity of gelatine or reduce quantity of liquid.

TO DISSOLVE GELATINE

Gelatine softens and swells in cold liquid and dissolves readily in hot liquid. Method of dissolving depends on quantity.

Amounts up to 1 tablespoon: Sprinkle over small quantity hot, not boiling, water, stir until dissolved, or stand container in hot water, stir over low heat until dissolved.

Larger Quantities: Moisten with cold water, stand container in hot water, dissolve as above; or add moistened gelatine to hot liquid.

Note: To ensure setting, liquid used for softening and dissolving gelatine must not exceed amount specified in recipe.

DECORATION

Ingredients to decorate base of mould are set in clear jelly, some of the recipe itself, or clear jelly prepared separately.

Oil mould or rinse with cold water, add sufficient liquid jelly to barely cover base, allow to set. Arrange decoration on top, carefully spoon over sufficient cold liquid jelly to cover but not float decorations. Allow to set. Add cold jelly to fill mould, being careful not to disturb decoration.

TO MAKE LAYERED MOULD

Layer lightest in color and texture is set in bottom of mould; heaviest texture and darkest color goes into mould last, so that when unmoulded it forms base.

Prepare mixture for each layer, allow to become cold but not set.

Oil mould or rinse with cold water. Pour cold mixture for first layer into mould, chill until set. Spoon second mixture into mould; it must be quite cold, but not thick. Chill until set. Continue alternating layers until mould is filled. Chill until set, unmould, serve.

TO UNMOULD JELLIES

Loosen round edge with tip of knife. Dip mould almost up to rim in lukewarm water for 2 or 3 seconds. Place reversed plate over mould, turn upside down, shake gently to release jelly. If jelly does not move, repeat process before lifting mould off.

HINTS

To prevent curdling or separating, do not heat gelatine with milk or add it to very

hot milk. Milk and gelatine should be of the same temperature when combining.

Gelatine dishes need 2 to 4 hours' setting at normal refrigerator temperatures: ice-chest setting takes longer. Avoid over-chilling; jellies should be firm but not stiff.

Mould chiffon-type jellies or spoon roughly into serving-dishes. Because mixture is opaque, fruit used to decorate base of mould should be set in clear jelly.

To give smoothness to frozen sweets, dissolve gelatine and add, hot, to some of the chilled mixture. Mix well, blend into balance of mixture to prevent stringiness.

RECIPES

JELLIED CHICKEN SALAD

Two dessertspoons gelatine, 2 tablespoons cold water, 3 cups strained chicken soup, 1 sliced hard-boiled egg, 2 or 3 tablespoons cooked green peas, $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups chopped cooked chicken or rabbit.

Soften gelatine in cold water, add to hot soup, stir until dissolved. Use a small quantity to set pattern of egg slices and peas in wetted mould. When set place chicken in mould, fill with cold soup-gelatine mixture—chill until set. Unmould, serve with salad.

ORANGE CHIFFON TART

One dessertspoon gelatine, 1 tablespoon hot water, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup orange juice, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup sugar, pinch salt, 2 eggs, 1 dessertspoon grated orange rind, 1 teaspoon lemon juice, 1 8in. biscuit pastrycase, cooked and cooled.

Soften gelatine in hot water. Mix orange juice, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup of the sugar, salt, beaten egg-yolks. Stir over gently boiling water until thickened to custard consistency. Add orange rind, lemon juice, and softened gelatine, stir until dissolved. Stir occasionally while cooling over crushed ice or iced water. When beginning to thicken, fold in egg-whites beaten to meringue consistency with remaining sugar. Fill into pastrycase, chill until set.

LAMBS' TONGUES IN ASPIC

Aspic Jelly: Two dessertspoons gelatine, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup cold water, $\frac{1}{4}$ pint stock or water, 1 dessertspoon white vinegar, 2 cloves, 2 thin strips lemon rind, 1 dessertspoon lemon

juice, 2 thin slices onion, 1 bayleaf, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup finely diced celery, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt.

Two sliced hard-boiled eggs, 2 sliced gherkins, 4 or 5 lambs' tongues (cooked, skinned, and sliced lengthwise), 2oz. chopped ham, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley.

Soften gelatine in water. Place stock or water in saucepan with vinegar, cloves, lemon rind and juice, onion, bayleaf, celery, and salt. Heat gently until boiling. Remove from heat, strain. Add softened gelatine, stir until dissolved. Set a thin layer in base of wetted mould; when quite set arrange pattern of sliced egg and gherkin. Add cold liquid jelly to barely cover; chill until set. Arrange layers of tongue, sprinkling with ham and parsley. Add jelly to barely cover, chill. Fill balance of jelly into mould; when firm unmould and serve with tomato, cucumber, and lettuce.

STRAWBERRY BAVARIAN CREAM

One dessertspoon gelatine, 1 tablespoon hot water, $\frac{1}{4}$ pint liquid lemon jelly (made with $\frac{1}{4}$ pkt. lemon jelly crystals), 1 cup sliced strawberries, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup stirred custard, $\frac{1}{4}$ pint whipped cream, wafer biscuits.

Soften gelatine in hot water, dissolve over boiling water. Set a thin layer lemon jelly in base of mould, on this arrange a layer of strawberries. Add sufficient jelly to hold strawberries in position, chill and set. Whip balance of lemon jelly to a thick foam, fold in custard, dissolved gelatine, whipped cream, and remaining strawberries. Fill into mould, chill until set. Unmould and serve with wafer biscuits.

ANGEL'S FOOD

Two cups milk, 2 tablespoons sugar, 2 eggs, 2 tablespoons gelatine, 4 tablespoons hot water, vanilla.

Separate eggs, beat egg-yolks lightly. Combine milk and sugar in small saucepan and heat until tepid, pour over the egg-yolks. Return to saucepan and cook, stirring constantly, until mixture coats spoon, being careful not to boil. Set aside to cool. Soften gelatine in a little cold water, dissolve in hot water, add to cold custard. Add stiffly beaten egg-whites and vanilla essence, blending well. Pour into wet mould and allow to set. Chill before serving.



JAMS

● Choosing suitable fruits, pectin tests, preparing, cooking, and bottling process.

MAKING jams and jellies to stock the pantry shelves is one of the most rewarding branches of household cooking. It is also an economical method of ensuring a good supply of these delicacies throughout the year.

Here we discuss basic jam-making principles, and jellies, marmalades, conserves, and the correct bottling of all jams.

EQUIPMENT

The following equipment is necessary for making all types of jams.

1. Cast or pressed aluminium preserving pan, boiler or large saucepan with wide top to allow evaporation and prevent jam frothing and bubbling over while boiling.
2. Long-handled spoon, preferably wooden, for stirring.
3. Jars free from chips and cracks.
4. Soup ladle or enamel mug for filling jars.
5. Waxed or parchment covers, paraffin wax and/or screw tops for coverings.

FRUIT TO USE

For jams of good color and flavor, well set, but not stiff, with good keeping qualities (i.e. will keep without mould forming), it is necessary to use fruit rich in pectin or to combine a pectin-rich fruit (such as apple) with a fruit poor in pectin (such as blackberry).

Fruit for jam-making is best used early in its season, freshly picked, dry, just ripe or slightly under-ripe, when the pectin-acid content is highest. As fruit ripens the acid it contains changes pectin to sugar, so the jam does not set so well.

The acid in just-ripe or slightly under-ripe fruit is necessary to draw out the pectin, improve flavor, and help to prevent sugar crystallising.

If fruit is overripe, jam does not set; if picked during wet weather jam may ferment or mould quickly. If this happens, remove all mould from top and discard. Place remaining jam in buttered pan, bring

slowly to boil, simmer few minutes, re-bottle in clean, warm jars; seal with paraffin wax. Store in refrigerator, but use as soon as possible.

PECTIN CONTENT

Rich in pectin and acid: Cooking apples, black currants, damson plums, plums, gooseberries, lemons, limes, grapefruit, Seville oranges.

Moderately rich in pectin and acid: Apricots, blackberries, greengage plums, loganberries, raspberries, sweet oranges, mandarins.

Poor in pectin and acid: Late blackberries, cherries, pineapple, marrow, pears, peaches, strawberries.

TO OVERCOME PECTIN DEFICIENCY

1. Combine fruit deficient in pectin with pectin-rich fruit (for example, apple with blackberry, or marrow with damson plums).
 2. Add lemon juice, which is rich in pectin and contains acid.
 3. Add commercial pectin, following manufacturer's directions.
- Sweet fruits are deficient in acid and to bring pectin into solution it is necessary to add acid in any of the following ways:
- a. Add lemon juice, allowing 1 tablespoon to 2lb. fruit.
 - b. Add citric acid, allowing $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon to 2lb. fruit.
 - c. Add tartaric acid, allowing $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon to 2lb. fruit.

TO TEST PECTIN CONTENT

When fruit has simmered with water until soft, place 1 teaspoon of mixture into glass, add 3 teaspoons methylated spirit, and leave 2 minutes to form clot.

Large, firm clot indicates fruit is rich in pectin.

Medium-size, not-so-firm clot indicates fruit moderately rich in pectin.

Weak, flabby clot indicates fruit with poor pectin content.

USE OF SUGAR

Use best-quality crystal sugar or loaf sugar. Correct proportion is important.

For fruit with moderate to rich pectin content use 1lb. sugar to 1lb. fruit.

For fruit with poor pectin content use $\frac{3}{4}$ lb. sugar to 1lb. fruit.

Sugar, warmed in the oven for quicker dissolving, is added after fruit and skins have simmered until soft.

BASIC METHODS

1. Remove stalks, stones, any bruised parts, skin from such ingredients as pineapple, marrow.
 2. Place fruit in preserving pan, greased to prevent burning.
 3. If additional pectin or acid is necessary, add at this stage.
 4. Pour over small quantity of water, approximately $\frac{1}{4}$ pint to 2lb. fruit. Juicy fruits may not require any water.
 5. Cook gently over low heat, uncovered, until fruit is soft and pulpy. Stir frequently to prevent sticking.
 6. Add warmed sugar, stir over low heat until dissolved. Jam must not be allowed to boil until all sugar is dissolved.
- Note:** Sugar can be warmed in enamel or heatproof bowl in slow oven.
7. Boil jam rapidly, stirring occasionally, until it jells when tested.

TO TEST

Spoon a little on to saucer, refrigerate 2 or 3 minutes. If it jells, glazes on surface, and crinkles when touched, jam is cooked. If no skin forms, further boiling is necessary to evaporate more water.

BASIC RECIPES FOR MAKING JAMS

PLUM JAM

Three pounds plums, 3lb. sugar, 1 cup water.

Halve plums, remove stones. Crack few stones, remove the kernels. Place fruit, kernels, and water in preserving pan. Bring to boil, cook rapidly until plums are tender, stirring frequently. Warm sugar, stir into plums, continue rapid cooking until mixture jells when tested on saucer. Bottle and seal.

PINEAPPLE JAM

Two pounds peeled and shredded pineapple (slightly underripe), 2lb. green apples, 1 pint water, juice 1 or 2 lemons, 3lb. sugar.

Mix shredded pineapple with peeled chopped apples, reserving apple cores and pips.

Place fruits in preserving pan with water, lemon juice, and apple cores and pips tied in muslin. Simmer until fruits are quite soft, stirring frequently. Add warmed sugar, bring slowly to boil, stirring constantly until sugar dissolves. Cook quickly until jam jells when tested. Allow to stand 5 minutes before bottling in clean, dry, heated jars. Seal and label when cold.

MULBERRY JAM

Eight pounds mulberries, 2 small teaspoons citric or tartaric acid, 6lb. sugar.

Place washed fruit (stalks removed) in preserving pan over low heat, cook until juice starts to flow. Simmer gently 15 minutes, add citric or tartaric acid and warmed sugar. Cook quickly, stirring occasionally, until it jells when tested (15 to 30 minutes). Stand 4 or 5 minutes, bottle into clean, dry, heated jars.

DRIED APRICOT JAM

(A good jam to make when fresh fruit is not available.)

One pound dried apricots, 3 pints water, 3lb. sugar, juice 1 lemon, 2 or 3oz. almonds (optional).

Wash apricots thoroughly, cover with water, soak 24 hours. Place in preserving pan with lemon juice, bring to boil. Simmer $\frac{1}{2}$ hour, stirring occasionally. Add warmed sugar and split blanched almonds. Boil quickly, stirring frequently, until it jells when tested. Bottle in clean, dry, heated jars.

GRAPE JAM

Six pounds muscatel grapes, $\frac{1}{4}$ pint water, 2 teaspoons citric acid, 4lb. sugar.

Wash grapes, drain, remove all stems. Place in preserving pan with water, simmer until soft, skim off seeds as they come to surface. Add citric acid and warmed sugar. Cook steadily until jam jells when tested. Allow to stand 5 minutes before filling into heated jars. Seal and label when cold.

TO MAKE JELLY

Jellies are actually strained jams from which the fruit pulp has been removed, leaving a well-flavored jelly, clear and bright in color, well set but tremulous.

Suitable fruits for jellies are those with

a high pectin content such as green apples, red and black currants, quinces, gooseberries, and (to a lesser extent) loganberries.

TO PREPARE FRUIT

Hard or firm fruits: Leave unpeeled and uncored, cut into small pieces.

Soft fruits or berries: Wash and allow to drain.

METHOD FOR JELLIES

1. Place prepared fruit in greased preserving-pan with water to cover. Cook gently until fruit is reduced to pulp. Overcooking destroys jelling properties.

2. Test for pectin. (See opposite page.)

3. Prepare quantity of sugar, amount depending on result of pectin test. For fruit rich in pectin allow 1lb. sugar to 1 pint syrup; for fruits moderately rich in pectin allow 1lb. sugar to 1 pint syrup.

4. Strain fruit through a demet cloth, jelly-bag, or through layers of cheesecloth and demet cloth tied to legs of inverted chair; place basin under centre of cloth.

5. Pour boiling water through cloth before pouring fruit pulp through. Leave to drip overnight. Do not squeeze bag.

6. Measure syrup, place in pan with correct proportion of warmed sugar.

7. Boil rapidly until jelly sets when tested.

MARMALADES

Marmalade is similar to jam, but is usually made from citrus fruits. Rinds of oranges, lemons, grapefruit, etc., require a long time to soften, therefore marmalade needs large amount of water to make peel tender and allow for evaporation. Usually water is reduced by half during cooking.

PROPORTIONS

If not following a definite recipe, use the following proportions:

Lemons, grapefruit, limes, Seville oranges with a high pectin content: Use 1lb. fruit, 3 pints water, and 3lb. sugar.

Cumquats and mixtures of sweet and bitter fruits with moderately rich pectin content: Use 1lb. fruit, 2 pints water, and 2lb. sugar.

Sweet oranges, mandarins, and other fruits with poor pectin content: Use 1lb. fruit, 1 pint water, 1lb. sugar, and add lemon juice or acid. (See opposite page.)

TO PREPARE FRUIT

1. Wash, cut in halves or quarters, remove pips, and reserve.

2. Slice fruit thinly with sharp knife; or use coarse mincer; or remove rind with peeler. Remove thick white pith, tie in muslin with pips, then shred peel finely.

GENERAL RULES

Marmalade can be completed in one day, or the prepared fruit can be covered with boiling water and left standing overnight.

1. Place prepared fruit and water in preserving-pan with pips, pith, and stringy parts tied in muslin.

2. Bring to boil, simmer 1½ to 2 hours or until rinds are tender and liquid reduced to half. Avoid rapid boiling, which destroys pectin.

3. Remove pips, etc., add warmed sugar, stir until boiling to dissolve sugar.

4. Boil rapidly, stirring occasionally until marmalade jells when tested. (See opposite page.)

CONSERVES

Conserves are jams made with whole fruits or large pieces which are kept whole during cooking.

Ripe fruits, poor in pectin, are usually used, such as strawberries, figs, peaches.

GENERAL RULES

1. Prepare fruit, cover with 1lb. sugar for each 1lb. fruit, leave overnight to form syrup.

2. Place in preserving-pan, dissolve sugar slowly.

3. Add lemon juice or pectin and acid, cook until jam sets when tested.

Note: The addition of sugar before cooking helps to harden fruit and so to retain shape.

BOTTLING ALL JAMS

The following rules apply to all types of jams, jellies, and conserves.

1. Remove scum from top if necessary.

2. Cool 2 or 3 minutes to prevent fruit rising.

3. Pour or ladle into clean, dry, heated jars.

4. Cover immediately with waxed or parchment paper or melted paraffin wax to reduce risk of mould or fermentation.

5. Seal jars when cold, label with name and date.

6. Store in cool, dry, well-ventilated cupboard.

CAUSES OF FAILURE

The following are the causes of failure in jams of all types. If jam —

Becomes mouldy: It was insufficiently boiled; sealed before allowed to cool; stored in warm place.

Does not set: Fruit was over-ripe; excessive water used; jam was over-boiled.

Crystallises: Over-boiled; excessive sugar used.

"Weeps": Acid content too high, making too firm a jelly which squeezes out moisture.

RECIPES

APPLE JELLY

Apples, water, sugar, lemon juice.

Wash firm apples, dry thoroughly. Chop apples roughly, without coring or peeling. Place in preserving-pan, cover completely with water. Boil until fruit is pulpy. Strain through a jelly-bag or two thicknesses of muslin and allow to drip overnight (do not sieve, as only the clear liquid from the apples is required). Measure liquid and to each 1 cup add 1 cup warmed sugar. Return to clean pan and stir over low heat until sugar dissolves. Add juice 1 lemon to each 12 apples used. Boil mixture rapidly until a small quantity jells when tested on a chilled saucer. Fill mixture into a jug and then pour into bottles. When cool, wax and seal, label and date.

SEVILLE ORANGE MARMALADE

One large slightly under-ripe Seville orange, 1 lemon, 2 pints water, sugar.

Wash, dry, and slice fruit thinly. Cover with water, allow to stand 24 hours. Bring slowly to boil, simmer gently ½ hour. Remove from heat, stand further 24 hours. Bring slowly to boil again, simmer until fruit is quite tender. Measure, allow 1 cup of sugar for each cup of juice and rind. Warm sugar, add it gradually, stir until dissolved. Boil rapidly until jam jells.

THREE-FRUIT MARMALADE

One large grapefruit, 1 large orange, 1 large lemon, 3 pints water, 6lb. sugar.

Wash and dry fruit, cut into thin slices. Place in preserving-pan, cover with the water, stand overnight. Simmer until fruit is tender, add warmed sugar, stir until sugar is dissolved. Boil quickly until it jells when tested. Cool slightly, bottle into clean, dry, hot jars.

STRAWBERRY CONSERVE

Six pounds strawberries, 6lb. sugar, juice 4 lemons.

Wash and hull strawberries, place in large bowl or preserving-pan, cover with half the sugar, leave overnight. Add remainder of sugar and strained lemon juice, bring slowly to boil. Cook steadily approximately 1 hour or until syrup jells when tested. Bottle into clean, dry, heated jars after mixture has cooled 5 or 10 minutes. Seal when cold.

CUMQUAT MARMALADE

Three pounds cumquats, 6 pints boiling water, 6lb. sugar, juice of 2 lemons.

Cut fruit into thin slices, cover with the boiling water, allow to stand overnight. Bring to boil, simmer until fruit is quite tender. Add lemon juice (strained) and

warmed sugar. Stir until dissolved. Boil quickly until syrup jells when tested. Allow to stand 5 minutes, bottle into clean, dry, heated jars. Seal and label when cold.

FIG JAM

Two and a half pounds figs, 2½lb. sugar, 2 cups water, 1 cup vinegar.

Put the sugar, vinegar, and water on to boil. Cut up figs. When liquid has been boiling 10 minutes put in figs, cook very gently 4 hours or until mixture jells when tested. Add some chopped preserved ginger if liked.

PINEAPPLE AND TOMATO JAM

One large pineapple, 6lb. tomatoes, 4lb. sugar.

Wash and peel pineapple and grate coarsely. Cover the tomatoes with boiling water, stand 1 minute, then drain and remove skin. Chop roughly, place in preserving-pan with grated pineapple and boil gently until pineapple is tender. Add warmed sugar and boil quickly until mixture jells when tested on a cold saucer. Bottle while hot into clean, dry jars. Seal when cold.

PEACH AND PASSIONFRUIT JAM

Four pounds peaches, 3lb. sugar, 3 lemons, 8 passionfruit.

Peel and slice peaches, sprinkle with half the sugar and allow to stand overnight. Next day bring to boiling point, simmer until fruit is tender, and add rest of the sugar (warmed). Add juice of the lemons and cook until beginning to jell. Add passionfruit pulp and cook for 10 minutes longer. Bottle into warmed jars and seal when cold.

QUINCE JELLY

Four pounds quinces, 6 pints water, sugar.

Wash quinces thoroughly, leave unpeeled and uncored, cut up roughly. Place in preserving-pan with water, bring to boil, simmer until quite soft. Strain through jelly bag or muslin. Measure syrup, add ½lb. warmed sugar to each pint of syrup. Bring slowly to boil, stirring to dissolve sugar. Cook quickly until mixture jells when tested on a cold saucer. Bottle while hot, seal and label when cold.

BLACKBERRY JAM

One pound sugar, 1lb. blackberries.

Wash berries and place in preserving-pan, use some of the redder berries as well as the ripe dark berries. Using a bottle, crush berries. Stir over gentle heat until mixture boils, boil 30 minutes, stirring often so jam does not stick. Heat sugar in oven and add, stir again until boiling. Boil 10 minutes. The seeds should be soft. Bottle and seal when cold.



PRESERVING

● Outfits and methods used for preserving a wide variety of fruits.

BY preserving fruit at home the housewife can make use of seasonal crops and build up a reserve stock to be served when the fruit is out of season.

Preserving fruit by bottling is a simple task if suitable equipment is available and the fruit is selected, prepared, and processed carefully.

METHODS

Any one of the following methods of preserving can be used successfully:

- With a commercial bottling outfit used according to manufacturer's directions.
- In a home-improvised water-bath such as copper or large boiler.
- In oven (gas or electric), where a steady heat can be maintained.
- In a pressure cooker-canner, used according to manufacturer's directions.
- By hot-pack method (softening fruit by cooking, then bottling and processing the hot fruit. This shortens processing time).

SUITABLE JARS

Sound, smooth-rimmed, unchipped glass jars fitted with rubber rings for perfect sealing, glass or lacquered metal lids (lacquer prevents corrosion by fruit acids) and metal clip, screw bands or metal spring cap to hold lid firmly in position while processing.

Wide-necked jars make packing of fruit much easier.

Wash jars in hot soapy water, rinse, turn upside down to drain; soak rubber bands in cold water; check lids for correct fit.

Note: New rubber bands must be used each time.

SYRUP USED

The syrup used for bottling fruit has an important effect on color and flavor of the finished product. The syrup should be boiling when filled into jars.

Bring sugar and water slowly to the boil, simmer 5 minutes. Strain through muslin into large jug for easy pouring into jars. Allow approximately $\frac{1}{2}$ cup syrup to each pint jar.

TYPES OF SYRUP

Light Syrup: Allow 1 cup sugar to 3 cups water.

Medium Syrup: Allow 2 cups sugar to 3 cups water.

Heavy Syrup: Allow 3 cups sugar to 3 cups water.

Note: Most fruits are bottled in medium syrup, but light syrup is best for apples; heavy syrup is best for figs.

PREPARING FRUIT

Choose barely ripe, firm, dry fruit free from bruises.

Prepare according to type:

Apricots: Wash, leave unpeeled.

Apples, quinces: Peel, core, cut into quarters, drop into salted water (1 teaspoon salt to 1 pint water) to preserve color. Rinse well before packing into jars.

Pears: Peel, halve, core, drop into salted water, rinse before packing.

Papaw, pineapple: Peel, core, slice or dice.

Peaches: Immerse 2 minutes in boiling water, then in cold water, and slip skins off, halve if desired.

Berries: Wash, cook 3 to 4 minutes with equal weight of sugar but no water; syrup thus formed should be sufficient for bottling.

Cherries: Wash and remove stems.

Rhubarb: Wash, trim, cut into pieces.

Tomatoes: Immerse in boiling water a few seconds, remove and peel off skins.

Figs: Wash well, pack into jars either whole or halved.

Nectarines: Wash, cut in halves, remove stones.

Plums: Wash, leave whole or halve if desired.

Quinces: Wash, peel, and cut into halves, quarters, or eighths, depending on size of fruit. Drop into salted water, rinse before packing.

Use a sharp, stainless-steel knife for any necessary peeling.

Large stone fruits are best halved and stoned before bottling, because otherwise they take up excessive room and thus waste space.

PACKING JARS

Washed jars should be drained but not dried before use. Fruit is more easily packed without bruising if jar is wet.

1. Place rubber bands in position, flat and even.

2. Grade fruit according to size and ripeness.

3. Pack tightly into jars without bruising. Press gently into position with fruit pucker or sterilised handle of wooden spoon, filling into jars to within $\frac{1}{2}$ in. of top.

4. Pour boiling syrup over slowly to allow air to escape. Keep on adding syrup until jars are filled to overflowing.

5. Tap base of jar on knife-blade or shake sharply to release air bubbles, then fill up to top again with syrup.

6. Place lids and clips in position. If screw type is used, screw tightly, then unscrew a half-turn to allow steam and air to escape.

PROCESSING

WITH COMMERCIAL OUTFIT

Using commercial outfit or steriliser with thermometer attached:

1. Place filled jars in position on rack in steriliser.

2. Fill steriliser with water up to neck of smallest jar; this will be sufficient coverage for larger bottles.

3. Bring water slowly to temperature required, taking at least 1 hour.

4. Keep temperature steady for required time, as suggested in booklet by manufacturer.

WITH HOME-MADE OUTFIT

This preserving method is recommended by the N.S.W. Dept. of Agriculture and is found to be safe, economical, and time-saving.

Using a home-improvised water-bath—a copper or large boiler fitted with a false bottom such as cake-cooler, wire rack, or wooden slats to allow steam to escape and prevent excessive bubbling:

1. Place enough water in container to cover jars completely by two inches. Bring water to the boil.

2. Lower prepared, sealed bottles into the boiling water with tongs or hold tops of jars with a cloth.

3. The processing time is counted from the time the water returns to the boil after jars are added. As soon as the water boils,

put lid on container and process according to times given on chart on opposite page.

HOT-PACK METHOD

Fruits referred to as "hot pack" in time chart should be put into a saucepan before processing and brought gently to the boil in syrup or a little water (which can be poured into the jar with the fruit).

Small, soft fruits should be brought to simmering, then simmered about 2 minutes; large or firm fruits about 3 or 4 minutes, depending on ripeness.

This cuts down processing time, as fruits have been heated prior to being packed in jars.

Refer to time chart for processing time for individual fruits (see opposite page).

COOLING, CHECKING

1. Lift jars out on to folded cloth or rack away from draughts.

2. Tighten screwbands or press down gently on to clip.

3. Leave 24 hours.

4. Invert screw-top bottles and watch for leakage of syrup or air bubbles.

If seal is not correct, bottles must be processed again or contents used immediately.

OVEN AND PRESSURE-COOKER METHODS

Bottled fruit can be processed successfully in the oven or in a pressure-cooker-canner. For processing in oven it is important to maintain a steady, even heat. An automatically controlled oven, either gas or electric, is most satisfactory.

When using a pressure-cooker-canner, it is essential to follow manufacturer's directions.

IN OVEN

1. Prepare syrup, jars and rubbers and select and prepare fruit in exactly the same way as for top of stove water-bath bottling. Squat, wide jars are usually most convenient for oven-bottling.

2. Pack fruit into jars, pour hot strained syrup into jars slowly to allow air to escape; fill jars completely.

3. Place rubbers, lids, and clips in position.

4. Stand packed and sealed bottles into large open baking-dish containing water to depth of 1 in. Space bottles well apart to

prevent bumping and allow free circulation of air or stand them well apart on wooden board (about 1 in. thick) and place low down in oven.

5. Maintain temperature at 250deg. F. and process 60 to 90 minutes, depending on size of fruit.

6. Lift bottles from oven on to folded towel or flat surface away from draughts.

7. Leave at least 24 hours, then remove screw bands or clips, turn jars upside down on wooden board to test seal. If a vacuum has formed, jars are hermetically sealed.

8. Jars not perfectly sealed must be re-sterilised or the contents used immediately.

IN PRESSURE-COOKER-CANNER

General rules are:

1. Pour boiling water into cooker-canner until just below rack on which jars stand.

2. Prepare syrup, jars, and rubbers and select and prepare fruit as for other methods of bottling.

3. Arrange jars on rack in canner, allowing space between for circulation of steam.

4. Place top on, but leave steam vent open until steam escapes in steady stream, indicating all air has been driven out of cooker.

5. Place pressure gauge in position, and when gauge registers desired pressure (approximately 10lb. pressure) note time and adjust heat to maintain pressure at that point according to manufacturer's instructions.

6. When processing time is completed, remove from heat, cool until pressure is completely reduced, then remove pressure gauge.

7. Remove top, lift jars on to folded towel. Leave 24 hours to test seal.

Note: Variations in pressure during processing may cause reduction in amount of liquid in jars, but if seal is perfect this does not affect keeping quality of fruit.

BOTTLING PULP

This is a quick and easy method of bottling fruit pulp for use in puddings, pies, and jams.

1. Prepare fruit as for stewing. Omit sugar.

2. Place in heavy pan with small quantity of water (just sufficient to prevent burning).

3. Bring slowly to boil and pour immediately into hot sterilised jars. Seal immediately.

4. For the best results fill and seal one jar at a time.

5. To ensure maximum preservation, place filled and sealed jars in hot water, bring slowly to boiling point, boil gently 5 minutes.

6. Cool, test seal, and store. Add sugar when using.

SPECIAL METHODS

Some fruit, fruit pulp, and fruit juice need special handling. These include tomatoes or tomato juice and passionfruit pulp.

TOMATOES

1. Select firm, sound, ripe tomatoes. Small tomatoes or tree tomatoes can be bottled whole; large tomatoes can be halved or quartered.

2. Remove skins by dipping first into boiling water, then into cold water; or by holding on fork and rotating over flame (this splits skins, which can then be peeled off).

3. Pack prepared tomatoes into jars, sprinkle with 2 teaspoons salt and $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon sugar to each 2lb. tomatoes or cover with hot brine.

4. Process in water-bath (see time chart) or 1 hour in oven. If in oven, reprocess for a further 1 hour after 24 hours' standing.

TOMATO JUICE

1. Wash tomatoes, chop roughly.

2. Place in pan with small quantity water, simmer until soft.

3. Rub through strainer to remove seeds and skins.

4. Add 1 teaspoon salt and $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon sugar to each 1 pint juice; bring to boiling point.

5. Fill into hot sterilised jars, seal.

6. Process 30 minutes in water-bath at 170deg. F. (when steam first appears on water) or process 45 minutes in oven.

Note: Four pounds tomatoes yield approximately 2 pints juice.

PASSIONFRUIT PULP No. 1

1. Cut in halves, scoop out pulp, discarding membrane and fibre.

2. Measure pulp, place in pan with sugar, allowing 1 cup sugar to 3 cups pulp.

3. Stir over low heat until sugar is dissolved, bring slowly to boiling point.

4. Fill into small, hot, sterilised jars.

5. Process 5 minutes in water-bath, $\frac{1}{2}$ hour in oven.

6. Cool, test seal, and store in usual way.

PASSIONFRUIT PULP No. 2

(This method is approved by the C.S.I.R.O.)

One pint passionfruit pulp, 4 tablespoons sugar (or sweeten to taste), 4 grains potassium metabisulphite (approximately $\frac{1}{4}$ level teaspoon) or 7 grains benzoic acid (approximately $\frac{1}{4}$ level teaspoon); both are obtainable from chemist.

Combine sugar and passionfruit pulp, stir until dissolved. Add potassium metabisulphite or benzoic acid, stir well. Pour into

TIME CHART FOR PROCESSING FRUIT BY THE BOILING WATER BATH PROCESS

FRUIT	STYLE OF PACK	SYRUP RECOMMENDED	PROCESSING TIMES	
			Pint Jars minutes	Quart Jars minutes
Apples	pack raw, cover with boiling syrup	water or light syrup	20	25
	hot pack		15	15
	apple sauce (hot pack)		10	10
Apricots	pack raw, cover with boiling syrup	medium	25	30
	hot pack		15	20
Berries	pack raw, cover with boiling syrup	medium	20	25
	Special Method: Boil 3 or 4 minutes with equal weight sugar, stand overnight, then process	makes own syrup	10	15
Cherries	pack raw, cover with boiling syrup	medium	15	20
	hot pack	medium	10	15
Figs	hot pack, add 1 tablespoon lemon juice to each quart jar	heavy	45	50
Nectarines	pack raw, cover with boiling syrup	medium	25	30
Peaches	pack raw, cover with boiling syrup	medium		
	clingstones		35	40
	slipstones		25	30
Pears	hot pack	medium	15	20
	pack raw, cover with boiling syrup	medium	25	30
Pineapple	hot pack	medium	20	25
Plums	pack raw, cover with boiling syrup	medium	25	30
	hot pack	in own juice	10	15
Quinces	hot pack, precook 3 minutes only in syrup	medium	25	30
Rhubarb	hot pack (not necessary to use sugar)	in own juice	10	15
Tomatoes	pack raw, cover with hot brine	brine (1 teaspoon salt to 1 quart water) or own juice	45	45
	hot pack, peel, simmer 8 minutes		10	10

Continued overleaf



FRYPAN COOKERY

● A great variety of meals can be cooked in the frypan.

ELECTRIC frypans, with their controlled heat, can be used for sauteing, stewing, cooking one-dish meals, simmering soups, warming bread or buns, for hot desserts — even for cooking cakes.

The modern frypan is so attractive in design it is possible to serve food at the table from the frypan on to serving-plates. It can keep the main dish warm, ready for second helpings.

Frypans come in several sizes, to suit individual family needs. Suggested cooking temperatures for a number of foods are generally marked on each frypan handle, and manufacturer's instructions are given in the booklet which accompanies each appliance.

Frypans with two types of lid are available, and some frypans come equipped with both lid types.

The high metal lid has a vent to control the escape of steam, and is generally used for dry-heat cooking—poultry, roast meats, baked fish, cakes, heating bread, etc.

The ovenproof glass lid is used for moist-heat cookery, such as stews, casseroles, rice, warming or heating moist foods.

When frypan is switched on and desired heat dialled on the control panel in the handle, a red indicator light will go on. Light will go off when desired dialled temperature has been reached. Light will continue to go on and off during cooking as the thermostat control operates.

If food is to be kept warm after cooking, set dial indicator to warming point.

If lid is to be used, always preheat this with the frypan.

Instructions for correct washing and cleaning of frypan are given in each manufacturer's booklet. Do not allow cooked food to remain in the frypan for long periods; the metal will discolor.

Recipes given below illustrate the many uses of this versatile appliance.

FRIED RICE

One pound rice, cooked (preferably some hours, or the day before, so that rice grains will be dry), 4 tablespoons oil, 1 lb. sliced sauteed mushrooms, 1 cup chopped shallots, 1 green or red pepper, 2 eggs, 1 tablespoon soy sauce.

Heat oil in frypan, add cooked rice; fry until lightly browned, turning occasionally. Add mushrooms, shallots, finely chopped pepper; cook 3 minutes. Break in eggs, cook, stirring until eggs are set and form small shreds through rice. Sprinkle over soy sauce and stir in. Cooked prawns, cooked crumbled bacon, or diced chicken can also be added.

STEAK DIANE

Four pieces fillet steak, salt, pepper, 4oz. butter, 2 cloves garlic, crushed, 4 tablespoons chopped parsley, worcestershire sauce.

Pound steak with mallet into pieces about 1-inch thick. Season with salt and pepper. Melt half butter in frypan, add steak; allow 40 seconds for underdone, 1 minute for medium. Turn steak over, add extra butter, if necessary. Sprinkle with parsley and garlic, add a dash of worcestershire sauce, stirring the steaks around to distribute the sauce. Transfer steaks to hot serving-dishes, pour over the pan juices.

FRENCH CHICKEN

Two pounds chicken pieces, seasoned flour, 4oz. butter or substitute, 6 small onions, pinch powdered saffron, 1 cup dry white wine, 1 cup water, 1 teaspoon thyme, 1 bayleaf, 1 clove garlic, crushed, 4 large tomatoes, salt, pepper, 2oz. black olives, juice 1 lemon, chopped parsley.

Roll chicken pieces in seasoned flour. Heat butter in frypan, add chicken pieces, brown well on all sides. When pieces are

half-browned, add peeled whole onions and saffron, continue browning. Add wine, water, herbs, garlic, skinned and quartered tomatoes, salt, pepper. Bring to simmering, cover, simmer gently 40 to 50 minutes, or until chicken is tender. Just before serving, add olives and lemon juice. Garnish with parsley.

RICH FRUIT CAKE

Four ounces mixed peel, 2oz. dates, 2oz. figs, 2oz. dried apricots, 2oz. almonds, 2oz. walnuts, 2oz. glace cherries, 8oz. raisins, 8oz. currants, 8oz. sultanas, 1 cup sherry or brandy, 8oz. butter, rind and juice of 1 orange, 1 teaspoon glycerine, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 1 teaspoon almond essence, 1 teaspoon parisan essence, 8oz. brown sugar, 5 eggs, 1 dessertspoon honey, 1 tablespoon raspberry jam, 4oz. melted chocolate, 10oz. plain flour, 1 teaspoon nutmeg, 1/2 teaspoon cinnamon, 1/2 teaspoon salt.

Chop fruit and nuts and place in a basin, pour over the sherry. Cream butter until light and fluffy with the orange rind, essences, and glycerine. Add sugar and continue beating until creamy. Add eggs one at a time, beating well after each addition, then add honey and jam. Mix through orange juice and melted chocolate. Add fruits alternately with sifted dry ingredients: mix thoroughly. Place mixture in a lined 9-inch cake tin.

Preheat frypan, with metal lid fitted, to 420deg. Place cake in frypan on asbestos mat, replace metal lid with vent closed. Cook at 420deg. for 30 minutes, reduce heat to 340deg., cook an additional 4 to 4 1/2 hours.

OTHER USES

To Roast Nuts: Heat frypan to 380 degrees, grease lightly. Remove skins from almonds, shell peanuts; place nuts in frypan, stir or shake continuously until evenly browned.

To Brown Coconut: Heat frypan to 360 degrees. Spread 1 lb. coconut over frypan, stir continuously until evenly toasted.

To Defrost Foods: Place unopened packages of frozen foods on a rack and set temperature to 200 degrees. Remove as soon as defrosted; cook at once.

PRESERVING . . . continued from previous page

clean sterilised jars, screw on clean plastic or glass lids. Store in refrigerator and use as required.

STERILISING JARS

1. Wash thoroughly, rinse well.
2. Place on cloth in cold water, bring slowly to boiling point, boil 15 minutes.
3. Lift out with tongs, invert to drain, fill immediately.

IMPORTANT POINTS TO REMEMBER

Below are important points to remember when preserving fruit by bottling. Always be sure:

Jars are clean to prevent risk of contamination and spoilage.

Rubber bands are perfect. Use new ones each time for bottling to reduce risk of perished rubbers creating an imperfect seal, causing spoilage.

Rims of jars are chipped to ensure a perfect seal.

Fruit is without bruise or blemish and just under-ripe rather than over-ripe to

obtain best result in appearance, color, and flavor.

Jars are completely filled to top to exclude all air.

Stand jars on rack, folded towel, or paper in water-bath to prevent contact with heat, which may cause cracking.

Loosen screwtops slightly before sterilising to allow steam and air to escape.

Maintain boiling point for recommended time to ensure adequate sterilisation of fruit in water-bath method.

Bottles of fruit juice can be cooled faster after processing, with a consequent improvement in quality of the juice, by slowly running cold water into the hot water bath until bottles are cool.

Remove jars from water-bath and leave untouched for 24 hours to be sure seal is perfect.

Most important of all: Turn jars upside down to test seal. If lid remains intact, a good vacuum has been formed, jar is hermetically sealed, and fruit will keep indefinitely. If lid comes off and syrup leaks out, the seal is imperfect and fruit must be used immediately or re-sterilised with new rubbers after checking rims of jars.

Store all bottled fruit in cool, dry place away from bright light.



CURRY

● Economical dishes using raw or cooked meat, poultry, rabbit, seafoods, vegetables.

CURRY is a highly spiced stew served dry or moist according to taste. It is an excellent dish for the busy housewife, because it can be prepared ahead and reheats well.

A curry is a very practical and economical dish. It can be made with raw or cooked meat, poultry, and rabbit, or any leftovers, all types of seafoods, a variety of vegetables, and many of the canned, frozen, and packaged foods.

FLAVORINGS

A variety of ready-mixed curry powders and pastes can be bought in Australia as well as a wide selection of spices for those who prefer to make their own. The flavor of the spices deteriorates when exposed to the air, so it is wise to buy small quantities and keep these in tightly sealed containers.

Strength of curry powders varies according to individual manufacturers, and the amount of curry powder used varies according to individual taste, but 1 dessertspoon per pound of meat or per pint of liquid for sauces should be sufficient. Slightly less is needed for fish and vegetables.

Below are listed the seasonings most commonly used in the making of curries.

Cardamom: Slightly bitter-tasting seeds from a plant of the ginger family. An essential ingredient in curry powder.

Cinnamon: Made from the inner bark of a tropical tree grown mainly in Ceylon, this golden-brown spice is well known.

Cloves: Dried flower buds from a shrub of the myrtle family, native of the Spice Islands. Flavor is strong and aromatic.

Coriander: One of the oldest herbs, originally grown in Morocco. Dried seeds are used for flavoring.

Cumin: Small highly flavored seeds resembling caraway seeds in appearance. Grown in most parts of the world.

Fenugreek: Also known as bird's foot or Greek hayseed. Seeds of this plant are in elongated pods resembling string beans.

Ginger: Well-known spice which is dried root of ginger plant. Widely grown and has many uses with both savory and sweet dishes.

Mustard Seed: Small yellow seeds with hot spicy flavor.

Sesame Seed: Nut-flavored seed, grown mainly in Egypt and South America.

Turmeric: Roots of a West Indian plant, dried and crushed into yellow powder.

Bayleaves: Dried leaves of the bay tree, used as flavoring agent in many savory dishes. Usually added whole and discarded before serving.

POWDER AND PASTE

Here are the recipes for ambitious cooks who wish to make their own curry powder and paste:

CURRY POWDER

One ounce coriander seeds, 1oz. caraway seeds, 1oz. turmeric, 1/2oz. cumin seeds, 1/2oz. black peppercorns, 1/2oz. cinnamon, 1/2oz. ginger, 1 teaspoon cloves, 1 teaspoon cardamom seeds, 1 teaspoon fenugreek, pinch mace, chilli powder to taste.

Grind all ingredients well in electric blender or with mortar and pestle.

Place in small jars with tightly fitting lids. A bayleaf can be placed in each jar if desired.

CURRY PASTE

Many prefer this to curry powder. The mixture is perishable and should be stored in the refrigerator after bottling and sealing.

Two tablespoons ground coriander, 1 tablespoon pepper, 1 tablespoon cinnamon, 1 tablespoon dry mustard, pinch chilli powder, 1 crushed clove garlic, 1/2 cup vegetable oil, 1 tablespoon turmeric, 1 tablespoon ginger powder, 1 dessertspoon salt, 1 dessertspoon sugar, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, 2 tablespoons vinegar.

Combine all dry ingredients and garlic, mix in vinegar and lemon juice, mix to smooth paste. Slowly add heated oil, simmer paste 5 minutes. Allow to cool before bottling and sealing.

BASIC RECIPES

There are only two basic types of curries — moist and dry. Moist curry is cooked with an added liquid, and in dry curry the slowly simmering ingredients provide sufficient moisture for cooking. The moist method is especially suitable for curries containing precooked or leftover ingredients.

The following methods are used for simple moist and dry curries:

MOIST CURRY

Saute main ingredient for curry (meat, poultry, vegetables, or seafood) in hot shortening until brown. Remove, add to pan onions and any other extra vegetables, the curry powder or paste, and any desired spices or flavorings. Cook few minutes. Pour liquid over, bring to boiling point. Return main ingredient to this sauce, simmer gently until cooked. Little flour can be added for thickening if desired. Mix this flour to paste with water and add at end of cooking time. Extra liquid can be added during cooking time if required.

DRY CURRY

Brown main ingredient in hot shortening with onions. Remove from pan. Add to pan curry powder, seasonings, vegetables, etc., cook gently to form thick sauce. Return meat and onions to sauce in pan, simmer very gently until cooked. Care must be taken not to burn curry by rapid cooking.

Note: For delicious appetising aroma, sprinkle curry with desiccated or shredded coconut and lightly brown under grill, then carry immediately to table and serve.

ACCOMPANIMENTS

Curry is traditionally served with plain boiled rice, but a selection of side dishes or "sambals," as they are correctly called, adds greatly to the interest of the dish.

Connoisseurs like to combine contrasting flavors, mixing a little of each condiment with the curry and rice. Chutney, lemon slices, and shredded coconut are essentials, but some or all of the following side dishes can be served also:

Raisins or sultanas, crumbled fried bacon, diced papaw, bananas, pineapple, and avocado, salted nuts, chopped cucumber, yoghurt, guava jelly, chopped crystallised ginger, shredded lemon or orange peel, sliced spring onions and radishes, chopped green olives, chopped hard-boiled egg.

TYPICAL RECIPES FOR CURRY

SIMPLE CHICKEN CURRY

One medium-sized chicken, seasoned flour mixed with 1/2 teaspoon turmeric, 1 pint

stock (made with bouillon cubes or giblets and trimmings from chicken), 4oz. butter, 1 large onion (chopped), 1 clove garlic (crushed), 2 dessertspoons curry powder or paste (or to taste), 1 tablespoon flour, 3 tablespoons desiccated coconut, 1 pint water, 1 tablespoon red-currant jelly, squeeze lemon juice.

Cut chicken into joints, toss in seasoned flour; set aside. Melt 1/2 the butter in a large saucepan, put in onions and garlic and cook until soft. Add curry powder or paste and cook another 5 minutes, stirring. Add flour, cook a few minutes longer, then add stock, and bring to the boil, stirring. Cover and simmer 15 minutes.

Meanwhile, melt remaining butter in a frying-pan, put in chicken pieces, and saute until golden. Drain well, add to sauce; draw off heat and stand for 30 minutes. Then bring to the boil, cover, and simmer until chicken is tender. While chicken is cooking, bring water to boil, pour over coconut, let stand 20 minutes, strain, discarding coconut. Add coconut water to chicken with red-currant jelly and lemon juice 10 minutes before serving. Heat through, serve with hot cooked rice, chutney, and any desired side dishes.

PRAWN CURRY

Four ounces butter, 1 large onion, 1 clove garlic, 3 pieces celery, 1 green pepper, 1 apple, 1 carrot, 2 tomatoes, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, 1 bayleaf, good pinch basil, 1 tablespoon each flour and curry powder, salt, pepper, good pinch nutmeg, 2 cups chicken stock, 1 cup dry white wine, 2lb. cooked, shelled prawns, hot cooked rice, extra chopped parsley.

Melt butter in a saucepan, add chopped onion, and crushed garlic, saute until soft but not colored. Add finely chopped celery, pepper, apple, carrot, tomatoes, and parsley; cook, stirring, a few minutes. Add bayleaf and basil. Saute over gentle heat until vegetables have softened. Sprinkle in flour, curry powder, salt, pepper, and nutmeg. Stir well, cook 5 minutes. Slowly add chicken stock and wine; simmer 15 to 20 minutes. Add prawns for the last 10 minutes of cooking time. Arrange hot cooked rice round edge of serving-dish, spoon hot curry into centre, and garnish with extra parsley.



CHEESE

● Various types, methods of cooking, correct storage, and sweet and savory recipes.

CHEESE is a rich source of protein, a food constituent necessary for a well-balanced nutritious diet. It is comparatively inexpensive, combines well with other foods, and is an excellent meat substitute.

All cheese is made from milk, artificially soured, colored, and salted; whey is drained off and the curds pressed into moulds for ripening and curing.

After the initial souring has taken place variations in making and curing result in different types of cheeses.

TYPES

Natural cheeses are so called because natural maturing processes produce distinctive flavors and textures and continue after cheese has reached its prime. They are classified as "hard" or "soft" according to the amount of moisture present.

Processed or pasteurised cheese is natural cheese preserved at the peak of maturity so further ripening is prevented.

VARIETIES

A taste for mild-flavored cheese, such as cheddar, is universal; a taste for strongly flavored cheese, such as gorgonzola, is acquired.

The types listed below are readily available and most frequently used in this country.

Many others, of Australian manufacture and imported varieties, are available and should be tried by those who wish to become connoisseurs.

HARD CHEESES

Cheddar: Generally mild in flavor, but both natural and processed cheddars vary considerably in flavor and texture; most versatile for cooking; used in scones, biscuits, pastries, etc., and uncooked in salads, savories, sandwiches.

Edam and Gouda: Mild-flavored, red-skinned cheeses, originally the product of Holland. Used chiefly as end-of-dinner or dessert cheese with fruit.

Gruyere: Smooth, mild cheese, originally from western Switzerland, sometimes herb-flavored. Used as dinner or sandwich cheese.

Parmesan: Cheese with dry texture and

sharp, distinctive flavor, originally from Italy; used grated for savory dishes, especially macaroni and spaghetti.

Stilton: Famous English blue-veined type made with extra cream; has characteristic pungent flavor of blue cheese; used chiefly as after-dinner cheese.

Swiss: Smooth, mild-flavored, firm-textured cheese, similar to gruyere; characterised by holes, or "eyes," which develop during maturing; originally made in Switzerland; used for sandwiches, fondue, and other savory dishes.

SOFT CHEESES

Camembert: Famous French or Danish natural cheese used for salads and end-of-dinner dessert.

Cottage or Cream Cheese: Simplest of all types. Uncured cottage cheese made commercially from pasteurised skimmed milk has lower fat content than most cheeses.

Cream is added to uncured cottage cheese to make cream cheese with extra richness and flavor. Both are used for salads, sandwiches, appetisers, dessert, and some cooked dishes.

Roquefort: Creamy white, strongly flavored cheese marbled with greenish-blue veins; originally from France. Used for salads and end-of-dinner dessert.

Danish Blue: Pungent, strongly flavored blue-veined cheese, popular for after-dinner service.

Gorgonzola: Strongly flavored blue-veined cheese, originally made in Italy. Used for salad and dessert.

USES IN COOKERY

Sliced or Chopped Cheese: In salads, sandwiches, savories, cheese toast.

Grated Cheese: Mixed with crumbs for topping savory dishes; in cheese sauce; for topping cream soups; in savory spaghetti, macaroni, or rice dishes; in savory pies, pizzas, and custards; in salads, sandwich fillings, omelets, in cheese pastry and savory biscuit mixtures.

METHODS

For success when cooking with cheese: ● Use heat as low as possible for as short a while as possible; high temperature and prolonged cooking makes cheese tough, stringy, and difficult to digest.

● Grate or chop finely before cooking to facilitate melting. Grate processed cheese on medium-coarse grater.

● Remove cooked sauce from heat before adding grated cheese for cheese sauce, stir until melted and mixed but do not allow to boil again.

● Avoid overcooking, which has same toughening effect as cooking at too high a temperature; when cheese is melted it is cooked.

STORAGE

The keeping quality of cheeses varies according to type. Hard cheese keeps well under correct conditions; soft cheese is highly perishable unless processed.

All cheese needs special care once cut. Wrap in waxed paper, then in food-wrapping plastic or aluminium foil, and store in refrigerator or a cool, dry place.

Processed cheese keeps well in its original wrapping in the refrigerator. Large quantities of hard, natural cheese will keep well, if refrigeration is not available, wrapped in muslin moistened with vinegar and water.

Dry cheese, grated ready for cooking, keeps well in refrigerator in a screw-top jar.

RECIPES

WELSH RABBIT

Two tablespoons butter, 1 teaspoon paprika, 1 teaspoon dry mustard, 2 teaspoons prepared mustard, 2 teaspoons worcestershire sauce, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon pepper, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup ale, 1 lb. cheddar cheese, 2 egg-yolks.

Melt butter in chafing dish or double boiler over simmering water and very low heat, then add paprika, the dry and prepared mustard, worcestershire sauce, salt and pepper; mix well. Add ale and cheese (cut into $\frac{1}{2}$ inch cubes). Cook, stirring frequently until cheese is completely melted. When mixture is very hot beat egg-yolks slightly and fold into mixture. Cook 2 minutes longer, stirring constantly, pour over toast.

CHEESE TART

One 9-inch baked shortcrust pastry-case, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. bacon, 2 eggs, 1 teaspoon french mustard, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, little pepper, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup grated Parmesan cheese, $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups scalded milk or cream, extra grated cheese, parsley. Cut bacon into small pieces, cook until

crisp; drain. Mix eggs, mustard, salt and pepper. Add cheese, scalded milk and half the bacon and about 1 tablespoon bacon fat. Mix well, carefully spoon into pastry case. Bake in a moderate oven until set. Serve hot, sprinkled with remainder of bacon, extra cheese, and chopped parsley.

CHEESE CAKE

Crumb Crust: Half pound sweet plain biscuits, 3oz. butter or substitute, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon cinnamon.

Filling: One and three quarter pounds cottage cheese, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 5 eggs, 1 cup sugar, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, whipped sweetened cream, little cinnamon.

Crush biscuits finely, mix with cinnamon and melted butter. Press mixture over base and sides of a 9-inch spring-form pan. Chill 1 hour. If biscuit crumbs are dry, add a little extra melted butter.

Press cheese through fine strainer, blend with vanilla. Beat eggs very well until thick, add sugar and continue beating until lemon-colored. Gradually beat in cheese mixture; beat until smooth, add lemon rind. Carefully pour into prepared crumb crust, bake in a moderate oven 30 to 35 minutes. Leave in oven until completely cool, then chill in refrigerator or, if possible, overnight. Remove from pan for serving and decorate with whipped cream and a sprinkling of cinnamon.

CHOCOLATE DELIGHT CAKE

Two cups cream cheese, 3oz. butter or substitute, 1 teaspoon vanilla, $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups sifted icing sugar, 1 tablespoon hot water, 1oz. dark chocolate (melted), 3 eggs, 9oz. self-raising flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk.

Beat cream cheese, butter, or substitute, and vanilla until smooth. Blend in half the icing sugar. Add water alternately with remainder of icing sugar. Blend in melted chocolate; mix until smooth. Blend in eggs one at a time. Beat 1 minute. Fold in milk alternately with flour, beginning and ending with flour. Pour into two well-greased and paper-lined tins. Bake in moderate oven 40 to 45 minutes; cool. Fill with whipped cream and top with following:

Chocolate Frosting: Cream together 2oz. butter and 2oz. cream cheese, gradually add 2 to 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ cups sifted icing sugar, 1 oz. melted chocolate, and a few drops rum. Mix well.



PICKLES

● Ingredients, equipment, and methods for making sauces, pickles, and chutneys.

PICKLES, chutneys, and sauces made from fruits and/or vegetables preserved with vinegar are served as accompaniments to meats and salads and used to flavor and garnish savory dishes. Chutney is a traditional accompaniment to curry.

During preparation water is drawn out of fruit and vegetables and replaced by a salt-and-vinegar solution which inhibits growth of the bacteria, yeasts, and moulds that cause fermentation. Any bacteria, yeast, or mould already present is destroyed by heat during cooking.

When flavor of vinegar predominates, pickles are classed as sour pickles; sugar is added for sweet pickles.

Hot, spicy, sweet chutneys need long, slow cooking to make mixture smooth, mellow and thick.

For sauces and ketchups, fruits and/or vegetables are cooked to a pulp with vinegar and flavorings, then rubbed through a strainer to make a smooth sauce. Popular examples are tomato and plum sauces and mushroom ketchup.

INGREDIENTS

Vegetables, Fruit: Fresh, crisp, in season, barely ripe, in good condition; tomatoes for tomato sauce should be fully ripe and soft, but not overripe; vegetables of inferior quality do not keep; if wilted, will not absorb pickling solution well.

Vinegar: Essential ingredient, used plain or spiced; use good-quality brewed malt vinegar; for light colored vegetables use white, wine, or cider vinegar.

To Prepare Spiced Vinegar: Put one quart of vinegar into an enamel saucepan, add $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar, 12 cloves, 1 tablespoon bruised ginger, 1 tablespoon peppercorns, 1 in. stick cinnamon, 2 cloves minced garlic, 1 teaspoon mustard seed, 2 teaspoons salt. Bring slowly to the boil, simmer gently 20 minutes. Stand covered until quite cold; strain.

Spices and Herbs: Volatile oils in whole or ground spices improve flavor; these include allspice, caraway, cardamon, cinna-

mon, cloves, curry, ginger, mustard, mace, or nutmeg, pepper (black, white, peppercorns, cayenne), saffron, turmeric (which give color as well as flavor).

Herbs for pickling include basil, bay-leaves, capers, celery seeds, chives, dill (especially for pickled cucumbers or dill pickles), marjoram, mint, parsley, rosemary, tarragon, thyme.

EQUIPMENT

Aluminium or enamel-lined vessels; wooden spoon for stirring and mixing flavoring and thickening ingredients; glass jars with wax for sealing or plastic screw tops; bottles for sauce with corks or wax or both, for sealing.

Note: Do not use unlined copper pans; or metal tops for jars or bottles; or pans which are used for jam-making.

METHODS

Wash selected fruits and vegetables thoroughly, peel if necessary; cut into small pieces, leave small onions whole. Draw out excess water by brining.

a. Dry Brining: For watery vegetables, such as cucumber, marrow, green tomatoes. Sprinkle salt thickly between layers of vegetables in glass or earthenware dish, stand 12 to 24 hours.

b. Wet Brining: For firm dry vegetables such as onions, cauliflower, etc., make brine with 4oz. salt to 1 pint cold water, pour over vegetables, stand 12 to 24 hours.

After brining pour off water, rinse to remove excess salt, drain. Barely cover with vinegar, add flavoring ingredients (spices, sugar, etc.). Boil gently until vegetables are crisply tender. Bottle and seal.

MUSTARD PICKLES

When vegetables are crisply tender, add a mixture of mustard, curry powder, flour, and turmeric blended with vinegar. Simmer 10 minutes longer; bottle and seal.

CLEAR PICKLES

Pack parboiled vegetables, such as onions, cauliflower, sprigs, or raw vegetables, such as shredded red cabbage, into sterilised jars, filling to within 1 in. of the top. Pour over spiced vinegar to cover, seal.

CHUTNEY

Wash selected fruits and vegetables, peel if necessary. Mince or chop finely, place in pan with vinegar, sugar, and spices. Simmer 1 to 3 hours or until very thick. Bottle and seal. Long, slow cooking is necessary to develop good flavor.

SAUCES AND KETCHUPS

Wash fruit and vegetables, cut up roughly; place in pan with vinegar and flavorings. Cook to a pulp, rub through strainer. Boil again until mixture reaches desired consistency. Bottle and seal.

BOTTLING, SEALING

Fill pickles and chutneys into clean, dry, heated, wide-necked jars.

Make jars completely airtight with plastic (not metal) screw tops or wax, or use patent jars.

Close sauce bottles with tightly fitting scalded corks, then dip neck of bottle and cork in melted wax to complete seal.

Store in cool, dry place.

SAVORY PRESERVES

PICKLED ONIONS

Small silverskin pickling onions, sufficient white vinegar to cover onions, small red chillies; for every quart of vinegar allow 1oz. whole peppercorns, 6 cloves, 1 tablespoon salt, 1oz. ground ginger, blade mace, 1 cup sugar.

Peel onions, cover with brine (4oz. salt to 1 pint water), stand overnight. Rinse and drain. Place in pan with boiling water to cover, simmer 5 minutes. Drain, arrange in jars with red chilli in each. Prepare vinegar; boil vinegar, peppercorns, cloves, salt, ginger, mace, and sugar 10 minutes. Strain, cool, pour over onions, filling jars to top. Seal.

INDIAN CHUTNEY

Six large green apples, 3 green tomatoes, 3 medium onions, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. dates, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup raisins or sultanas, 1oz. ground ginger, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon cayenne pepper, 1 teaspoon mustard, 2oz. salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. brown sugar, 1 pint vinegar.

Peel and wash apples, tomatoes, and onions. Chop apples and tomatoes finely. Slice onions thinly. Place in pan with chopped dates, raisins, all flavoring ingredients, and vinegar. Cook gently, stirring occasionally, until very thick and brown in color (2 to 3 hours). Fill into heated jars, seal when cold.

MUSTARD PICKLES

One large or 2 medium cauliflowers, 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. small pickling onions, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. french beans, 4 large gherkins, sufficient vinegar to cover vegetables, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup golden syrup, 2 tablespoons salt, 1 teaspoon allspice, 4 to 5 cloves, 1 teaspoon peppercorns, blade mace, 2 bayleaves, 2 tablespoons curry powder, 2 tablespoons mustard, 1 tablespoon turmeric, 2 tablespoons rice flour or cornflour, extra vinegar.

Wash and prepare all vegetables; break cauliflower into small sprigs, peel and chop onions, string and chop beans, chop gherkins. Place in large bowl, sprinkle well with salt, leave overnight. Rinse and drain. Measure sufficient vinegar to cover, place in pan with syrup, salt, allspice; tie cloves, peppercorns, mace, bayleaves in muslin bag and add. Bring to boil, add vegetables, cook 20 minutes or until crisply tender. Remove spice bag. Add curry powder, mustard, turmeric, rice flour or cornflour blended with extra vinegar. Stir into vegetable mixture, simmer further 10 minutes. Bottle into heated jars, seal when cold.

TOMATO SAUCE

Four large green apples, 4 large onions, 6lb. ripe tomatoes, 1 clove of garlic, 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ pints vinegar, 3 tablespoons salt, 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. sugar, 1 teaspoon pepper, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon cayenne pepper, 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoons allspice, 1 doz. cloves.

Peel and core apples, chop roughly. Peel and chop onions, chop unpeeled tomatoes. Place in preserving pan with finely minced garlic, add vinegar. Simmer gently 1 hour. Rub through strainer, return to pan with salt, sugar, peppers, allspice, and cloves, tied in muslin. Simmer 1 hour longer or until thickened to desired consistency. Remove cloves, bottle sauce into clean, hot bottles. Seal with scalded corks, then dip tops of bottles and corks in melted wax.



BASIC DIET

● Foods which are essential for good health and amounts required.

A BALANCED diet is necessary to maintain health and increase resistance to disease. It is essential, therefore, that the housewife give some time and thought to the foods she selects.

USES OF FOOD

● To provide the heat and energy necessary to maintain life.

The heat and energy-producing constituents found in food are carbohydrates, i.e., starches and sugars, fats and proteins.

● To replace and/or repair worn-out muscles and tissue.

This need is met primarily by proteins and minerals, although some other constituents play a part.

● To provide material for growth.

During the period of growth a child's diet should consist of approximately 25 per cent. protein, 25 per cent. fat, and 50 per cent. carbohydrates.

● To provide substances which control and regulate the various processes of the body.

This is usually the special function of water, vitamins, and minerals, which are necessary to help control many intricate body processes.

ESSENTIAL FOODS

These are the groups of essential foods:

PROTEINS OR BODY-BUILDERS

These are of animal and vegetable origin.

Animal proteins are sufficient to promote growth even if no other protein is included.

Vegetable proteins, although necessary, cannot by themselves promote normal growth.

First-class protein is found in milk, lean meat, fish, eggs, cheese, poultry, rabbit, soya beans, peanuts.

Second-class protein is supplied by cereals, dried peas, beans, and lentils.

FATS AND OILS

These supply energy and warmth; they are of animal and vegetable origin. Best sources are butter, cream, and creamy whole milk, fat of meat, bacon fat, lard, margarine, suet, nuts, fish and vegetable oils, pork, egg-yolk.

CARBOHYDRATES (Sugar and Starches)

These also supply heat and energy, but should not be over-supplied at the expense of fats. Excessive consumption of carbohydrates or fats tends to increase body weight.

Carbohydrates are found in bread, cereals and cereal products, starchy vegetables, dried vegetables, jams, honey, syrups, dried fruits, biscuits, cakes, candies, etc.

VITAMINS

These vital chemical substances are required only in minute quantities, but are necessary for the body to use efficiently all other food nutrients. No deficiency will occur if a varied diet is provided and the vitamin content is not destroyed by careless cooking.

Essential vitamins are found in dairy products (butter, cheese, cream, eggs), fresh fruits and vegetables, whole-grain cereals, meat and fish, especially fish oils, yeast and yeast products.

MINERALS

Most important minerals are calcium, iron, phosphorus, and iodine; other less important minerals are found in many foods in such minute amounts that they are classed as "trace elements."

To ensure an adequate supply of calcium, iron, phosphorus, and iodine the diet must include plenty of milk, cheese, dark green vegetables, eggs, and carrots.

WATER

A certain amount of the water needed to repair body functions is supplied by food; the remainder must be taken in the form of drinks.

AMOUNTS REQUIRED

A balanced diet is made up of a mixture of foods, because no one food, except milk, contains all the necessary food substances in the right proportion to maintain life and normal health.

Quantity and type of food needed depend on age, sex, occupation, and general health of the individual. Amount also varies according to degree of muscular work done and season of year.

Women require less food than men.

Growing children, in proportion to their

body weight, all need more food than adults—to allow for rapid growth and to replenish energy used up by constant activity.

In old age less food is necessary because of diminished activity and because there is no longer need for growth, only repair; amount required is less than for a younger adult of the same size; over-eating should be avoided.

Over-eating at any age results in ill health as often as under-eating, although under-feeding has a more serious effect on

children than on adults. Those who are under-nourished have less resistance to infection.

SCHOOL LUNCHES

The Oslo lunch, now widely used in Australia, is simple and scientifically balanced to meet the basic diet needs of a school-child.

It consists of wholemeal bread spread with butter and filled with cheese or salad vegetables, meat or egg; $\frac{1}{2}$ pint milk and 1 apple.

FAMILY'S BASIC FOOD REQUIREMENTS

FOOD	AGES	QUANTITIES
Milk	(a) Children aged under 6yrs. (b) Each family member over 6yrs.	(a) 1 pint per day. (b) $\frac{1}{2}$ to 1 pint per day. Can be augmented by dried milk.
Butter	(a) Each family member over 6yrs. (b) Active older children, moderately active men, very active women.	(a) $1\frac{1}{2}$ to 2oz. per day. (b) At least 2oz. per day. Can be augmented by margarine.
Eggs	Each member of family over 6yrs.	3-4 per week in addition to eggs in puddings, etc.
Cheese	Each member of family over 6yrs.	3-4oz. per week. Natural, processed, or soft cheese.
Vegetables	Each member of family.	2 or 3 varieties a day in addition to potatoes.
Meat, Poultry, or Fish	Each member of family.	One serving per day per person. Size of serve depends on age, sex, occupation, state of health, etc.
Liver	Each member of family.	One serve per week.
Fruit	Each member of family.	1 orange or tomato per day, plus 1 or 2 pieces other fruits per day.
Cereals	All ages: Wholegrain cereals and wholemeal bread are best.	1 serve cooked breakfast cereal per day in winter; 1 serve cooked or uncooked cereal with sugar and milk or fruit in summer.

Serve some vegetables raw, such as grated carrot, celery, shredded cabbage, etc. Others should be cooked unpeeled if possible. If oranges and tomatoes are not readily available, quantity of other fruit must be increased. It can be fresh or dried, cooked or raw. Nutritional value of cheaper cuts of meat should not be overlooked when planning meals.

Tasty spreads for snacks

• This week's first prize of £5 is awarded for a selection of recipes for spreads and pastes to use on sandwiches, biscuits, or toast as a quick snack.

TWO delicious desserts sent in by a reader from Victoria have won the consolation prize of £1.

All spoon measurements are level.

SAVORY SPREADS AND PASTES

Chicken Liver Spread: Two chicken livers, 3 chicken giblets, 3 chicken giblets, 1 medium-sized onion, 1½ cups water, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon dried mixed herbs, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, little stock.

Soak kidneys in salted water ½ hour, skin and chop, removing core. Chop livers, giblets, and onion. Place all together in saucepan with water, salt, and herbs. Boil together until tender and liquid has reduced to half; cool, mince finely. Add lemon juice and enough stock to make a spreading consistency. Store in refrigerator.

Cheese Spread: One tablespoon butter, ½ lb. grated mature cheese, 2 beaten eggs, ½ cup milk, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon mixed mustard, ½ teaspoon cayenne pepper.

Melt butter in top half of double saucepan over simmering water. Add grated cheese, stir until melted. Mix in beaten eggs and milk, salt, mustard, and cayenne. Cook, stirring constantly, until thick. Store in glasses covered with transparent wrapping paper in refrigerator. Keeps 2 or 3 weeks.

Mock Turkey Paste: Half pound ripe skinned tomatoes (chopped), 1 tablespoon each grated onion, grated cheese and butter, 1 teaspoon mixed dried herbs, 1 teaspoon salt, ½ teaspoon black pepper, ½ teaspoon cayenne pepper, soft white breadcrumbs.

Put all ingredients together in saucepan, boil 1 minute. Remove from heat, add enough soft white breadcrumbs to make a paste consistency. Store in refrigerator.

Steak Paste: One pound topside steak, 1 tablespoon anchovy essence, 1 teaspoon each black pepper, ground mace, and nutmeg, 1 teaspoon salt, ½ teaspoon cayenne pepper, ½ lb. butter, little gravy.

Chop steak into small pieces, removing all fat. Put all ingredients except gravy in heatproof basin, cover, and steam 3 hours. When cool, mince finely, add just enough gravy to bind. Fill into jars, cover with transparent wrapping paper, store in refrigerator. Keeps 2 weeks.

First prize of £5 to Mrs. J. George, Nelson St., Apollo Bay, Vic.

EASY SUMMER DESSERTS

Chocolate Almond Velvet: Three-quarters cup chocolate syrup, ¾ cup sweetened condensed milk, 2 cups cream, 1 teaspoon vanilla, ½ cup floured blanched toasted almonds. Combine chocolate syrup with milk, cream, and vanilla; chill.

HOME HINTS

• Readers win £1/1/- for each of these hints.

FOR a special apple sauce, add a wineglass of port and a pinch of cinnamon just as it finishes cooking.—Mrs. K. Payor, 23 Brown Street, St. Peters, Sydney.

When repotting plants, use bottle-tops for drainage instead of hard-to-find broken rocks. Crumple the bottle-tops before using.—Mrs. Jean Millan, 601 New South Head Rd., Rose Bay, Sydney.

Soap powder emptied into a wide-mouthed tin, such as a cake or biscuit tin, is much easier to measure out and unlikely to be upset in a cupboard. There is little chance of waste and it is easy to see how the supply is holding.—Mrs. J. Althofer, "Glencoe," Roma, Qld.

Whip until fluffy and soft peaks form, fold in nuts. Pile into freezing-tray, freeze until firm. Serve spooned into sweets dishes and topped with toasted almonds. Makes 8 servings.

Bananas Elizabeth: Six bananas, 1 tablespoon strawberry jam, little lemon juice, ½ pint cream.

Mash bananas very finely (there should be no lumps). Beat in jam, add lemon juice to taste. Whip cream, fold into mixture; chill in refrigerator. Serves 3.

Consolation prize of £1 to Mrs. M. Hutchinson, 6 Butler St., Essendon, Vic.



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VARIETY of colorful motifs, including floral baskets, butterflies, blue-birds, etc., can be used to decorate linens or items of clothing. These pretty designs are from Embroidery Transfer No. 129. Order from our Needlework Dept., Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney. Price 1/6 each or 2 for 2/9, plus 5d. postage.



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That lovely fair complexion of yours was never meant to stand up to the harsh summer weather. Be kind to it, see that it is well protected when you're golfing, lazing on the beach, or anywhere in the great outdoors. Wear a nice shady hat and sun glasses - this will stop you from screwing up your eyes. Before you venture out be sure you have a film of oil of ulan under your make-up and don't forget your neck...

...Margaret Merrill.

Because she made no attempt to touch the glittering necklace, he picked it up and fastened it round her neck. The light touch of his fingers on her skin sent such a wave of giddiness over her that she dared not look at her face in the mirror. She kept her head down, waiting for the fire to go out of her cheeks.

"The diamonds were my grandmother's, and then my mother's. Now—" he scarcely hesitated at all, "they're yours."

Slowly, Bella lifted her head. She had recovered her composure. The effort had left her pale and strained, but this her husband wouldn't notice any more than he had noticed her distress.

"I'm sorry if I talked foolishly. I expect it's because I still find it difficult to believe I'm your wife."

"I told you I would never love again," he said, as if he in his turn found her lack of imagination surprising.

"But you wear my wedding ring, so you will also wear

Continued from page 20

the diamonds," he said firmly.

"To show the world?" "Exactly. That was our bargain, don't you remember?" He put out his arm, smiling. She saw that his eyes held no hostility, after all. They held nothing. "Come! Don't let us make it an impossible one."

If she had pinched herself until she was black and blue, Bella could not have believed that this was anything but a dream, herself going to the opera in silk and diamonds. Lally, on the other hand, seemed to have forgotten her luxurious state and as the carriage neared the Opera House she shrank closer to Bella.

"This is near it, isn't it?" she whispered.

"Near what?"

"Aunt Aggie's house. I can smell the same smell."

Her sister's temporary lapse into her state of nervous

BELLA

terror made Bella forget her own qualms about the ordeal ahead. She thought how handsome Guy looked in his tall opera hat and cloak as he waited outside the carriage for them to get down. Then her attention was taken by the succession of carriages drawing up and discharging their glittering passengers. The great doors of the theatre stood open before them. Guy said that as it was late they would go straight to their box.

"Come," he said, and to Lally, "Don't be afraid. No one will see you in this crush."

Bella held her head proudly. But it wasn't so high that she couldn't see the people moving back so as not to bar their passage, staring. Staring frankly, rudely. The women's heads moved stiffly in their direction, someone held up a lorgnette. There

was a titter in the crowd. No one nodded or smiled. Then suddenly Bella saw a familiar face, exquisitely pink and white, the little arrogant beak-shaped nose lifted toward them.

Mrs. Raven! Guy's mother!

She was aware of her husband making a welcoming sound. But the lady's elegantly curled grey head turned deliberately away from them. With a vivacious movement of her fan, Mrs. Raven began an animated conversation with her companions. She had cut her son dead.

Guy continued to smile, but she was seeing his eyes come alive at last. Repressed fury glittered in them. "Shall we go to our seats? Eulalie? Did I tell you how charming you look? Especially when you smile?"

Talking easily, his hands protectively on their elbows, he guided them up the staircase and to their box. Nothing in Guy's calm face showed that he knew his death-knell had sounded. He had been rejected, not only by the popular Press but by his own world.

Bella found herself too deeply disturbed to see or hear anything that happened on the stage. She sat rigidly, her hand still clutching her husband's arm. She couldn't let it go. Beneath her resentment she was conscious of a fierce racing joy. Guy's performance of a loving husband had been irresistible. She was daring to hope that when they got home it wouldn't stop.

It stopped as soon as they were in the carriage. "I forgot to tell you," he said in his now too-familiar aloof voice, "the Proudfoot trial begins at the criminal court next week. As soon as it's over, I will take you to the country."

"For always?" Bella asked sharply.

"For the summer, at least."

"Isn't retiring to the country running away from the problem?" she asked politely.

"My dear Isabella," his voice chilly, "I shall be immediately returning to London. I have no intention of running away."

So she and Lally were an embarrassment to be hidden away. The fine flamboyant gesture tonight had failed, so another tactic must be tried. Retirement, oblivion, an awkward mistake kept out of sight until forgotten. For how long? Forever?

It had all been too much for Lally. She was trembling with fatigue and nervous strain, and had to be helped upstairs. Louisa, who had waited up, was sent to undress Lally, and then told to

go to bed. Bella preferred to get out of her finery alone.

It was past midnight and the thought of sleep was impossible. She felt as if she would never sleep again. She forced herself to sit at the mirror and brush her hair, a calming occupation if ever there was one. It failed completely to calm her. She found herself constantly stopping, the brush poised in her hand, to listen.

GUY

lingered downstairs until after one o'clock. He had yet another glass of port and decided that, a little befuddled, the world looked slightly rozier. His mother had been right, dammit. He had married the wrong girl. She was already becoming a shrew. He should have married the sister, who could weep in private to her heart's content.

But that wasn't the point. The point was to continue the work he had begun. If he failed at the coming election, there would be another. Nothing had been irretrievably lost.

The fire in his bedroom was only embers, but the light was sufficient to show him the figure sitting in the armchair before it. She had wrapped up, only her flimsy nightgown. As she rose slowly, stretching and sighing, he could see the outline of her body.

Surprise, and the abrupt beating of a pulse in his throat, made his voice harsh. "Why aren't you in bed?"

"I was waiting for you." Her voice was slow, husky, as if with sleep. "You were so long."

"Why are you waiting? Is there something worrying you? Can't it wait till morning?"

"No. Being my husband can't wait till morning. Can it? If you can be my husband in public, so you can be private. I don't like half measures. I won't be your wife to the world and not here, in your own bedroom."

He had his hand entangled in her hair, jerking her head back.

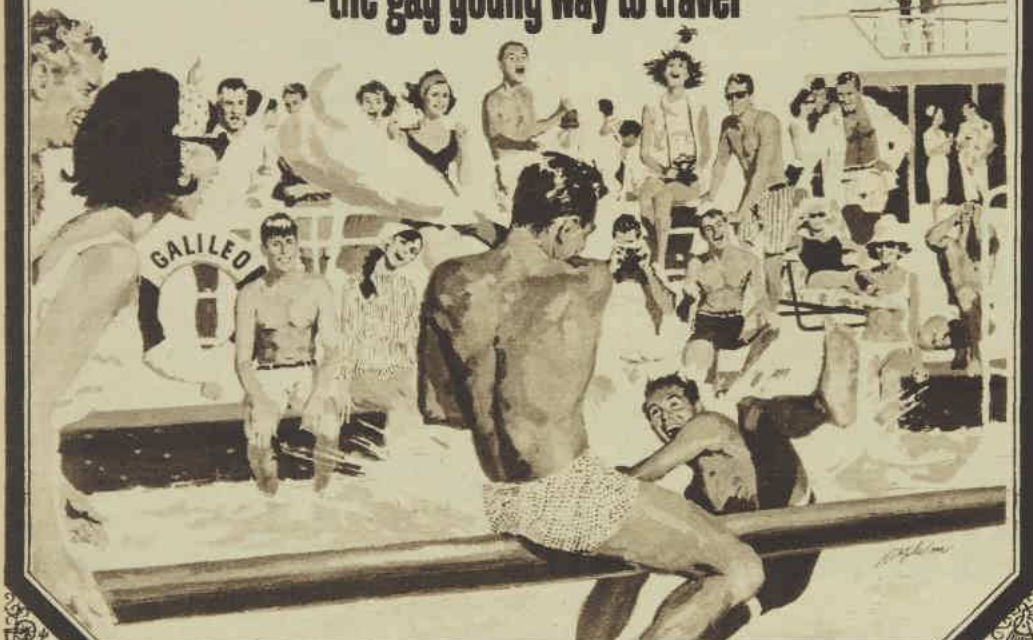
He hated her, but now his pulses were throbbing so that he could scarcely breathe. Afterwards she lay so still he thought she had fainted.

But it was the sister who would have fainted. Not Isabella who lay so motionless, her eyes glimmering through mere slits. She was reflecting on marriage, he supposed.

Abruptly he left the room. He had not meant this to happen, and vowed it never would again.

To page 39

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BRIBIE BY SUNSET

● Of all the jewel-like islands at the entrance to the Brisbane River, Bribie Island seemed most threatened by progress when a new bridge linked it with the mainland. A thousand cars an hour may pour across on a summer Sunday, but the old relaxed charm remains. There are miles of unspoiled bush walks where kangaroos bound across your path. In spring, wildflowers push through the sweet damp sand and flowering gums scent the air. The original Bribie was an escaped convict, who hid there and married a handsome Joondoburri girl. Explorer Matthew Flinders, the first white visitor, stepped ashore in 1799—and had his hat knocked off by natives at Skirmish Point.

Picture taken from Caloundra by Mrs. B. Mander-Jones, of Greenwich, N.S.W.

BEAUTIFUL
AUSTRALIA

The sad case of the segregating sexes

● The Australian custom of men and women segregating into opposite corners of the room at any get-together makes the nation's social life "incredibly dull," according to Catherine Charles, a reader who has settled here from another Commonwealth country and gives her candid comments below.

AN English writer recently marvelled, with some criticism, at the Australian custom of segregating the sexes at social functions.

As a representative of the female sex from yet another Commonwealth country, I heartily endorse her comments and would like to add to them.

From the outset, may I say that I love this country and its people. I'm happily married to an Aussie, and at the birth of our first child legally became a citizen.

My loyalties are here and I wouldn't want to live anywhere else, and I have sampled living in four countries.

Having established that my criticism is meant only to be constructive, may I continue?

Take, for instance, when we go to a small gathering of mutual friends.

I hopefully think of the conversation that will ensue, the sharing of thoughts, the fun of comparing ideas, the blending of masculine and feminine intellects. And I'm always disappointed.

Mind you, I'm no intellect by a long shot. But my mind and tongue part for meaty talk that I can get my teeth into as a means to stretch myself mentally beyond the dullness of the daily household chores.

I think longingly of former days when a social gathering meant a pooling of laughs and thoughts and an absorbing of ideas.

I know I can get all this through reading, but we humans are basically social beings and we learn from each other only by being with each other.

Well, to get back to the party!

After the preliminary greetings are over, the sexes divide and from then on (bar time out for the cats) it's a loud rendition of "You in your small corner and we in ours."

I find this particularly embarrassing at times because I usually find the conver-

sation in the "other corner" much more interesting and join in. I suddenly find that "my corner" has moved out of the room entirely.

Not wanting to be the only woman present, so to speak, I scramble to my feet in search of my ever-lovin' contemporaries.

Once found, I join them as inconspicuously as possible and invariably find them discussing clothes and children.

Don't get me wrong. I'm in favor of both, but as they are with me all day I do like a change of diet.

Never mind, I think, the food will be on soon and then I'll see my husband.

Our reacquaintance is short-lived, for as soon as the goodies are downed, the unspoken signal sounds and off we go to our corners for another round.

This signal is quite intriguing to an outsider. Not a word is uttered by either sex, but, as if by some prearranged sign, the parting of the ways takes place.

I'm convinced one must be Australian born and bred to "tune in" on this telepathic wavelength.

Also one must be in a predominantly Australian atmosphere, as any Aussies I've known overseas don't get the signal. They put up with having to mingle with the opposite sex, and even seem to enjoy it.

Well, be that as it may, it doesn't solve my problem. To help unravel this rather Victorian mystery I've called on my untypical Australian husband to give his views. (I say he's untypical, because, as a "damn foreigner," I've polluted his thinking.)

Anyway, he says Australian women aren't sophisticated enough to put their foot down and say, "No more segregating."

All over the world we are trying to integrate people of different colors and creeds. How about doing a job of it right here, ladies? Refuse to stay in "your corner," and you'll find your social life will be much more stimulating.

THE SHEEP

● "You'll never guess who that was," said my husband. He looked surprised and delighted. "That was an agent from town and he has a client who is looking for ewes and wethers off-shears just like ours. And," he concluded triumphantly, "I've sold them!"

I LOOKED up and out of the window. The blue-green leaves of the boree trees hung pendulous and lovely, framing our track to the road. The only sound was the now faint hum of the departing car; the only movement was the dust of the track settling slowly back to earth.

I was stunned. "You can't sell those sheep," I turned and looked at him. "For heaven's sake!" he said. "We're in this game for profit, not sentiment."

And with an exasperated grunt he reserves particularly for stupid women he pushed open the flyscreen door, whistling to his sheepdogs as he went. "I'm going to bring them into the yards to go over them again," he called. "The agent said the client might come out in a day or two."

We had been through so much, those sheep and I. I felt sick with misery. Gosh, a man might just as well ask a woman to part with her first-born.

The agent and his client came. The sheep were just what he wanted. Two huge semi-trailers came, and the sheep were gone.

It was just a year since we had first come to this farm. A mixed irrigation farm we had planned, with rice and grains of all kinds. We didn't have any boundary fences, but we did have a shearing shed and yards and winter feed a foot high, so, we agreed, we would have to get some lambs for fattening just as soon as possible.

"The sheep will be mainly your concern,"

my husband had said. Delighted with the responsibility, I assured him that it would be no trouble at all. He was an old sheepman from away back. I was a city girl. He knew there was more to sheep than the eventual marketing of wool and meat. She'll learn, he was thinking.

She did. The day they arrived, 600 of them, was so wet that the transport drivers declined to tackle our track to the sheepyards and instead chose to unload a mile and a half away. My husband was in town that day and alone I took delivery.

I assured the drivers that I could manage. "They don't exactly form fours and march, you know," said one. But my wealth of inexperience stood me in good stead and I gaily waved goodbye. "I must be going," I said. "They seem to be scattering a little."

Scattering a little! Heaven help me. They were crossbreds, all right. Crossed with hairy goats. They took off, heading straight into a westerly wind, and I'm still quite sure that had not two neighbors on tractors come to my aid I would be still trailing those dear little lambs across the Nullarbor Plain.

Four and a half hours later I changed the yard gate shut on the last animal. The sheep, the day, and I were completely lost. Lesson number one: that sheep when unloaded after a long journey take off at a gallop, and mindless of tempting grasses and screaming women they continue until something or someone stops them.

The lessons came thick and fast.



"I LEARNED that sheep upon entering a paddock make a full investigation of the fence line."

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● Needlework Notions may be obtained from Fashion Frocks, Fashion House, 344/6 Sussex St., Sydney. Postal address, Fashion Frocks, Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney, N.Z. readers should address orders to Box 6348, Wellington. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

AND I

By Edna Jennings

Illustrated by Astra Dick

"I never did really catch up with that first mob"

Gallantly every morning I let them out of a small holding paddock and watched them spread out over our farm and beyond, quiet now and hungry.

They feed into the wind, I was told. Indeed they do. And every evening I would test the wind direction and, accompanied by our newly acquired sheepdogs, would head out and bring them home to the fold.

The dogs, one a veteran and one a youngster, are firm friends of mine now, but at the time they thought I was plain daff; and so did the sheep.

I had read and enjoyed Rachael Jennings's Letters, which were written during the earliest stage of Australian settlement. She recorded her "colorful thoughts around sundown." I giggled when I compared that pioneer of long ago with me, this latter-day pioneer.

I could hardly publish my "colorful language around sundown" as I struggled to coax over-intelligent sheep and under-intelligent dogs up and over the hill to the yards.

Then, after a month or so, our boundary fences were completed and my job was greatly simplified. We did not have to shut the sheep up each night now that they were confined within the farm. We didn't have to spend hours looking for them.

Unless, of course, some fool left a gate open.

I used to think that sheep would never find a little old gate ajar in a great big paddock. Then I learned that sheep upon entering a paddock make a complete investigation of a fence line, all the while assuming an air of couldn't-care-less.

Only when they find the circle is complete will they set to and feed. Should they find a fence down or a gate open they will pour through and immediately start following the fence around.

And they most certainly don't always eat what's good for them. Quickly I noticed a scoury tail or two, and then they were all in trouble. Lush green feed is a snare and a delusion. So they had to be brought into the yards twice a week to be cleaned up before that arch-enemy of sheep got busy — the blowfly.

And inevitably they did get busy. I was introduced to the fly-strike. The first sign revolted me. But I got accustomed to it and found that I could clean up a strike and apply a fluid dressing and feel only pleased with a job well done.

I felt a responsibility to the sheep. We humans have bred a meat and wool machine second to none, but the sheep has little natural instinct left and plagues and pests attack them and they succumb without a single action of self-help.

We drenched the sheep with a dose of medicine administered with a drenching gun, the nozzle pressed well into the mouth so that each animal received an exact amount. This protected them from internal parasites.

And then we "dipped" the sheep, making them stand while a battery of jets sprayed from every angle with a powerful insecticide.

The residue from the spray helped protect the sheep from flies for many weeks, but they were not immune by any means. All the spring months we struggled and kept our animals clean and healthy, and it was a happy day when the shearers came for crutching.

Crutching, I learned, was the shearing of the wool from around the tail areas so that

there is less to become soiled and less chance of fly-strike. And wiggling was the shearing of wool from the forehead and cheeks so that rubbish and grass seeds would not mat the face.

I had never seen shearing gear before, and I was fascinated. My husband, that "old sheep man from way back," didn't know much about actual shearing, either, and before the shearers came we thought we would crutch a few woolly bottoms ourselves.

We didn't know how to hold a sheep for the operation. So my husband threw a sheep down and concerned himself with the nether end. All I had to do was to put a steady knee on its chest, clutch its front legs, make soothing noises, and pull the motor cord on and off, and sweep the floor after each sheep.

We reckoned that at the speed we had attained, the crutching of 600 sheep would take a little over six months of solid work — that is, if we survived the physical exhaustion. So professional shearers were engaged.

I don't know what I expected of shearers, but all I know now is that I like them. Our men had a wonderful sense of humor and many a hearty laugh I had with them. They sheared a neighbor's sheep while they were here, and they have since returned for another crutching and a full shearing.

And I was introduced to the noble art of shearers' cook. Only a few rules to observe here. Food, not in massive proportions, but of variety, tasty, and on time. Morning and afternoon tea had to be big and hearty.

"A powder, a lie-down"

They earn their reputation for being hard drinkers. Many a time a bleary eye would look at me while the owner croaked, "No dinner for me today, love — I'll just have a powder and a lie-down here if you don't mind." How they could punish themselves so I don't know.

They work four two-hour stretches a day in a five-day week, and this work is the hardest I've seen and most certainly the prettiest to watch.

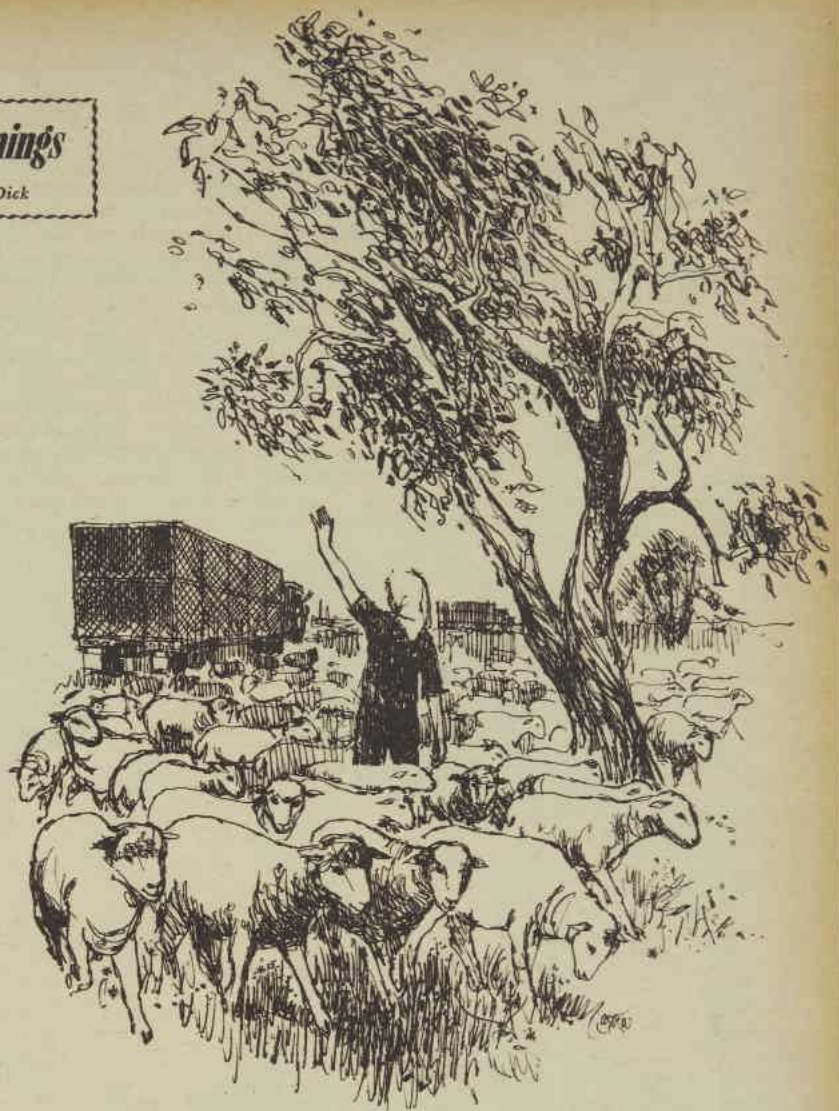
Likeable chaps they were, and always good for a yarn about "other sheds" and "other bosses."

They cheerfully answered all the questions I could think up.

From them I learned of mulesing, a



"I SAW him carrying a tiny, leggy, snow-white creature."



"MY HUSBAND was away in town that day, and alone I took delivery."

cruel-to-be-kind operation in which a strip of skin is cut around the tail area. The wound heals into a patch of non-woolbearing skin, just another way of reducing the fly-strike problem.

I learned that a crossbred sheep was the progeny of two pure breeds and that a comeback was the progeny of a crossbred sheep mated back to a pure breed.

They explained the mysteries of wool-classing and showed me the fine crimped wool of the pure Merino as against the harsher comeback wool, compared again with pure Border Leicester wool, which comes from the backs of the biggest animal in the sheep world, but which is coarse and relatively straight.

The lush green faded from the paddocks. At last, I thought. Good dry feed and no tail troubles. People forgot to tell me about grass seeds.

The mat of barley grass waved dull gold in the summer sun, each seed poised to enter the eye of a feeding sheep.

Back into the yards they had to go twice a week and each and every eye peered into. Blindness can result from the terrible irritation grass seeds set up. So I bent my back again and wrested seeds from red watering eyes while the owners struggled and behaved as if the antibiotic powder I puffed into each eye were cayenne pepper.

Several hundred of the lambs were sold to the fat-lamb market and I was pleased to see them go. My charges were now numbering 400.

Then we acquired three well-born rams to cope with the 250 ewes in the mob. And those expensive boys were destined to give me double trouble.

I was glad I was not at home the day a ram came near to drowning in a well.

Border Leicester rams are curious and nosy, and this fellow squeezed through a railing and fell into the well.

My husband was near and heard the racket, and was horrified to see the regal nose disappearing for the last time.

With tremendous effort he pulled the

animal from the water. They leaned against the fence to recover. Then hubby ran to the house and returned with a bottle of brandy. He admits they both had a jolly good swig to get over the fright.

Strangely, from that day the other two rams refused to associate with the ram that nearly drowned. Could be the brandy that was on its breath!

I learned that sheep are nothing if not inconsistent. They would balk at a puddle of water, but swim a channel when I was trying to lead them the other way. They would pour through a gate left open by mistake, but stand in front of a gate purposely opened and flatly refuse to budge.

And sheep are individuals with personalities. I watched for certain ones as I got to know them. There was scarcely a day in all that year when I did not have something to do with them.

Then the first lamb

I was waiting happily for the arrival of the first lambs. I had even read Department of Agriculture articles on how to help at difficult births. The full shearing in the early winter took all the constricting bulk of wool from their backs and they ran and jumped and pushed each other off ant-hills and generally behaved as they had in the early spring. My heart warmed to them.

Then the first lamb arrived. One morning my husband drove them into the yards and I saw him carrying a tiny, leggy, snow-white creature under his arm. Golly, I thought with pride, soon we'll have lots of them.

We had been through so much, those sheep and I. So when the agent came I felt sick with misery. Then the two huge semi-trailers came, and the sheep were gone.

With the profit from the sale we intend to buy a line of better-bred sheep. But they will never seem the same. I hope to be always two leaps ahead of the next lot, aristocrats though they may be.

I never did really catch up with that first mob.

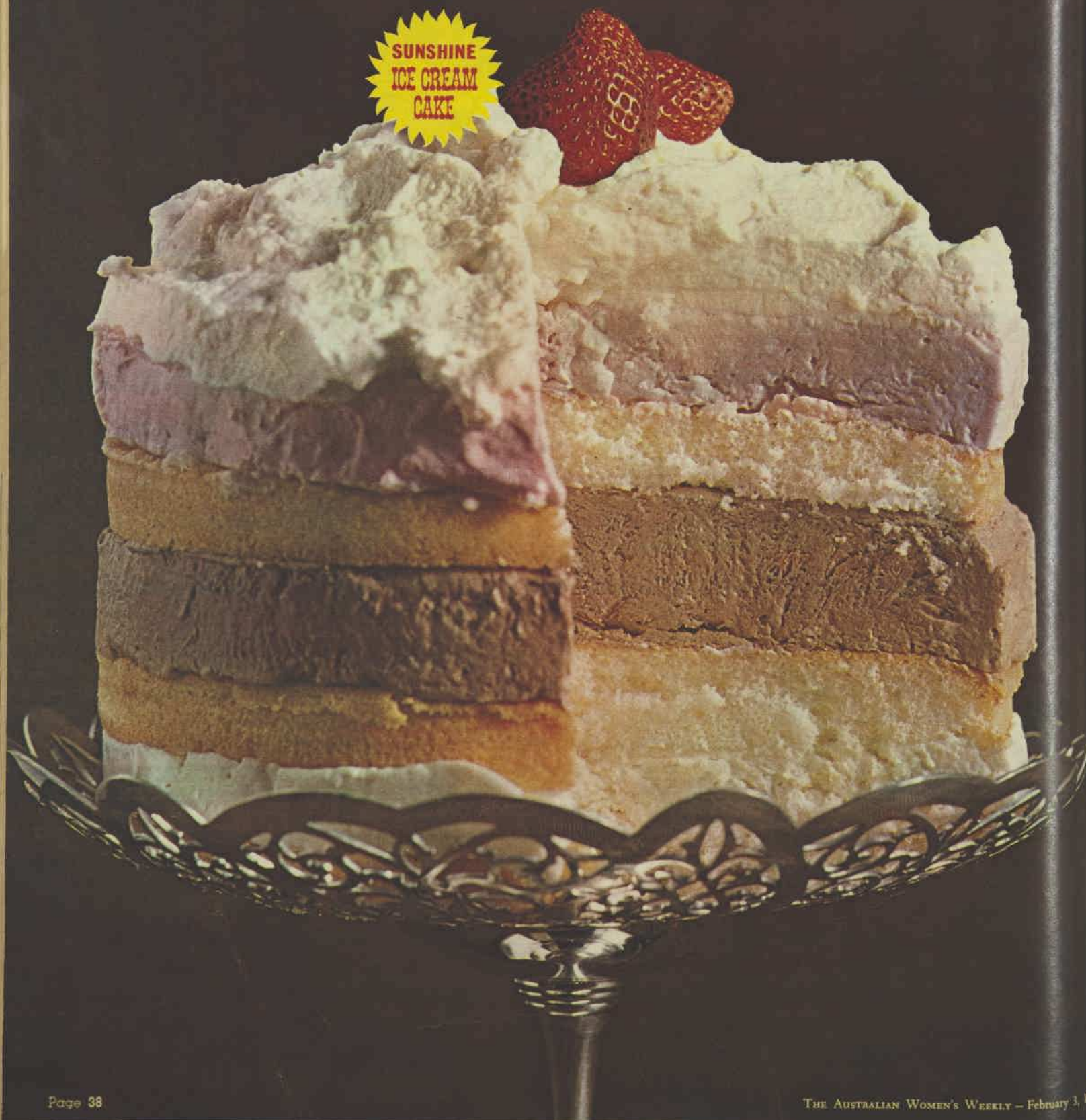


HOW TO MAKE A SUNSHINE ICE CREAM CAKE

2 tsp. gelatine, 1 cup cold water, 1 cup boiling water, 6 oz. SUNSHINE Full Cream Powdered Milk, 4 oz. sugar, 1 x 8 oz. can of NESTLÉ'S Reduced Cream, 2 tsp. lemon juice, 3 oz. glace cherries, strawberry, chocolate and vanilla flavouring, 1 x 7" sponge layer.

METHOD: Turn refrigerator control to maximum. Allow gelatine to swell in cold water. Add boiling water, stirring until gelatine has dissolved. Whisk in Sunshine, sugar, lemon juice and Reduced Cream. Freeze until consistency of thick cream. Beat in chilled bowl until thick and double in volume. Divide into three. Add strawberry flavouring and cherries to first. Chocolate flavouring to second and vanilla to third. Line deep 7" cake tin with foil. Make a collar around tin. Halve sponge. Place alternate layers of ice cream and cake in tin. Freeze. Just before serving, remove collar, lift out by overlapping edges of foil. Top with cream.

Try buying this
kind of full-of-cream
goodness (you can't)
You can only make it yourself with
the full-cream goodness of **SUNSHINE**



In the morning Bella sat in her own bed, a frivolous scrap of a cap on her neatly braided hair, her arms and throat modestly covered by a fleecy bedwrap. She was sipping the top of her egg, her face expressing a healthy participation for her breakfast, nothing more.

"Good morning, Guy," she said composedly to her husband. "Have you brought me the papers?"

"They're downstairs. I'll have them sent up, if you wish. I don't recommend them."

"Are they still slandering me? Didn't they admire Lally and me last night?"

She wasn't going to show a sign of her true feelings. Had she been shocked, badly hurt, resolved now that marriage must be endured, not enjoyed? Guy knew very well that neither of them were thinking of the fresh insults in the newspaper.

"They don't like people who flout conventions. It frightens them, makes them conscious of their own lack of courage. To the devil with them all!"

"Guy, this is very serious for you, isn't it?"

"I've never pretended it was anything else."

"We mustn't give in. We must fight. Do you still insist on Lally and me going to the country?"

"Yes, I do."

Bella sighed. Then she said, "I shall enjoy seeing Ravenscroft, of course. By the way, I've decided not to keep Louise."

"Louise?" He didn't know what she was talking about.

"The maid Cousin Henrietta found for me. I don't like her. I don't see why I should put up with someone I don't like. I intend to expose Tottie instead."

"Tottie?"

Bella burst out laughing.

"Believe you did drink too much last night, my love. You forget everybody. Tottie's the little dumb girl who was at Aunt Aggie's. She's been at Doctor Bushey's, as you very well know. He'll let her come to me, and I'll teach her how to be a good lady's maid. Let me do this, Guy. It will be helping with your own work. We can set an example by employing only these poor desperate people."

GUY had sensed her strong will and her boldness, but he could scarcely believe that she would so quickly try to run his affairs. As if that deplorable episode last night had given her unlimited confidence.

"If you want to struggle with a speechless maid, do so. That's your province."

"Thank you, my love. I'll see Doctor Bushey today. At least the country is the place for poor Tottie. And Lally, too. I wonder how Lally is this morning. I hope she didn't have a nightmare last night. I feel guilty, deserting her." She shot a look at her husband beneath her long lashes. "Are you going?"

"My secretary will be waiting."

"Oh! Of course," she lifted her face for his kiss. She was behaving as if they had been married for years. Her black hair on the pillow was an outrage. And he wouldn't refuse her interference. Yet his blood was beating again, violently. He had this overpowering impulse to hurt her, punish her, because she was pretending to be his wife, to take Caroline's place. He would have to keep her out of his sight as much as possible. Leave her safely down at Ravenscroft.

When Guy had gone Bella lay back on the pillows, no longer needing to check her

Continued from page 34

BELLA

It was another three weeks before Doctor Bushey pronounced Lally fit to travel. She had had a complete collapse, and it was several days before she recognised her surroundings or people, except Bella, again. After that she began to mend slowly, and seemed to forget a little of her fear about Noah and Aunt Aggie. She allowed herself to be convinced that she would be safe in the country, that people like Noah and Aunt Aggie didn't leave their city haunts, and that, anyway, they were now safely behind bars.

Her illness was not the only event during those three weeks. The worst was the Prime Minister's action. He had a long private talk with Guy, and advised him to postpone his political career. The scandal about the two women had now reached

you time to really study politics. After all, one shouldn't take up so important a career on an impulse. Don't you agree?"

Guy agreed with nothing. He was speechless at her impertinence. She, a little nobody, sitting calmly at her embroidery as if she had lived in this style all her life, daring to give him advice, and behaving as if the great sacrifice of his marriage were her due!

"I should be obliged, my dear Isabella, if you would keep your opinions to yourself. They don't interest me. Anyway, they are entirely wrong."

HER face was lifted now, and no longer calm. She was behaving once more as his equal. And the unforgivable thing was that he wanted to make love to her violently.

"So you're always going to blame me and Lally. But, as I've said before, it's your mother who's to blame. If she'd had the courage to take your side from the beginning, supported you instead of turning her back on you at the opera, and made her friends rally to you, it would have turned the scales. But she chose not to, and that was just the extra thing that made the world turn against you. So you blame me instead, and that isn't fair."

"I'm amazed at your impertinence!"

He left the room, banging the door behind him, and she could tell him no more.

She had done very badly. Instead of comforting him for his lost ambitions, she had quarrelled with him. He wanted her speechless and invisible, not a wife at all but a nonentity. He hadn't begun to know her.

Nor had his mother. Bella put on her bonnet and cloak and asked Doughty to get her a cab. She sat in the hall tapping her feet impatiently while waiting for it to come.

Her husband came out of the library and saw her.

"Where are you going?"

"To get Tottie. She was to be prepared to come today, before we left for the country. It should please you to have someone who can't answer back." The childish retort escaped her before she could prevent it.

"I hardly expect a servant to do that."

"You hardly expect your wife to, either."

"No. Frankly I don't."

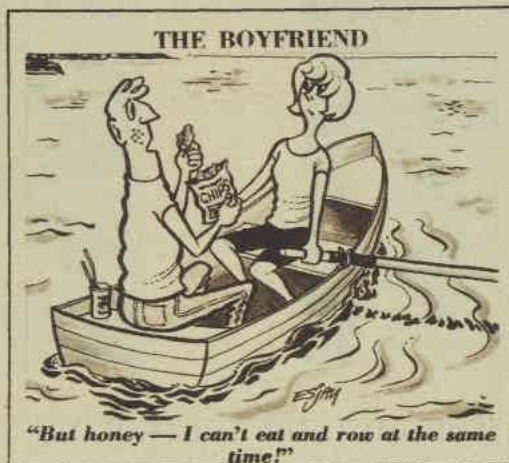
The now frequent feeling of sickness was coming over her again. She swallowed, praying she could conquer it. She had planned to tell him her news this afternoon, not knowing of the unfortunate interview with the Prime Minister. But she couldn't tell him, in this mood. She doubted now if she could ever tell him quietly and happily, as she had planned.

"I don't think you would care for a wife who has no opinions of her own."

"How can you possibly know my tastes?" he said coldly, finally.

Doughty was coming in to say that a cab was waiting. "I must go. Goodbye, my love. I won't be above an hour." She lifted her face innocently for her husband's kiss. She knew it was a trick, not to deceive Doughty, but to have his lips on hers, after all. And although he merely touched her cheek, the treacherous excitement shot through her again, making her forget her anger and her sickness.

She gave the cabman the address on the Chelsea Embankment, and then asked him to wait, as she would



Seven Dials, Bella found it impossible to follow every detail of the trial. There was a great deal of wrangling between the opposing counsel about proof, proof that there had been a woman smuggled on board the Star of Asia, proof that there had been other young women similarly smuggled out of the country in the past, proof that the baby, being so small and delicate, had not died from natural causes, most of all proof that Aunt Aggie's intentions regarding her latest "lodgers," the Misses McBride, had been criminal.

In the end it was lack of this vital proof that went in favor of the prisoners. Their sentences were extraordinarily light, each of them getting only one year's imprisonment.

Aunt Aggie, who had maintained her air of injured innocence during the whole of the trial, kept her eyes downcast as she listened to the sentence.

But Noah was not going to take even so light a sentence philosophically. He smouldered with anger. When asked if he had anything to say, his great voice came hurling back, "A year ain't forever. Wait—"

Wait . . . Bella had no time to experience more than a momentary shiver at that threat, for Lally had slid from the bench in a dead faint.

When, an endless ten minutes later, she recovered consciousness she could only whisper frantically, "We must hide! Bella, we must hide!"

She recognised neither Guy nor Doctor Bushey. When Guy said, with unexpected gentleness, "Come, Eulalie. We're going home now. Tomorrow we'll leave for the country."

"When she's fit to travel," said Doctor Bushey, restrainingly.

major proportions and threatened to damage not only Guy but the party. He could stand again at the next election, when all this would have blown over.

So the two young women with their impeccable names, their innocent eyes and their pitifully distressed faces, had ruined him after all. And now he had to live with them.

Did the Prime Minister really think Guy Raven the type to vegetate in the country? With a wife for whom he felt nothing but resentment? She had deliberately misunderstood his lofty interpretation of their marriage and had already tricked him into a physical indiscretion for which he loathed himself. He had nothing whatever about which to talk to her. Her very existence did nothing but anger him, for the sight of her constantly reminded him of his lost career and the disillusionment to which ideals could be brought.

But if she thought he were a martyr to be comforted, she was very wrong. His whitewash had come off. Now he would show her his other side. Or rather, he would show her very little of himself at all. He would establish the girls at Ravenscroft and then return to London to resume his bachelor life.

Bella, it seemed, had no thought of martyrdom. She expressed anger and indignation, and then the calm assumption that of course this damage was not permanent.

"You'll stand again, as Lord Palmerston advises. On the whole this may be a good thing. You've already created an enormous impression on the public, I shouldn't be surprised if in two years they don't come to think of you as a hero. And this will give

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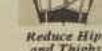
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Innocent at midnight! Rules were made to be broken with 'Face Makers à la Carte'!

be only ten or fifteen minutes. After that, he was to take her to Wigmore Street. The white door, surmounted by its beautiful Georgian fan of glass, was opened by a stiff, elderly maid in a very correctly starched cap and apron. She respectfully asked her to come in while she ascertained if her mistress were at home.

"What name shall I say, madam?"

"Mrs. Guy Raven," Bella answered, carelessly removing her gloves to display her wedding ring. "Tell my mother-in-law I'm sorry to arrive unannounced, but it's important I see her."

The maid was flustered now. She left Bella in the hall as she hurried up the stairs. Bella sat composedly in one of the carved and very uncomfortable chairs. Her heart was beating rapidly. She realised she was looking forward to this encounter.

She didn't dream for a moment that Mrs. Raven would refuse to see her.

A sudden yapping of dogs came from upstairs. A door opened and then there was the sound of that now familiar overbearing high-pitched voice. The words were intended, Bella realised, for her ears.

"Tell her I am ill. In any case, she must know I don't receive women off the streets. Well, go along, woman, go along."

Bella rose. Before the pitifully embarrassed Martha was half-way down the stairs, she had begun to mount them.

"I'm so sorry, Martha. You shouldn't have had to do so difficult an errand. I'll do it myself."

"Madam! You mustn't! Didn't you hear—"

"I hear what I choose to hear, just as my mother-in-law does," Bella swept on up the stairs and reached the door at the top. Without knocking, she flung it open. Then she stood within it and made an elaborate curtsy to the little upright figure in the chair by the fire.

Continued from page 39

"Good evening, Mrs. Raven," she said. "I'm sorry you're indisposed. I promise not to disturb you for more than a few minutes."

Mrs. Raven had got to her feet; two poodle puppies scattered from her lap, yapping excitedly.

"How dare you!" she hissed.

"Forgive my bad manners, Mrs. Raven, but I can't go until I've said what I must. You won't know what has happened to my husband today. He has been asked by the Prime Minister to postpone his political career."

"Ha! I guessed as much! And serve him right!"

"I don't think you mean that, Mrs. Raven. I think you love your son very much, and would like to help him. I know that if you intervened for him, showed the world that you were on his side—"

BELLA

She was interrupted by Mrs. Raven's outraged voice. "On his side! You mean on your side, you conscienceless fortune hunter! Have you no pride?"

"No," said Bella, and realised with wonder that she was speaking the truth. "Not where the good of my husband is concerned. I would have thought a mother would feel the same."

"How dare you tell me how a mother feels! Seeing you and your sister parading at the opera, dressed up like strumpets, wearing my diamonds—oh, yes, mine, until my son went mad—and you dare to tell me how a mother should feel. All I ask is that you stay out of my sight. The damage is done. But I, an old woman, expect peace. Now go."

"Mrs. Raven—" "Hush! You won't get round me with any mealy-

mouthing talk. If you must know, I feel only pity for you. It can't be very amusing living with a man who will already have begun to hate you. Now I ask you again to go."

The maid was holding the door open and urging Bella out. She was on the threshold before the momentary black misery lifted and she recovered her wits.

"Mrs. Raven—" The door had slammed in her face. There was the unmistakable sound of a key turning in the lock.

She banged on the door, not caring now if the whole street heard her.

"If you lock me out, you lock your grandson out, too. If you want to see him, Mrs. Raven, you must be the one to come to me. I shan't come to you again."

After a long silence the answer came, "I am afraid your cab driver is getting tired of waiting."

LATER, on the way to Ravenscroft, Bella said levelly, "Will you please ask Davis to stop?"

Guy looked at her in surprise. "What's the matter, my dear?"

Lally leaned forward. "Bella, are you ill? You look very pale."

Bella sat in rigid silence while Guy tapped on the window and asked Davis to stop the horses, then tumbled out hastily, ignoring Guy's proffered help.

When the spasm was over and she was able to lift her head and gratefully breathe the sweet air, she was aware of her husband's critical gaze.

"You didn't tell me you were a bad traveller."

"I'm not, usually. I think I must have caught a chill."

He had his hand on her arm, delaying her return to the stuffy carriage.

"Are you going to have a baby?"

"Yes. Yes, if you must know."

"If I must know! I should imagine it's my business, as well as yours. A fine time you choose to tell me, on the roadside in the middle of a journey."

"I hadn't meant it to be like this," she pleaded. The air was so sweet after the tainted London mist, the country so beautiful. And Guy standing there hatless, the wind lifting his dark gold hair, looked so handsome it would really have been a romantic place after all in which to tell her news. Except that the horses were fidgeting, and Lally was looking out anxiously, and there was Tottie crouched in her corner, not once daring to lift her head, through which who knew what terrors were racing. There was no trace of tenderness in Guy's face. He looked instead as if he had been unfairly deceived, as if, indeed, she had become pregnant only to annoy him.

"I would have told you yesterday, only you had had the upset of your meeting with Lord Palmerston. So I intended waiting until we were at Ravenscroft."

"Well, now you have broadcast your news, perhaps we can continue on our way."

He hadn't expressed pleasure, but after his first reaction of stiff shock, he had behaved quite courteously. He would quickly grow used to the idea and like it, Bella told herself optimistically.

She had been a little scared and not very pleased when Doctor Bushey had confirmed her suspicions about her

pregnancy. But now she was glad. The baby would change everything.

Lally exclaimed in admiration at the first glimpse of the long white house lying in a green hollow round the curve of the drive. She thought the whole thing a dream, but Bella clung to reality. It was true that she was going to be mistress of this mansion, and her baby would be born here, but she knew she would never truly belong until she and Guy had established some genuine contact, friendship at least.

Actually there was more to overcome than her husband's hostility. The first shock was to find that half the servants had left, influenced, it seemed, by the elderly housekeeper who had been greatly devoted to both Guy's mother and his first wife.

"Why wasn't I informed?"

Guy asked, his brows tight. Broome, the butler, replied that there had been time only to find a substitute housekeeper. He hoped to replace the maids, the boot-boy, and the under-gardener shortly.

He introduced the new housekeeper, a Mrs. Walter. She was a neat person, middle-aged, with greystreaked black hair drawn tightly back from a long fallow face.

Although she was dropping with fatigue from the long journey Bella refused to rest until she had seen the house. She took Guy's arm and insisted that he show her every room. Lally and

FROM THE BIBLE

● "Turn from the wayward impulses of youth, and pursue justice, integrity, love, and peace with all who invoke the Lord in singleness of mind."

—II Timothy 2:22

Tottie were sent upstairs with Mrs. Walter while they walked alone through sunny rooms.

The sun was the first thing Bella noticed, streaming through all the long windows, filling the rooms with golden light. Here was none of the claustrophobic gloom that people nowadays loved. The curtains were drawn back, the furnishings were in delightful colors, gold, crimson, and turquoise.

Upstairs, the only room that interested her was the master-bedroom. Strangely enough, this was the one gloomy room in the house. It was not that it didn't get plenty of light, but simply that the decorations were too subdued, all greens and blues that gave a curious underwater effect. Not that they were not modern. They looked as if they had been done quite recently, and, of course, they would have been, by Caroline. No doubt she fancied the cool subtlety of the blending of colors. But to Bella the effect was extremely depressing. She resolved to make alterations as soon as she could do so.

She tugged fretfully at the bed hangings.

"I shall have these changed to a more cheerful color. I have a great dislike for green."

"I would prefer it if you didn't."

She was uncertain, looking at his suddenly ravaged face. The knowledge came to her that this must be the room

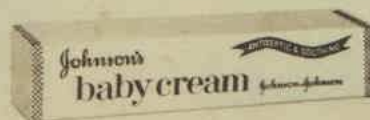
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BEST FOR BABY... BEST FOR YOU

VARIETY MEATS

SIMPLE recipes seem to suit the variety meats best, so their full, delicate flavor is retained. They are easily prepared and, with the exception of tripe, which needs gentle simmering, can be cooked in minutes.

Serve them often; in addition to their good taste, they are a rich source of nutriment at a low price. The recipes in this two-page cookery feature give many ideas.

Level spoon measurements and the eight-liquid-ounce cup measure are used in the recipes. Quantities serve four to six unless otherwise stated.

● Kidneys, sweetbreads, tripe, brains, and liver are the best known of the variety meats. They all can provide, economically and deliciously, variety in family menus.

KIDNEYS

To prepare: If possible, buy kidneys encased in their surrounding fat; this can be rendered down and used for general cooking purposes. Wash kidneys, remove skin. Cut calf's kidneys in half. Remove hard core and any fat or gristle.

When frying halved kidneys, place them cut side down in pan and press lightly. This will seal the cut edge, thus retaining all juices.

KIDNEYS CHASSEUR

Twelve lamb's kidneys, salt, pepper, 4 tablespoons butter, 1 tablespoon finely chopped shallots, 1 teaspoon flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup madeira or port wine, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup dry white wine, 1 can button mushrooms or $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. fresh mushrooms, tomato wedges, parsley, triangles of fried bread.

Soak kidneys in salted water a few minutes. Remove outer skin and fat from kidneys, cut into slices. Sprinkle with salt and pepper. Melt half the butter in frying-pan, add kidneys, cook quickly until just beginning to brown; remove from pan. Add shallots and flour to pan drippings, cook 2 minutes. Add madeira and white wine, add kidneys, bring to the boil. Cook 5 minutes. In separate pan melt remaining butter, saute well-drained mushrooms in it a few minutes. If using fresh mushrooms, slice and saute 5 to 7 minutes. Pile kidney mixture on serving-

plate, top with mushrooms. Serve with triangles of fried bread and quartered tomato. Garnish with parsley.

FLAMBEED KIDNEYS CASANOVA

Six lamb's kidneys, 2oz. butter, 2 teaspoons french mustard, salt, pepper, 4 tablespoons port wine, little brandy, 4 tablespoons pate de foie gras, 1 tablespoon lemon juice.

Skin kidneys, cut in halves, removing tubes and membranes. Saute 2 minutes on each side in heated butter, then stir in mustard, salt and pepper. Cook a minute longer, then stir in port. Sprinkle over a little brandy and ignite, allowing flames to burn out and die down; stir constantly.

Mash pate with fork until very soft, gradually add to pan; cook further few minutes, without allowing sauce to boil. Just before serving, add lemon juice. Serve immediately.

Note: One of the excellent brands of inexpensive tinned pate now available can be substituted for the pate de foie gras.

KIDNEYS PIQUANTE

Eight lamb's kidneys, 1oz. butter, 2 shallots (finely chopped), 1 cup stock, salt, pepper, $\frac{1}{2}$ pint cream, 1 teaspoon anchovy essence, 1 tablespoon worcestershire sauce, 1 tablespoon mushroom ketchup, toast slices.

Skin kidneys, removing tubes and membranes; cut in halves. Saute in heated butter 3 minutes, turning once. Transfer to oven-proof dish. Saute shallots in remaining butter

until soft, then pour on the stock; bring to the boil, stirring to incorporate all brown particles. Simmer until stock is reduced by half, then pour over kidneys. Season with salt and pepper. Whip the cream, adding worcestershire sauce, mushroom ketchup and essence. Spoon over kidneys, bake in hot oven until topping is lightly browned. Serve at once, with slices of hot buttered toast.

DEVILLED KIDNEYS

Eight lamb's kidneys, 4oz. butter, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup finely chopped parsley, 1 small onion (grated), 1 clove garlic (crushed), 1 tablespoon worcestershire sauce, 1 tablespoon dry sherry, pinch cayenne, salt, toast slices, chutney.

Wash kidneys, remove skin and split open. Remove fat and membranes, cut each kidney in halves. Soften butter, work in the onion, garlic, cayenne and salt. Melt butter in frying-pan, put in kidneys, cook quickly on each side, turning once. Add worcestershire sauce, sherry and parsley to pan, mix well. Spoon kidneys on to hot toast slices, pour over pan juices; serve immediately with side dish of chutney.

SWEETBREADS

To prepare: Wash sweetbreads well, soak in cold water 3 to 4 hours, changing water several times. Drain, place in saucepan with sufficient cold water to cover. Bring water slowly to boil, simmer 3 minutes. Drain, plunge at once into cold water. Remove as much skin and membrane as possible; dry well.

If desired, they can be spread out on a plate and weighed down by pressing another plate on top of them. In this way, they flatten as they cool.

The sweetbreads are now ready to cook in a variety of ways.

GRILLED SWEETBREADS

Three pairs sweetbreads, seasoned flour, salad oil, toast slices, 2oz. butter, 2 tablespoons chopped parsley, juice 1 small lemon, grilled mushrooms, tomato halves.

Roll prepared sweetbreads in seasoned flour, then in salad oil. Place on griller and grill (about 3in. from flame) 5 minutes on each side. Spoon on to toast slices, keep warm. Combine the melted butter, lemon juice and parsley, pour over sweetbreads. Garnish platter with grilled mushrooms and tomato halves; serve immediately.

Continued overleaf

Recipes from our Leila Howard Test Kitchen



KIDNEYS Chasseur:

In this easily prepared and delicious dish, the kidneys are cooked in wine and served with mushrooms. See this recipe above.



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VARIETY MEATS . . . Continued

LIVER AND LAMB'S FRY

To prepare: Soak in cold water at least 1 hour before cooking. Drain well, remove outside skin. Slice fairly thinly for cooking.

Liver and lamb's fry are interchangeable in the following recipes. Liver cooks quickly—do not overcook.

LIVER SAUTE

One pound liver, 1 clove garlic (cut), salt, pepper, 2oz. butter, 2 tablespoons finely chopped parsley, juice $\frac{1}{2}$ lemon.

Rub both sides of prepared liver with cut clove of garlic, then slice thinly and sprinkle with salt and pepper. Melt butter in frying-pan, put in liver, cook quickly on both sides 3 to 5 minutes, turning slices so they brown evenly; do not overcook. Transfer to serving-dish. Add lemon juice, salt, pepper, and parsley to butter remaining in pan and mix well. Pour over liver; serve immediately.

LIVER AND BACON

One pound liver, seasoned flour, butter for frying, 4 rashers bacon, 1 small onion (thinly sliced), hot water or stock, salt and pepper, chopped parsley.

Cut prepared liver into $\frac{1}{2}$ in. slices; toss in seasoned flour, saute in heated butter 3 minutes on each side; transfer to hot serving-dish. Fry bacon until crisp, arrange over liver. Cook onion slices in remaining fat until golden brown. Drain, scatter over top of bacon. Add a little hot water or stock to pan, bring to the boil, stirring. Add salt and pepper then spoon over liver. Sprinkle with chopped parsley. Serve immediately.

VENETIAN LIVER

Two pounds prepared liver, 3oz. butter, 3 medium onions (sliced), 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, juice 1 small lemon.

Heat 1oz. butter in frying-pan, put in onions, cook until golden. Melt remaining butter in separate pan, add liver, saute until tender. When liver is almost cooked, add onions, cook further 2 to 3 minutes. Transfer to heated serving-dish, sprinkle with parsley and lemon juice. Serve immediately.

LIVER KEBABS

One pound liver, 4 rashers bacon, 2oz. mushrooms, $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. butter, 1 tablespoon oil, 4 tablespoons breadcrumbs, 4 tablespoons extra oil, salt and pepper, juice of 1 lemon, chopped parsley.

Cut liver and bacon into squares, peel mushrooms. Heat the butter and 1 tablespoon oil in frying-pan, put in liver, saute over high flame 2 minutes. Remove, saute mushrooms in remaining fat further 2 minutes.

Thread liver, mushrooms, and bacon on skewers, putting a square of liver last. Roll skewers in remaining oil, then in crumbs. Set aside until ready to cook, then sprinkle with any remaining oil. Grill gently 10 to 12 minutes. Sprinkle with salt, pepper, lemon juice, and parsley. Serve at once.

SWISS-STYLE LIVER

One and a half pounds prepared liver, flour, salt and pepper, 1 teaspoon paprika, 2oz. butter, 1 teaspoon white vinegar, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup dry white wine.

Cut prepared liver into finger-length strips, roll these in mixture of flour, salt, pepper, and paprika; allow to dry. Saute the strips in heated butter until browned on all sides, shaking pan frequently. Remove to serving-dish. Add vinegar and wine to pan, bring to the boil, stirring to incorporate all brown particles. Pour sauce over liver. Serve immediately.

BRAINS

To prepare: Soak brains in cold water several hours, changing water frequently. Remove from water and remove membranes; wash well.

Place in saucepan with sufficient water to cover. Add 1 tablespoon of vinegar and a little salt, bring slowly to just

below boiling point. (A small carrot, sliced, bayleaf, $\frac{1}{2}$ onion sliced, can also be added to the water for extra flavoring.)

Poach gently 15 to 20 minutes, without allowing water to boil. Let stand in cooking liquor until ready to use, then drain and dry.

BRAINS IN BLACK BUTTER

Four sets prepared brains, seasoned flour, butter for frying, 4 tablespoons extra butter, juice 1 lemon, 1 teaspoon capers, chopped parsley.

Toss prepared brains in seasoned flour. Saute in heated butter until golden brown, remove to hot serving-dish. Place 4 tablespoons extra butter in pan, cook until it turns brown. Remove from heat, add lemon juice and capers. Pour the sizzling butter over brains, dust with chopped parsley, serve immediately.

BRAINS WITH BLACK OLIVES

Three sets brains, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sliced, pitted black olives, 2 tablespoons butter, $\frac{1}{2}$ small onion (grated), 1 tablespoon flour, 1 cups chicken stock, 2 egg-yolks (beaten), 2 tablespoons finely chopped green pepper, 1 tomato (peeled and chopped), 1 tablespoon capers, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, salt, pepper.

Cut prepared brains into cubes. Melt butter in saucepan, add onion, cook until soft. Stir in flour, cook further 2 to 3 minutes. Add stock, cook until thickened, stirring constantly. Stir 2 tablespoons of this mixture into beaten egg-yolks. Gradually add egg mixture to hot sauce, stirring constantly. Simmer 5 minutes, without boiling. Add brains and remaining ingredients, place over hot water, simmer 15 minutes. Serve immediately.

BRAIN FRITTERS

Two sets brains, juice of 1 lemon, salt, pepper, prepared batter, fat for frying, lemon wedges.

Prepare brains as directed. Cool, then drain and drain into pieces, marinate these about 30 minutes in lemon juice, salt and pepper. Meanwhile, prepare batter and allow to stand.

Drain brain pieces, dip in batter, coating thoroughly. Deep fry until golden brown, then drain well on absorbent paper. Transfer to serving-dish, serve very hot with lemon wedges.

Batter: Four ounces plain flour, 1 tablespoon melted butter or oil, 1 egg (separated), salt and pepper, $\frac{1}{2}$ pint ale or milk.

Sift flour and seasoning into bowl, make well in centre, add oil, egg-yolk, and ale or milk. Mix lightly until smooth, allow to stand about 30 minutes. At cooking time, fold in stiffly beaten egg-white.

MARINATED BRAINS PARISIAN

One tablespoon melted butter, 1 dessertspoon flour, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, 1 teaspoon chopped parsley, 1 bayleaf, 1 cup dry white wine, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon dry mustard, dash nutmeg, 4 sets prepared brains, 2oz. extra butter, 2 egg-yolks, extra chopped parsley.

Prepare marinade by combining the first 8 ingredients. Mix thoroughly, cook over low heat 6 to 7 minutes, stirring. Cool, pour over prepared brains. Allow to stand 1 hour, then drain brains and strain marinade. Brown brains on all sides in heated extra butter. Pour in half the marinade, simmer gently 10 minutes. Transfer brains to serving-dish, keep hot. Place remaining marinade in saucepan, add egg yolks. Stir over boiling water until thick. Strain over brains, dust with extra parsley. Serve immediately.

TRIPE

To prepare: For best results, tripe should be absolutely fresh; if possible, cook and serve it on the day it is bought.

Although tripe, when bought, has already been par-boiled in processing, a preliminary blanching, followed by long, careful cooking, is necessary.

Place tripe in large saucepan with sufficient cold water to cover; add squeeze of lemon juice. Bring slowly to the boil, simmer 5 minutes. Drain well, then prepare as desired.

TRIPE LYONNAISE

One and a half pounds tripe, water, 2oz. butter, 2 onions (thinly sliced), 2 tablespoons vinegar, salt, pepper, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley.

Cook blanched tripe in water to cover 3 to 4 hours or until tender. Drain, cut into small pieces. Saute these in 1oz. of the butter until golden brown. In another pan, melt remaining butter, add onions, cook until golden. Add vinegar to onions, with seasoning, parsley, and, lastly, tripe. Heat mixture, serve immediately.

TRIPE BORDELAISE

One and a half pounds tripe, 2 onions (chopped), 1oz. butter, 1 clove garlic (crushed), 3 tomatoes (peeled and chopped), 1 tablespoon tomato paste, 1 cup chicken or veal stock, salt and pepper, bouquet garni, chopped parsley, new potatoes.

Cut blanched tripe into strips. Saute onion in the butter until golden, then add garlic, tomatoes, tomato paste, stock, seasoning, and bouquet garni. Bring liquid to the boil, put in tripe, cover and cook very slowly until tripe is tender (3 to 4 hours). Remove bouquet garni, skim off fat. Correct seasoning, transfer to serving-dish. Sprinkle with chopped parsley, serve with new potatoes.

TRIPE MAITRE D'HOTEL

One and a half pounds tripe, 2 tablespoons capers, 1 cup chicken or veal stock, 1 cup dry white wine, piece lemon peel, bouquet garni, salt, pepper, 2 egg-yolks, slices of fried bread.

Cut blanched tripe in strips, place in saucepan with capers, stock, wine, lemon peel, and bouquet garni. Cover, cook slowly 3 to 4 hours or until tripe is tender, adding more stock as necessary.

Transfer tripe to serving-dish, keep hot. Reduce liquid over high heat until 1 cup remains. Season with salt, pepper. Beat egg-yolks, add 1 tablespoon of the hot sauce. Gradually add this to remaining sauce, stir over hot water until sauce thickens. Pour over tripe, serve with slices of fried bread.

SWEETBREADS . . . from previous page

SWEETBREADS A LA KING

Two pairs prepared sweetbreads, 3 tablespoons butter, 12 mushrooms (sliced), 1 green pepper (seeded and chopped), 1 canned red pimiento (chopped), $\frac{1}{2}$ cup dry sherry, 1 cup cream, 1 tablespoon flour, 1 cup milk, salt and pepper, 4 individual puff pastry cases (2 $\frac{1}{2}$ in. to 3 in. in diameter).

Cut prepared sweetbreads into small cubes. Melt half the butter in saucepan, put in mushrooms, green pepper and pimiento; cook gently 10 minutes, then add half the sherry and cream. Simmer sauce until reduced by half, then add diced sweetbreads. Melt remaining butter in another saucepan, add flour, cook 3 minutes. Then add scalded milk, stir mixture over moderate heat until smooth and thick. Add sweetbread mixture, season to taste with salt and pepper. Stir in remaining cream and sherry, reheat without boiling. Spoon mixture into heated pastry-cases, serve immediately.

SAUTEED SWEETBREADS WITH HAM

Three pairs prepared sweetbreads, 3 tablespoons butter, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. mushrooms (sliced), 6 slices ham, 1 tablespoon flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ cups chicken stock, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup cream, 1 egg-yolk, salt and pepper.

Cut sweetbreads into bite-sized pieces. Melt half the butter in frying-pan, add sweetbreads and mushrooms, cook until golden brown. Meanwhile, heat ham slices gently in oven. Melt remaining butter in saucepan, stir in the flour, cook 2 minutes, then gradually add the chicken stock. Bring to the boil, stirring, simmer 5 minutes. Combine cream and egg-yolk, add a tablespoon of the hot sauce; add this mixture to remaining sauce, reheat without boiling. Season to taste with salt and pepper.

Arrange ham slices on hot serving-dish. Cover with the drained sweetbreads and mushrooms, spoon over the prepared sauce. Serve immediately.

not only where he had loved Caroline but where she had died. For a moment her courage deserted her. There was too much to fight.

There were plenty of bedrooms in the house. She would choose another. This one could be closed, left to gather dust and cobwebs, like an old tomb.

But no, that would only preserve the unwelcome ghost. And she herself would remain an intruder. In this room Guy must learn to know his new wife.

So she ignored his private torment and said reflectively, regarding the bed hangings, "Yellow, I think. And white curtains at the windows. And the walls with a crimson and gold design. You won't believe the difference. Let me amuse myself in this way."

His wintry eyes met hers. She knew he read exactly what was in her mind and was astonished at her lack of tact.

"Don't waste your time trying to change me, Isabella."

She deliberately misunderstood him and cried gaily, "Not you! The room! The bed, those silly spindle chairs which I am sure would collapse if you sat on them, everything. Oh, I promise not to change other things in the house. But this room where I will spend a great deal of time, surely that's my domain."

His frozen face drove her to add, crazily, "I won't sleep in the bed where your wife died!"

"I forbid you to touch a thing," he said, and turned on his heel and left.

A tap at the door stopped her angry muttering. She hastily smoothed her hair and put her hands to her hot cheeks, summoning back the dignity she had lost. At her bidding the housekeeper, Mrs. Walter, appeared.

"Is everything in order, madam? Can I be of help to you?" Bella saw that the woman fortunately was more concerned with making a good impression than in noticing her new mistress' discomposure.

"Thank you, Mrs. Walter, but Tottie will unpack for me."

It was only a flash in her mind that this woman seemed a little too servile. That wouldn't be true, for Mrs. Walter, gathering confidence, was already expressing an opinion.

"Please don't think me forward, madam, but your sister tells me the girl you brought with you is to be your maid. She seems so young and untrained, and, besides, not being able to speak! Please forgive me, madam, for presuming like this—I

Continued from page 42

am sure you have performed the kindest action—but I would be so happy to find you a capable maid while the child learns."

"Tottie will manage very well, Mrs. Walter." A suspicion came into Bella's head. "Perhaps you had someone in mind?"

"Oh, no, madam. But I have experience in engaging maids."

"Of course, I am sure you have the highest credentials. It was fortunate you were able to come to us at practically a moment's notice. What was your last position?"

"It was in London, madam. With Lady Merriweather of Eaton Square. But the fogs didn't agree with me. I had to come to the country. I'd given my notice when I saw Broome's advertisement, so it was lucky I could come immediately."

When she had gone, Lally came bursting in.

"Oh, Bella, is it really true about the baby?"

Bella nodded, and Lally flung her arms round her, the ready tears filling her eyes.



"You should have told me! You should never have set out on that long journey without even telling Mr. Raven. You will let me help care for it, won't you, Bella?"

"Of course I will, goose."

"And it won't die?"

"I don't intend going through all this discomfort just to have a child that dies."

Lally began to giggle. "You're so outspoken, Bella, really. How you stand up to Mr. Ra—Guy, I'll never know. Tell me—is he kind to you?"

"He's as all husbands are," said Bella, shrugging indifferently. "I'm going to do this room over. I told Guy I didn't care for green as a color. And now, where's Tottie?"

"I told her to unpack for me, but every time she heard a footstep she wanted to hide."

Bella sighed. "Really, you and Tottie are a fine pair. And now I've got to make her a good maid or Mrs. Walter will laugh at me."

"Mrs. Walter?"

"She's already told me she could find someone better."

The quick apprehension was in Lally's face.

"Don't fret, I can manage Mrs. Walter."

But so far she hadn't been able to manage Tottie, who had quite disappeared, and was discovered at last crouching in the corner of the large wardrobe in Lally's room.

"Tottie, for goodness sake, come out at once!"

The girl crept out shamefacedly, her shoulders drooping, her head bent.

Bella lifted her chin.

"Look at me, Tottie!"

Tottie obeyed, her dark

BELLA

eyes still as wary as a wild creature's.

"Now, do I look the kind of person who would allow anything bad to happen to you? Or does my sister look unkind? I know this house is big and strange, but it's beautiful. You're a very lucky girl to be here. Whatever are you afraid of? That someone will eat you?"

The merest twitch passed over Tottie's dull face. But Bella recognised it for what it was. The child had almost smiled. It must be something she had forgotten how to do long, long ago.

She swallowed the foolish lump in her throat, and made herself speak briskly.

"Now finish Mrs. Eulalie's unpacking, then come at once to me. I want a change of clothes put out, and my hair brushed. Do you know, Lally, now I'm expecting a baby I find the most soothing thing of all having my hair brushed. Tottie has a very nice touch. But she must learn to be quicker about her work."

Then the small miracle happened. Tottie came to life. Nodding vigorously, and going down on her knees, she began tumbling the remainder of the articles out of Lally's bag. Her little head, with its tufted, straw-colored hair still short from its drastic clipping by Doctor Bushey, was tousled and would have to be covered neatly with a cap, her dress was rumpled already, and her reddened hands clumsy. But all her actions suddenly spoke of willingness and hope. Bella knew the battle to win her trust was over and won. Trainable or not, Tottie was going to be a loyal servant.

The next morning Guy left for London, and refused to say when he would be back, if ever.

Once more it was Lally who took Bella's mind off herself. It really seemed as if Lally would never again be able to face the world with ease. Even going to church had proved to be a tremendous ordeal. She hadn't been conscious of anything the vicar had said, but only of the people staring. She had been so sure that they were not all innocent and friendly. An enemy could lurk behind the bluest and gentlest of eyes. Didn't Bella remember how innocent Aunt Aggie had seemed?

She had nightmares again that night, and the next day refused to leave her room. She felt safe only within those four walls. It took three days to coax her to go into the garden, and another week before she could be persuaded to accompany Bella to the village. Indeed, then it was only when Bella said she wanted to shop for materials with which to make baby clothes that Lally consented to go.

This outing, accomplished without any untoward event, seemed to restore Lally's confidence, and after that she became quite cheerful, sewing the tiny garments with her exquisite stitching. One would have thought it was her own baby for which she was preparing.

Guy, it seemed, had left instructions with Broome and Mrs. Walter that they were not to engage any more staff. He would attend to the matter himself.

A few days after his departure a letter arrived for Bella. She made herself crush down any expectancy that its contents would express affection. It was as well she did so for the letter was scarcely more than a note which advised that two servants, a young woman and a boy, named Molly Hancock and

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AT HOME with Margaret Sydney

● If you're fed up with your own problems — if you're sick of being the one pair of hands in the house responsible for almost everything, the one person who's expected to find everything everyone else has lost — then you might enjoy reading about other people's problems for a little light relief.

WHAT The Butler Saw—250 years of the servant problem" by E. S. Turner will certainly reconcile you to your steam iron and your vacuum-cleaner and your humble old kitchen tap with its running water, no matter whether you're the optimistic type who thinks that if you'd lived in the bad old days you'd have had a houseful of servants or the pessimistic type who thinks you'd have been one.

The introduction says that today only one British family in a hundred has a resident domestic worker and in America only one in 250. I'm only guessing, but I should think the figure here would be even lower.

If your son has a tendency to talk with his mouth full (as mine does) and your daughters sit reading in a chair with their legs draped over the arm (as mine do), don't blame them or yourself—apparently it's all due to the fact that you haven't got a staff of servants.

This is according to the weighty pronouncement of an English sociologist who said: "The absence of resident domestic servants may partly account for the decline of formal behaviour in the middle-class home. The need to demonstrate social difference to inferiors in all matters of domestic life no longer exists."

I must say I'm glad it doesn't. Much as I'd like to see Mike's face if I were to say, "Michael, please, not in front of the servants," I think I might find the strain of keeping up appearances a bit much myself.

Shoe-laces were ironed

and money washed . . .

THE Complete Servant" of 1825 set out a scale of employees suitable to gentlemen of different means.

If you had £500 a year you needed three female servants and a boy; between £600 and £750 a year you needed a cook, two housemaids, a footman, and a groom; at the £1000-a-year mark four female servants, a coachman, a footman, and a man to assist in the stable and the garden.

By the time your income had risen to between two and three thousand you needed a butler as well. And their wages were high—£50 a year.

To go with your butler (butlers were very fussy people) you needed nine women and eight men—housekeeper, cook, lady's maid, two housemaids, nurse, nursery maid, kitchen maid, laundry maid, coachmen, two grooms, valet, two footmen, two gardeners.

Maybe all that spared you from scouring pots and sweeping the fluff from under beds, but I suspect it involved you in domestic problems we've never dreamt of.

They had to "demonstrate social difference to inferiors" all the time, too, and if you wanted an extra log of wood on the fire the butler would tell the footman to tell the housemaid to tell the kitchen maid to tell the wood boy.

It probably took about the same time to get the wood as it does in this house, with the children's long arguments as to whose turn it is. But here at least you can get it yourself if you can't stand the argument, and you could hardly do that in a household with 18 servants.

One of the main problems must have been to find enough for some of these people to do. In one of the great houses of England, in the middle of last century, the Duchess had her spare change washed every day, and the valets ironed the laces from the gentleman's boots daily.

The varied role of an old-style housekeeper

THE housekeeper was almost as powerful a person as the butler (Wodehouse described the butler of older days as "weighing 250 pounds on the hoof, butlers with three chins and bulging abdomens, butlers with large gooseberry eyes and that austere butlerlike manner which has passed so completely away . . .") and she did the buying as well as the hiring and firing of the other female servants.

She left the cooking to the cook, but she was the expert on making curious things like "British champagne" (by crushing unripe gooseberries and adding them to brandy), crows' mead, raisin wine, scurvy grass wine, cures for melancholy, griping of the guts, mad-dog bites, and corns.

In the early 18th century, women who got fed up with all this could still (though many people disapproved of it) buy slaves.

And if you had somewhere between £30 and £40 you could answer an ad. like this: "For sale, a healthy Negro girl, aged about 15 years, speaks good English, works well at her needle, does household work, and has had the smallpox."

I imagine that last bit was a recommendation. If she'd had it and got over it she wouldn't be likely to bring it into the house.

Nobody bothered much about whether their servants could read or write, and a lot of them must have gone off bearing references they thought were better than they were!

Early in the 1700s the Earl of Berkeley's fourth son wrote this reference for his cook:

"Catherine York is the best cook I have had in 20 years or more that I have kept house. I believe her honest, not extravagant in the kitchen; she is very clean."

"Her temper is like charcoal, which kindles soon and sparks to the top of the house. She is passionate and ungovernably wilful in her way."

"We had many quarrels and bore many faults for the sake of the table. The final quarrel was when my wife, according to custom, sent her maid to see the other maids' candles out."

"Catherine York bolted her door and denied her entrance. I do not charge her with drinking but with being as impetuous as if she did drink. I was afraid we might be burned in our beds."

History never tells you the things you want to know. What happened to Catherine, I wonder? I bet she married somebody's butler (250lb. on the hoof and rich from taking bribes from his master's tradespeople) and that they set themselves up in a nice little public house and got richer and richer and heavier and heavier.

And I bet that Catherine wouldn't stand any nonsense from her maids but forced them to govern their tempers and put their candles out when she told them to.

Lemons for Beauty

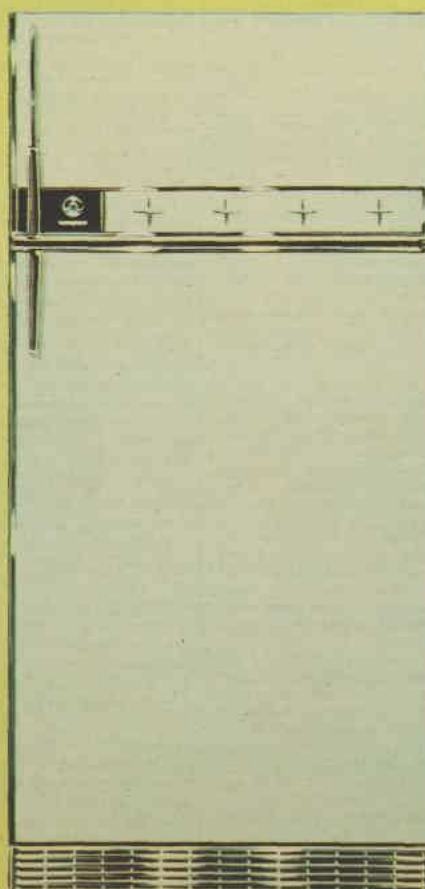
To keep your skin clear and fair you need the natural cleansing and bleaching tonic of lemons. Ask your chemist for a bottle of lemon delph, the latest type skin freshener used by beautiful women throughout the world. Lemon delph makes the complexion, neck and shoulders fair and lovely as it melts out plugged pores, closes them to a beautifully fine texture. Lemon delph freshener is excellent for a quick cleanse or to quell a greasy nose. A little brushed on the hair after your shampoo will give it the glamour of sparkling diamonds. This is a luxury skin freshener, cleanser and tonic.



Step ahead with
Westinghouse



One week old . . . but nobody guessed.



To keep any meat appetisingly fresh is a tough test for any refrigerator. Particularly cooked meats, which may have already lost moisture in the cooking. Older type refrigerators can't pass this test. This is because they absorb moisture from food in the process of chilling it. After a day or so meats begin to shrink and darken, "left-overs" lose all appetite appeal and become "throw-outs," vegetables lose their garden freshness.

The new Westinghouse two-door refrigerator-freezer passes the test with flying colours; with appetising colour in the meat, too.

This ability to preserve freshness is a Westinghouse feature because the unique Westinghouse fully automatic defrost system keeps the entire refrigerator section moist-cold as well as eliminating the need for messy defrosting.

Food moisture is not extracted under moist-cold conditions. And when moisture remains in food so does freshness, flavour, colour and texture.

The second door opens a compartment that operates independently of the moist-cold refrigerator to maintain true deep freeze temperatures that will preserve 100 lbs. of food for months on end. Other features are that ice-cubes won't stick; that shelf design copes readily with the odd shapes of all those bits and pieces you expect a refrigerator to hold.

Good food is costly. Preserving its goodness isn't—not with the terms and trade-ins your Westinghouse retailer can offer.

You can be sure if it's . . .



Westinghouse

BELLA

Joseph Smith respectively, would be arriving by the London coach the following day. Perhaps Bella would be good enough to arrange for them to be met at the coach stop in the village.

The brief chilly note ended, "I hope you and your sister are well."

Bella was intensely curious about these two young people. She suspected that they had both been in some kind of trouble and that Guy, in spite of his intention to go back to the idle life of a rich man, was still making investigations among the poor.

It wasn't difficult to get Joseph's story from him. For all his large frame he was little more than a bag of bones. He had been attempting to support a sick mother and five young brothers and sisters by running errands or begging for jobs at the doors of rich houses. Then he had begun to steal. It was mostly food, a string of sausages snatched from a butcher's, an orange from a coster's barrow, a loaf of bread, once a blanket hung out to dry.

He had got caught for stealing a bun out of a bakery the day his mother died.

Bella asked him how it had happened, he wasn't sent to prison, and he said that was because of the master.

"He promised to see I kept out of trouble. Then he told me that he'd give his word I wouldn't do nothing bad. I'd die as soon as let him down," he said.

Molly Hancock was another matter. She was a pretty creature with melting dark eyes and pouting lips. At first she would say nothing at all about her past, but, finally, it was Lally to whom she confided. She had discovered Lally's intense interest in Bella's coming baby, and one day it had slipped from her that she, too, had had a baby. That was why she had been dismissed from the dressmaker's where she had worked. She had had it in a charity home, a night-mare place, she said, and left it there to get adopted or put in an orphanage.

Lally was horrified. How could she bear to part with the baby?

"How was I to get another job with a brat in my arms? I couldn't even have gone on the streets."

"You didn't do that!" Lally gasped.

"I would have if it hadn't been for that old doctor."

"Doctor Bushey?"

"Yes. He got me this place. I had to go and see Mr. Raven first and he said I could come down here. I'd rather have stayed in London, all the same. It's awful quiet in the country."

Lally repeated this conversation, or most of it, to Bella. Bella had to approve again her husband's good intentions, but she was afraid they might have been wasted on a lively piece like Molly Hancock. All the same, Lally had taken a fancy to her, and, when Molly was with her, seemed to throw off her fear of meeting strangers or being stared at. In Molly's company she ventured again into the village on shopping expeditions.

Bella was glad to see Lally so much brighter, but she felt lonelier than ever herself.

She had written to Guy telling him that Molly and Joseph had settled down. There was a brief note saying that he hoped all was well. She was to communicate with him if anything worried her. He hoped her health remained good. He was afraid he would be detained in Lon-

don for most of the summer. That was all.

Then a letter from Cousin Henrietta some weeks later made bitter reading.

"My dear Isabella,

"I expected better of you. Haven't you learnt how to keep your husband at home? I hear disturbing rumors about his behaviour in London. They are disturbing, or I hardly need to tell you I wouldn't behave like a busy-body and pass this news on. I think myself he is doing this deliberately from some peculiar kind of cussedness which runs in the family; since he has to suffer from that wicked gossip in the Press he will prove it true. He must be stopped before he entirely ruins all prospects of a career or happiness. If you can't give him love, child, and heaven knows that can't be given at will, give him friendship. He needs true friends. I don't know how you can get him out of London, but get him out. Use your instinct."

BELLA'S first instinct, and not one she was proud of, was to sit down and weep. Her next was much more creative. She rang for Mrs. Walter and asked for one of the guest-rooms to be prepared for her temporary occupation. She was planning to have the master-bedroom redecorated.

So Guy could console himself with cheap women, could he? That was what Cousin Henrietta's letter had been meant to convey to her. Caroline's ghost didn't intrude when his surroundings were some over-decorated boudoir and the arms about him strange ones. Therefore, every trace of Caroline should be removed from this house.

When it was completed three weeks later she sent the bills to Guy, with an apology that tradesmen nowadays always seemed to cost more than anticipated, but she was sure he would be as delighted as she was with the result.

"After all," she wrote unabashedly, "it is important to have surroundings to one's taste when one has to spend a good deal of time in bed. Unfortunately, the doctor has ordered me to do this as my health," she stole a look at her blooming face in the mirror, "is not at present what it should be."

Which emotion would bring him back? Anger with her for her disobedience and extravagance? Or anxiety for the safety of his coming child?

But she had no opportunity, after all, to see if her ruse would succeed. For something else happened.

Lally had gone with Molly on one of their expeditions to the village. After they had completed their shopping they went, as usual, to have tea at Mrs. Bunt's tea-rooms. The two girls always had the table in the darkest corner where they could watch people coming in and scarcely be noticed themselves.

It was a very simple diversion, and Molly thought Lally a bit simple to find it so absorbing. She herself would rather be in the inn parlor, hoping for a glimpse of the men at the bar. She had struck up a close friendship with a young man, Tom Field.

But today there was someone sitting at their corner table, a little round teacoy of a woman wrapped in a woolly shawl, with a neat

AS I READ THE STARS By ELSA MURRAY Week starting Jan. 27

ARIES
MAR. 21-APR. 20
★ Lucky number this week, 8.
★ Gambling colors, tricolors.
★ Lucky days, Tuesday, Friday.

TAURUS
APR. 21-MAY 20
★ Lucky number this week, 4.
★ Gambling colors, white, gold.
★ Lucky days, Friday, Sunday.

GEMINI
MAY 21-JUNE 21
★ Lucky number this week, 3.
★ Gambling colors, blue, lilac.
★ Lucky days, Thursday, Sat.

CANCER
JUNE 22-JULY 22
★ Lucky number this week, 9.
★ Gambling colors, green, brown.
★ Lucky days, Sat., Monday.

LEO
JULY 23-AUG. 22
★ Lucky number this week, 7.
★ Gambling colors, lilac, rose.
★ Lucky days, Wed., Tuesday.

VIRGO
AUG. 23-SEPT. 22
★ Lucky number this week, 2.
★ Gambling colors, orange, red.
★ Lucky days, Thursday, Sat.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.]

★ Friends could play an intriguing and sometimes dubious role in your life. The 2nd and 3rd are action days, provided you are ready for the surprise ending. Beware of false glamor.

★ The milk of human kindness could curdle a little — someone could be underselling your image. Just keep your counsel, and if you must act, 2nd and 3rd are the best days.

★ This is a time when your healthy scepticism would not be amiss. Romance is favored on the 2nd and 3rd, but all is not gold that glitters. Beware of deception.

★ Romance spreads nets for the unwary. Just watch those sensitive emotions. There could be some confusion, but the 2nd and 3rd are good for purchasing some time-saving gadget.

★ A deceptive aura surrounds all to do with love, romance and any new plans. It's best to be conservative, but the 2nd and 3rd could bring a surprise wind-fall.

★ Neptune and Jupiter are on the rampage for the next weeks, affecting everyone, but Virgo's especially. There could be muddled thinking, loss, and accidents. February 2 and 3 good.

LIBRA
SEPT. 24-OCT. 23
★ Lucky number this week, 5.
★ Gambling colors, red, yellow.
★ Lucky days, Sat., Tuesday.

SCORPIO
OCT. 24-NOV. 22
★ Lucky number this week, 6.
★ Gambling colors, grey, violet.
★ Lucky days, Sunday, Monday.

SAGITTARIUS
NOV. 23-DEC. 20
★ Lucky number this week, 7.
★ Gambling colors, black, navy.
★ Lucky days, Wed., Friday.

CAPRICORN
DEC. 21-JAN. 19
★ Lucky number this week, 1.
★ Gambling colors, rose, gold.
★ Lucky days, Friday, Sat.

AQUARIUS
JAN. 20-FEB. 18
★ Lucky number this week, 8.
★ Gambling colors, blue, white.
★ Lucky days, Thursday, Sat.

PISCES
FEB. 19-MAR. 20
★ Lucky number this week, 2.
★ Gambling colors, brown, red.
★ Lucky days, Monday, Tuesday.

★ The 2nd and 3rd favor matrimony, partnership, and co-operation — so dear to the Libran heart. Otherwise there's a lot of muddle, false optimism, phony promises.

★ There should be happy news re family, clan, or home. 2nd and 3rd (the best days for some time). Use your inbuilt geiger counter — there may be some cloak-and-dagger activities.

★ If you want to begin important business and launch new plans, do so on the 2nd and 3rd. The stars are misbehaving, and will do so for some time. Forewarned is forearmed.

★ You could fare the best of most in an unreliable week, particularly on the 2nd and 3rd, when some nice aspects could promote affairs of the heart and partnership concerns.

★ Let's face it! The eccentric behaviour of the stars could be having unhappy results on your future and married life. You could realise a long-cherished wish on the 2nd and 3rd.

★ Expect good news about your family and home life. Your status could rise, but you could also be influenced by the atmosphere of deception this week. Keep your own counsel.

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● Pratt pottery teapot.

I AM enclosing a photograph of a teapot and would like to know its age. It has been in a friend's family for many a long year. — Mrs. N. Doonan, Brisbane.

This interesting teapot is Pratt pottery made about 1850 to 1885. Transfer printing in multi-color was invented by the Pratt Pottery in 1848.



● Victorian chair.

COULD you give me any information about my black and bronze clock? (Below.) I cannot find any markings on it. Also, could you give me the date and style of my chair? — Mrs. L. J. Walters, Garfield, Victoria.

Your clock is French, made of Spelter bronze, dated about 1880. Your gentleman's chair (above) is Victorian, made about 1865-1885.

★ ★ ★
WOULD you tell me for what use were my spoon and fork intended? They are attractively designed, the pattern extending on to the back of the spoon where the hallmark is too worn to read. It is very small and much too sharp to be a children's set. — Mrs. T. F. Robinson, York, W.A.

Your Victorian silver spoon and fork are a child's christening set, as these sets were rarely ever used. They were fashionable gifts throughout the 19th century. It would be impossible to tell the age without seeing the set or knowing the hallmarks.



● French clock.

COLLECTORS' CORNER

● Our expert, Mr. Stanley Lipscombe, gives his opinion on several pieces owned by readers.

CAN you give me some information about my china bowl (right)? It has a very deep glaze and a pattern of tulips with a gold background. The metal rim is silver. It is marked Crescent Ware Tulip. I would be interested to have some information about it. — Miss L. Whitfield, Temora, N.S.W.

Your bowl is English — about 1890 to 1900 and made in Staffordshire. Toward the end of the Victorian era potters and glass-makers frequently made bowls, salt-cellars, etc., and embellished the edges with metal rims, usually of sterling silver or electroplate. The metal rim unless hallmarked with lion passant is electroplated, not silver.



● Glazed bowl.



What price quality? When you take only the best raspberries, 'quick cook' them a special and secret flavour-saving way, quality is just a few pennies more. You'll find it in jars of Kraft pure Raspberry Conserve.

it's fresh fruit good!

Other varieties include: Sweet Orange Marmalade, Seville Orange Marmalade, Apricot Conserve, Strawberry Conserve, Loganberry Conserve, Apple Jelly, Red Currant Jelly, Black Currant Jelly, Raspberry Jelly.

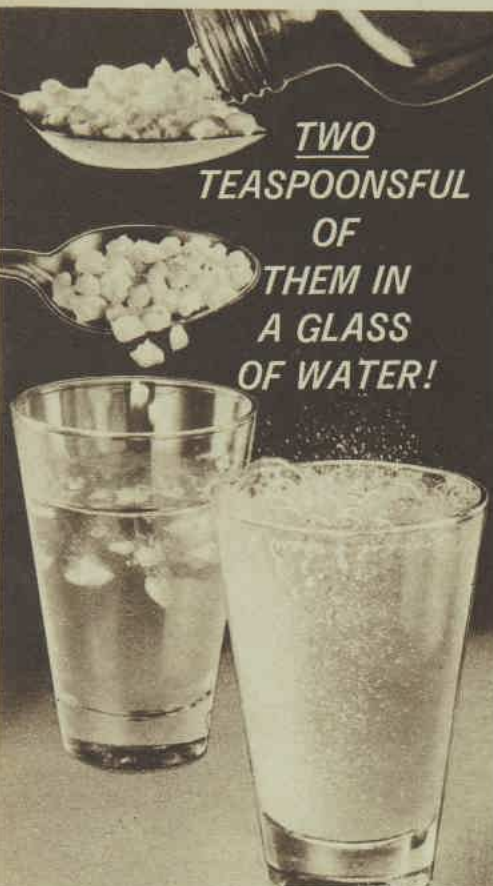
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Dexsal granule?



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A GLASS
OF WATER!**

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the simplest, quickest, safest way
to relieve tummy upsets

Add two teaspoonsful of Dexsal to a glass of water and what have you got? A sparkling, lively drink that quickly settles "upset tummies" without any side-effects. That's because double-acting Dexsal, solely formulated to relieve stomach upset, contains no pain-killer ingredient which can so often set up excess acid reaction in the stomach. And Dexsal works two ways: Brings direct relief to tummy disorders and sick feelings, at the same time restoring your lost energy. Because Dexsal contains 34% medicinal glucose—the fast-working energy-builder that quickly restores your natural vitality. When tummy trouble strikes your family be prepared with a bottle of double-acting Dexsal—the simplest, quickest and most efficient way to settle "upset tummies". Safe for the kiddies, too—and they love it!

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ONLY



5/6
A BOTTLE

DEXSAL

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black bonnet trimmed with cherries framing her plump pink and white face.

Seeing her there Lally exclaimed first in annoyance, then, as her eyes grew accustomed to the gloom, she gripped Molly's arm.

"It's Aunt Aggie!" Lally said in a strangled whisper. "We must fly. Quickly!"

Molly stood her ground. She wasn't flying from anybody, least of all a harmless, plump, elderly woman.

"I think she's mistaking you for someone else," Molly said, for if Lally thought this woman her aunt, the woman obviously hadn't the slightest recollection of her niece.

"You're Aunt Aggie!" Lally managed to say at last. "You must be."

The old lady shook her head.

"I'm sorry to disappoint you, my dear. I've never heard of your Aunt Aggie. Not that I wouldn't mind having a pretty niece like you. I'm a lonely old widow."

The soft insinuating voice was the same. And yet how could it be? Aunt Aggie was in jail. Lally's head spun. She literally ran out of the room into the street, followed by Molly who now made no effort to hide her dudgeon.

Bella didn't know what to make of it. She had to admit a shaft of fear touched her as she listened to Lally's incoherent story, but it was obvious that Molly had the true state of affairs. The old lady must have borne a remarkable resemblance to Aunt Aggie, that was all.

To satisfy herself, Bella immediately paid a visit to Mrs. Bunt.

"Looked as if she'd seen a ghost, poor child. And it was only the lady from Southampton breaking her journey. Coach travel didn't agree with her, she said. She had to go by easy stages."

"My sister thought she was someone we once knew," Bella murmured. "It gave her a shock to find she was speaking to a stranger. The lady's name—what did you say it was?"

"That I can't tell you, Mrs. Raven. She was a widow on a visit to her daughter in Twickenham. A pleasant-spoken body. She's staying at The Feathers."

Bella knew there was only one thing to do and that was to go to The Feathers and interview the mysterious old woman.

This was not at all difficult, for the lady in question was sitting alone in the inn parlor.

Bella's heart gave a great jump. She did look remarkably like Aunt Aggie, the round body in the neat dark dress with its voluminous skirts, the short plump neck and the upswipe grey hair beneath the frilled cap were an exact replica. But when the woman turned her head the resemblance ended.

"I think you were the lady having tea at Mrs. Bunt's this afternoon," Bella said. "I came to apologise for my sister's behaviour. She mistook you for someone else."

"That's very civil of you, my dear. I was quite distressed for your sister. She

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PLEASE type your manuscript or write clearly in ink, using only one side of the paper.

Short stories should be from 2000 to 4000 words; short short stories, 1100 to 1400 words, articles up to 1500 words. Enclose stamps to cover return postage of manuscript in case of rejection. Every care is taken of manuscripts, but we accept no responsibility for them. Please keep a duplicate.

Address manuscripts to the Editor, THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY, Box 4083W, G.P.O., Sydney.

Continued from page 47

seemed to sustain a shock."

"She's in poor health."

"Teh! Teh!" Bella's heart stood still. The voice and the expression were Aunt Aggie's exactly. Yet she was looking into a perfectly strange face.

"Such a pretty child. You must take good care of her."

The whole thing was a remarkable coincidence, and a highly unfortunate one, for, in spite of Bella's assurance, Lally could not be convinced that the innocent stranger hadn't been Aunt Aggie. Hadn't she even worn the

BELLA

dull in the country, and had run off the first opportunity that had offered. A letter would have to be written to Guy telling him to be more careful about the kind of servant he engaged. In the meantime, Mrs. Walter had better find someone to take Molly's place.

Surprisingly enough, she did, that very day. The farmer who supplied the big house with milk and eggs had a daughter needing a position. Her name was Norah, she was just sixteen, a pleas-

Molly had gone. Lally gasped and exclaimed, "Aunt Aggie's got her!"

"Oh, Lally, how can you be so stupid!" The whole dreary story would have to be gone over again. "Aunt Aggie's locked up in jail. That wasn't her you saw. And Molly's run off with a man. She's a bad girl, I'm afraid. And Lally dear, you must sit here in the dark. I'm going to draw the curtains back. It's a lovely day and you should be out in the garden. Let us take a walk before lunch. The doctor said I was to take a little exercise every day."

If she hoped a reference to her condition would rouse Lally, she was wrong, for the girl hunched closer into her chair. With her shawl drawn tightly round her thin shoulders she looked like an old woman, the gloom of the curtained room making her fair hair silver. Her hair was dishevelled, Bella noticed, and she was dressed carelessly, some buttons undone in her bodice and her skirts crumpled. It wasn't like Lally to be careless of her appearance. Her nervousness had worried Bella for a long time, but this strangely apathetic condition was much more disturbing. She needed rousing now, not soothing.

"Lally, do tidy yourself. I'll send Tottie to brush your hair and help you change your dress—" Bella stopped at a peremptory knock came on the door.

"May I come in, Isabella?"

Guy's voice was as peremptory as his knock. He didn't wait to be bidden to enter. He was standing in front of them dressed in riding clothes, and looking dusty and worn, as if he had galloped hard all the way from London.

Bella's heart beat in her throat. She had a longing to run into his arms, to lift her face to be kissed, to tell him he looked thinner but otherwise exactly as she remembered him.

"What's this new trouble? Is it manufactured or real?"

"The morning newspaper."

To page 52



"It's some custom surviving Dark Ages. Modern parents punish you with psychology."

familiar cherry-trimmed bonnet? Bella hadn't seen the lady's bonnet. But cherries were not an unfamiliar trimming on bonnets. That proved nothing.

Nevertheless, Lally shut herself in her room again and refused to have the curtains drawn back even at midday. Like a pale flower she wilted in the gloom, starting at every sound.

"She's heard about your baby, Bella," she kept saying. "That's why she's come."

The next day—or night—Molly disappeared.

Molly was flighty, easy-going. She had a weakness for men. She even had a friend in the village, Lally had said. Someone she had talked to in the inn. If she didn't come back before the morning was over, it was the most likely thing in the world that she had run off with him. It was quite unreasonable of Bella to think that Molly's disappearance was a significant happening so soon after Lally imagining she had seen Aunt Aggie.

Yet she did not think so. She gave orders that Lally was not to be told of this new event, then sent Broome to the village to make discreet inquiries as to whether Molly had been seen there last evening.

Broome came back to report that Molly hadn't been seen at all. Indeed, the young man she had favored, Tom Field, had waited all evening for her to meet him as she had promised to do. When she hadn't come, he had gone home in disgust. He vowed he would have nothing more to do with her. She had roving eyes, he said. He had always noticed her casting sly glances at the travellers by coach. She'd be easy enough to pick up. Look for her in London, he said.

The elderly widow who had spent a night at the inn had continued her journey to Twickenham. This Broome had discovered, as Bella had asked him to. She had been travelling alone.

Bella forced herself to think coolly and logically. Molly had found life too

ant, fresh-faced country girl full of eagerness and good intentions.

Bella liked her immediately. She decided at once that Norah was the kind of girl she would like to look after her baby. And she would get on with Tottie. Tottie had been in awe of the sophisticated Molly, which wasn't surprising, since Molly considered her quite daft.

That seemed to be the end of the matter, except for Lally having to be told that



Past or Future?

"I have yet many things to say unto you; but ye cannot bear them now." (John 16:12.)

The Lord has made His Second Coming. He has not appeared in a physical body, because that was not what He promised.

He has given us new and fuller teaching about Himself and Christian Doctrine. This is what He did promise.

He promised to appear in 'the clouds of heaven.' These are not the clouds above our earth, but the clouds in our mind concerning the things of heaven. These clouds are lightened when we are instructed in the true meaning of the Bible.

"They shall see the Son of Man coming in the clouds of heaven with power and great glory." (Matthew 24:30.)

Emanuel Swedenborg's book 'The Last Judgment' and the book 'Apocalypse Revealed' can tell you more about this subject. Borrow them and others by the same author from your Public Library, or direct from The New Church Book Room, 55/65 Clarence Street, Sydney.



Can you think of a vegetable
easier to cook than bananas?



BAKEABANANA

*Peel bananas. Place in bak-
ing dish. Brush with butter.
Bake 'til golden brown and
easily pierced with fork.*



GRILLABANANA

*Peel bananas. Place on gril-
ler. Turn them as with steak.
Cook 'til golden brown and
easily pierced with fork.*



FRYABANANA

*Peel bananas. Place in frying
pan. Sprinkle with salt. Cook
and turn 'til golden brown
and easily pierced with fork.*

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suppose you haven't seen them. We have headlines again. I'm accused of abducting another young woman. Tell me, what is all this? Where is that wretched girl?" "I haven't any idea where the girl is," she said shortly. "I know where she is," said Lally. "She's with Aunt Aggie."

Guy made an impatient gesture. "Is she on that again?"

Bella nodded and said in a low voice, "She has been ever since she thought she saw Aunt Aggie in the village. There was a woman who resembled her, but she was just someone on a visit to her daughter in Twickenham. It was only coincidence that Molly disappeared the night she stayed in the village."

Guy was frowning in bewilderment.

"The newspapers were on to this story with suspicious quickness. Did you report Molly's absence to the police?"

"No. Mrs. Walter said she may have run away with a man."

"Then we must make every effort to find her, if only to save the dregs of my own reputation," Guy smiled wryly. "It's being hinted now that I might be indulging in a little of the white slave traffic myself. You and your sister have disappeared from the scene, and now a servant girl."

"Guy! How appalling!" "Hiding behind Aunt Aggie's ample skirts, eh? But the thing can bear looking into." Guy's keen eyes were on Lally. "What's wrong with her?"

"She's upset about all this."

"Is that all? Just upset?"

He had noticed Lally's strange vacancy, her dishevelled appearance. Bella put a protective arm round her sister's shoulders.

"That's all. You know how sensitive she is."

"And you, my love? I must say, for someone who has been advised to rest in bed, you look remarkably well."

Bella flushed. "I can only tell you what the doctor said."

"Then he must think husbands shouldn't be worried by their wives' delicate state of health. He said in his letter to me that your condition couldn't be improved on."

"He wrote to you? Why?"

"I imagine in answer to my letter to him. I did take the trouble to assure myself that you were not in any imminent danger."

Bella met his ironic gaze. She thought dolefully that she had meant to be reclining in bed when he arrived, wearing her new wrapper with the swansdown trimming, and looking fragile and in need of cherishing. Instead she stood here, flushed and plump and abounding in health.

And Doctor Frohisher, for whom she had developed a prejudice because he had also been Caroline's doctor, had given away her foolish ruse.

But Guy had bothered to inquire about her. She supposed her small flicker of joy about that was legitimate.

"It would be too much to expect a man to understand how a woman feels," she said defensively.

"I expect it would. Well, let us get all the bad things over at once. Let me see what your efforts at interior decorating have achieved."

It was odd how her confidence in the room ebbed away when he stood at her side. Had so much red been wise? She had thought it so warm and comforting. Was the wallpaper with its cabbage roses a little overpowering? Should there have been fewer

ALL characters in serials and short stories which appear in *The Australian Women's Weekly* are fictitious and have no reference to any living person.

Continued from page 50

velvet drapes over mantelpiece, tables, and stools? And the beautiful golden brocade bed curtains looped back — were they a little bizarre?

Guy suddenly shouted with laughter.

"Doesn't it compare favourably with the rooms you have been visiting in London?"

For a long minute their gazes locked.

"So you, too, join the scandal-mongers," he said at last. His color had heightened. "I believe you're as mad as your sister."

Long afterwards a candle flared beside her bed.

"Why didn't you come down to dinner?"

She had let Tottie undress her and had tumbled into bed, aching-eyed and wan. The weeks and months of strain had culminated in that torrent of tears. She had felt unable to face life any more.

It was all too much, the anxiety about Lally, the



nameless threat that seemed to hang over them all the time, the baby her husband didn't care about: growing heavy and tiresome within her, and last of all, Guy's accusation that she was mad. As mad as poor darling Lally.

"Are you ill?" the voice at her bedside persisted.

"No," she muttered into the pillow.

"But you've been crying. What is it you cried for? Something I said? Or the state Lally is in?"

His voice was quite gentle and he had stopped calling Lally Eulalie, as if he accepted her at last. All the same his attitude resembled that of a kind uncle. Bella thought she preferred his hostility. But at least in this mood he could be talked to.

"You called me mad, too," she said.

"You provoked me."

"Do you really think Lally out of her senses?"

"She doesn't improve, does she?"

"No," Bella had to agree. "Every time she gets a new fright she's worse. It's as if someone knows they can do this to her, and takes pleasure in it. Just as the news about Molly is already in the newspapers so that it will do you harm. Guy—" unconsciously she had taken his hand and was holding it tightly, "do you think Noah can be carrying out his threat already?"

"From Newgate prison? That would be an impossibility."

"Yes, I suppose it is an impossible idea. We'll find out where Molly is, and all will be well. If only Lally would get better. I've asked Norah to sleep with her tonight."

"Norah?"

"She's a nice reliable girl. Mrs. Walter found her to take Molly's place. Later I want her to be the baby's nurse. And Tottie—" Bella was growing more animated, "you'd be surprised. Actually, I think Joseph has taken a fancy to her. Or else he's good at protecting people

BELLA

the way he did his poor, sick mother. I've seen him smiling at her, and there's nothing like a man's interest to perk up a girl. Though they're neither of them more than elderly children, poor things."

Bella caught Guy's expression and said apologetically, "I'm chattering. We should be talking about more serious things."

He stood up.

"In the morning."

"Are you returning to London—immediately?"

"To make certain inquiries. But not for long."

Her heart leaped. She had the courage to say, "I'm sorry if I distressed you about this room."

"Distressed me? I think you overestimate your abilities."

"No!" she said passionately. "I'm flesh and blood. Feel me! Feel my hand, my arm."

His kindly mood had gone. His eyes glinted steel.

"Let that poor ghost go,

"As if Lally would hurt my baby! She'll be as gentle as an angel."

"How can you tell, with this obsession she has about infants? She must be watched all the time."

Obsession—it was not a nice word. It was what the scurrilous papers said Guy had for young women in distress. . . .

"This woman who is to watch Lally—she had better be elderly, or middle-aged at least. And plain."

Guy's voice was hard. "Why?"

"You know very well there wouldn't have been anything to base a scandal on if that wretched Molly hadn't been pretty."

The wrinkled, monkeyish face looked up at Guy questioning and with servility. Finely dressed gentleman like this seldom visited Newgate prison.

"Did you want to visit the prisoners, sir?"

"No. I'm merely inquiring about their welfare."

"Oh, they're well, sir. Very well. Not a trace of jail fever."

"They haven't attempted to escape?"

"Ha ha! Ha ha ha! They may have attempted, sir, but they haven't succeeded."

"And they're due to be released when?"

"On the twelfth of December, sir. Nicely in time for Christmas. The old lady may go earlier for good conduct. She's been quite an example, clean, tidy, helpful to others. Has a Bible reading every evening to those who will listen."

"That doesn't surprise me," said Guy distastefully.

"You know her, sir? Did you think her wrongfully accused?"

"I accused her," said Guy harshly. "Her sentence was too light by ten years. Thank you and good day."

His next visit was to the house in Seven Dials.

To be concluded

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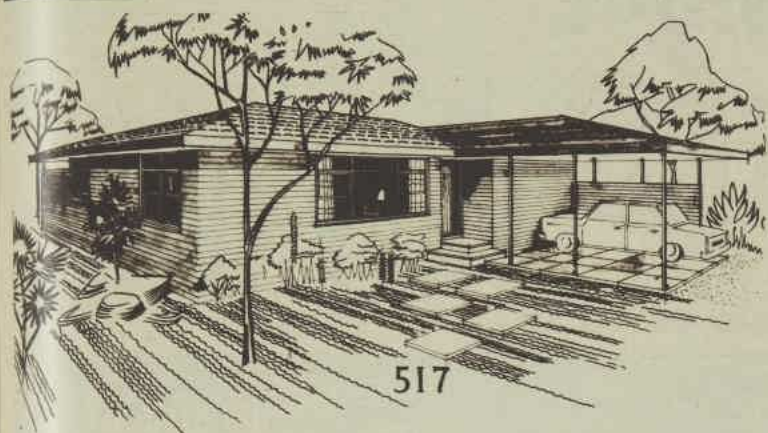
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- Three bedrooms and plenty of space for the children are features of this week's plan designed for a family.

FROM the many requests received by our Home Planning Centre, we have compiled a design which incorporates those features most needed in the average-size family home.

Plan 517 has been designed for a fairly level site, although it could, of course, be adapted to a sloping one. The carport and entry to the house are from the covered way, which is a part of the carport, giving sheltered access from the car.

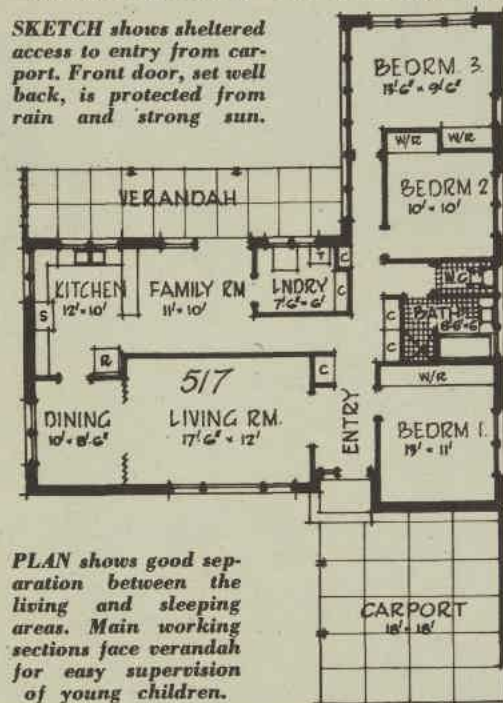
Bedrooms 2 and 3 would

be ideal for children because they adjoin the verandah, and a separate entry can be provided to the children's rooms from there.

The kitchen is protected from direct sun by the covered verandah. Furthermore, it is placed centrally between the dining-room and family room. Because the family room is probably the most frequently used, this means a saving on steps for a busy housewife.

The three most widely used rooms—kitchen, family room, and laundry—are adjacent, facing the verandah, so the verandah can be used as a sheltered play area under mother's supervision.

SKETCH shows sheltered access to entry from carport. Front door, set well back, is protected from rain and strong sun.



PLAN shows good separation between the living and sleeping areas. Main working sections face verandah for easy supervision of young children.



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"A special occasion and I felt terrible!"



My husband and I were at the races and when I pointed out Betty Johnson, an old school friend of mine, he said: "School friend? She looks younger than you." I felt terrible.

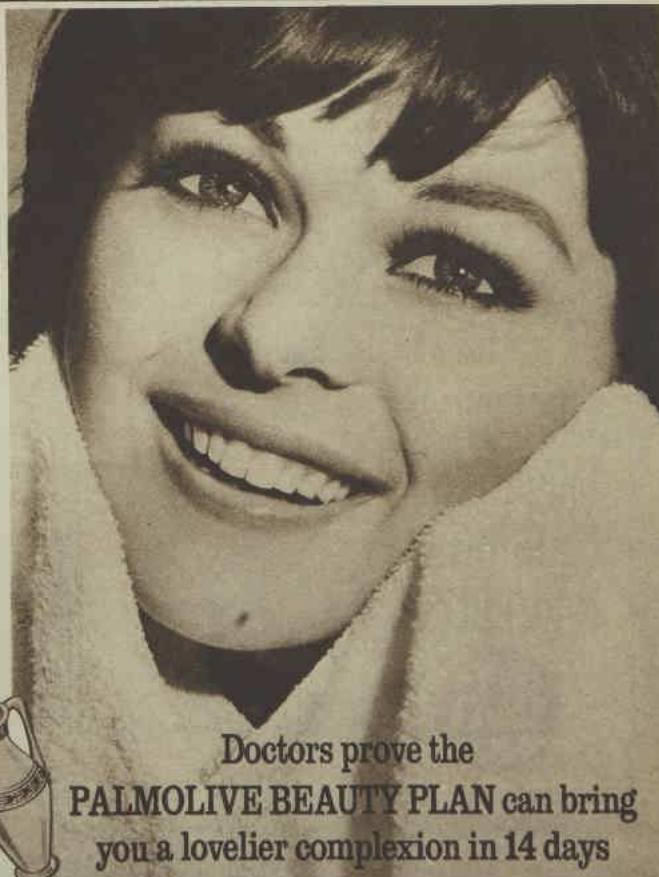


After the races I talked to Betty and I realised she did look younger. I simply had to ask her secret. "Easy," she said. "Almost any girl can be younger-looking with Palmolive soap facials."

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"And that is to say everything's forgiven and forgotten," said Elspeth with a harshness quite unlike the girl they used to know. "Well, strange to say it isn't, and it never will be."

She looked intently into the two faces before her.

"Mother, you just can't understand how Ben has hurt me," she said clearly. "Dad's always been so faithful and good — married all these years and never a disagreement."

Her father's face turned a dull red.

"Something did happen once," he began unwillingly. "There was a girl at the office—"

Elspeth gazed at him in astonishment. Dad — her wonderful dad — surely he was above that sort of thing?

Her mother cut in swiftly.

"I forgave him," she said quietly. "It was the only way. You see, he really loved me all the time. It was just a sort of madness. And there was you to consider—"

"It's sweet of you to tell me this," said Elspeth. "I know it must have been very hard. And I quite realise that there are lots of couples who go through a crisis like this and come out safely on the other side. But it's just gone too deep with me. Ben killed something in me which won't ever come alive again."

Again she studied the two stricken faces before her with that intent, unsmiling gaze.

"When Ben comes home tonight," she said concisely, "I shall tell him that I intend to apply for a separation. There's a limit to what a woman can stand, and I reached mine a long while back."

She picked up Vicky, who had been crawling on the carpet under the table, and tucked her swiftly into the stroller.

THEY EXPECTED YOU TO FORGIVE . . .

Then she was on her way. Ben had usually got in from work about half past five, so Elspeth arranged for Jamie to be round at a friend's place several streets away so that he would be unable to complicate the situation when his father arrived.

She was not made of stone, and to see the little boy's pleasure and excitement might prove a bit too much for her. Vicky was too young to understand, in fact, she greeted any man from the postman to the butcher as "Dadda."

As the day wore on Elspeth

Oh, the hot words mounted in her brain . . . delicate stiletto thrusts . . . quick, terrible wounds cutting deep into his complacency and stripping away every last vestige of self-respect.

She stood in front of the mirror, her anger giving her a vivid beauty, the color high in her cheeks. Then she went out into the garden with the secateurs, relieving her pent-up feelings by cutting back an overhanging shrub.

A man was coming slowly along the footpath — it was too early for Ben yet, and this dragging step was quite un-

terribly — perhaps more than she could ever comprehend.

He paused and looked up at the house, his blue eyes darkening in the gaze she knew so well when he was deeply moved. There was such a look of love and longing in his face that the tears sprang to her own eyes and she stood there trembling, all the hate and anger in her heart dissolving in a surge of pity.

Then, before she knew what she was doing, and heedless of anyone who might be watching, she was out on the footpath.

He stood stock still, his face whitening, as he saw her there. Oh, well, he deserved all he got — he had told himself so a thousand times . . .

Then she was in his arms, drawing him into the little garden, holding him with clutching fingers as though she would never, never let him go.

He tried to speak.

"Oh, my darling, I never deserved—"

But she stopped his lips with her hand.

What had happened to the strong, determined Elspeth who had cherished her anger for so long? All she could remember now, as his arms held her close and their tears mingled together, was that this was her man, her husband, and lover, and that nothing was going to part them ever any more.

Vicky, an interested observer of the scene, held up her teddy for inspection.

"Dadda," she remarked amiably.

Elspeth pulled herself together and dried her eyes. Then she caught hold of both their hands.

"Come along," she said tremulously. "We're going for Jamie."

(Copyright)



wandered restlessly about, unable to settle to anything, and going over in her mind the case against Ben and the words of lashing scorn which she had prepared for his arrival.

"Well, naturally you want to come home now your bit of fun is finished," she would say lightly. "It's nice and comfortable for you here — after all, a man needs someone to do his washing and cooking . . . But has it ever occurred to you that I have my feelings, too? You've thought of no one the whole way along except yourself, and you're thinking of yourself still . . ."

like the light impetuous tread she knew so well.

But it was Ben. Screened by the bush, her eyes dilated, she watched the figure of her husband approaching.

He wore no hat and his face was thin and drawn. His head as usual was held high. Ben could never look hang-dog whatever happened. But the lips were set in such a fine line of sorrow and weariness that something for the first time struck the heart of the watching girl.

She was wrong to suppose that she was the only one who had suffered. Wonderingly, she realised that this husband of hers had been suffering

imagined them both in some dreary hotel dining-room, wading through an uninspired "table d'hôte."

Yes, he was feeling decidedly more cheerful. A good solid dinner was what he needed now, and he whistled blithely as he slammed the front door behind him.

There was a wide choice of restaurants in the neighborhood, but most of them held romantic associations of evenings with Joyce. A new Dutch one had opened recently, and he decided to try it. It was a small place, dimly lit. There were lamps on the tables in the shape of tiny windmills, and concealed lighting behind the walls revealed murals of scenes in Holland.

He was shown to a table in the far corner by a little Dutch maid with flaxen braids under a peaked bonnet. The food was excellent, as was also the bottle of wine. He lingered over his coffee, idly watching the other diners.

When Joyce walked in, escorted by a good-looking dark young man he could hardly believe his eyes. Looking even lovelier than usual she was talking animatedly to him. She did not even glance in his direction, and he was able to take his departure unobserved, inwardly seething. So this was the uncle! The poor lonely uncle she must take pity on!

In his anger he ignored the turnoff to his flat and walked blindly on. Only by action, he felt, could he exorcise this demon of jealousy. He must make his decision one way or the other. Tomorrow he would have it out with Joyce,

even if it meant a bleak future without her.

On and on he walked. The moon climbed the heavens, and his shadow drew close to him for company.

When he finally let himself into the flat, footsore and weary, he reached for the bottle of scotch and poured himself a stiff nightcap. "To hell with women," he told himself savagely, sinking into a chair with the bottle alongside. The undiluted spirit did nothing to comfort him, but doggedly he finished a second and then a third.

Some time, and several drinks later, he was surprised to find the bottle empty. He was a moderate drinker as a rule, and while feeling not exactly drunk, the act of getting up and going to bed proved too much of an effort. Loosening his collar and tie, and kicking off his shoes he fell into a deep sleep . . .

The knocks on the front door seemed to resound through his head like a thousand hammers. Opening one eye he saw the morning sun filtering through the open windows. There was a creak in his neck, one foot had gone to sleep, and his mouth felt like the bottom of a neglected birdcage. His char-lady, Mrs. Pierce, must have forgotten her key. Calling out "Coming" he staggered to his feet, one hand holding his head.

But when he opened the door it was not Mrs. Pierce who confronted him, but a girl. He could not have said, in his foggy state, what age she was, but he got a general impression of someone small

and dark. Her face was devoid of make-up and her hair hung loosely about her shoulders. Her words didn't seem to make much sense. Someone called Godfrey was at large, and must be captured without delay. Please would he help her?

Slipping his feet into his shoes and smoothing his hair, he followed her in a dazed state down the corridor. When they reached a door at the end she acted very strangely. Opening it the merest crack she peeped in, and then as though satisfied, opened it a little further, just sufficient for them to squeeze through.

HE looked round him in bewilderment. The room was identical to his own, except that the chaos here was indescribable. Chairs were overturned, cushions scattered, and on a small table a vase lay on its side, a small pool of water dripping from the polished surface.

From what the girl was saying it gradually penetrated his brain that Godfrey was a canary. He had escaped while she was cleaning his cage, and had resisted all her coaxing to return to it. They saw him now, eyeing them warily from a corner light bracket.

"Oh dear," wailed the girl. "If we don't catch him soon I'll be late for work."

Just then the canary swooped, fluttered across the room, and took refuge behind a big easy chair. They pounced on him simultaneously, overturning a heavy

glass ash-tray, but the girl was quick. Either by dexterity or good luck she imprisoned Godfrey between her hands and slipped him deftly into the cage.

Philip stayed where he was for a moment, on the floor. Bending down, he realised, had been a grave mistake. Putting his hands to his head he closed his eyes and waited till the room had stopped spinning. When he opened them again the small dark girl was leaning over him, a look of concern on her face. Then she sniffed suspiciously, and the look of concern vanished.

"Why, you've been drinking!" she said sternly. "And at this hour of the morning!"

Anyone else he would have told to mind their own damn business. But she looked so young and sort of childish that instead he said meekly. "Yes, I know. But it was last night, not this morning. And it was an isolated case."

Then somehow it became necessary to remove that reproving little look from her eyes, and he found himself telling her about Joyce. He had not got very far when she interrupted him. "Have you had your breakfast?"

He shuddered. "Then I'll cook you some with mine." And when she told him to go and get showered and dressed he meekly obeyed.

It was amazing what that cold shower and a fresh change of clothes did for him. And when she pushed open his door with the aid of a tray laden with scrambled eggs, buttered toast, and fragrant hot coffee he was actually hungry.

Somehow she had found

To page 58

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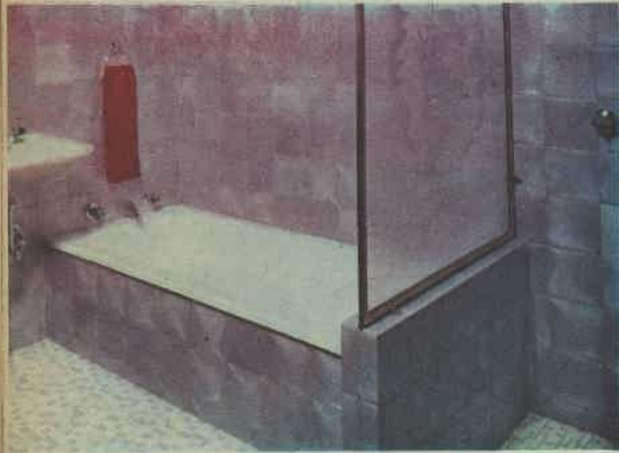
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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - February 3, 1965

February tasks

WATCH FOR WEEDS AND PESTS

By R. H. ANDERSON

- February for many gardeners is a month without much distinction, being the last month of summer with slight touches of approaching autumn.

USUALLY in coastal, temperate, and sub-tropical areas there is good rainfall, which makes for lush growth, but in some districts, and in unusual seasons, there is only light rain, which means a continuation of summer watering.

Remember, when watering that sprinkling the soil surface can do more harm than good. A thorough soaking of the top two or three inches every week or so is far better.

Mulching is a good way to beat dry weather. Many materials are suitable for the purpose, including compost, spent hops, lawn clippings, straw, cotton or lined wastes, and gravel.

WEEDING

February can be a tiring month, when ordinary garden chores tend to become

a burden, but it is a time for regular use of hoes or cultivators.

The summer-growing weeds are busily maturing their seeds for the next year's infestation, and the old saying, "One year's seeding means seven years' weeding," is only too true.

One authority has pointed out that chickweed can reproduce six generations in a year.

Assuming each plant produces 200 seeds and all germinate, the potential production of a single plant in the year is 320,000,000,000.

BULBS

February is the month to consider your springtime display of bulbs.

Daffodils, babianas, jonquils, freesias, hyacinths, ixias, lachenalias, ranunculi, snowflakes, sparaxis, and tulips may be planted from now onwards in their many beautiful varieties. (Ranunculi have both seeds and bulbs.)

PRUNING

After the middle of the month is the time to trim the roses if you want autumn flowering.

Summer trimming should not be confused with the heavy winter pruning.

Cut each branch lightly back to a plump bud pointing outward, but leave plenty of foliage. Burn all prunings, as they usually carry disease such as mildew or black spot.

About the same time as trimming, or a little beforehand, help the bushes along with a general fertiliser.

Some people are firm believers in pruning their hydrangeas in February, claiming the benefits of a tidy appearance of the plants during autumn and winter, and better blooms in the summer.

It is a controversial subject; but if you decide to prune now remove all the old flowering stalks well back. Avoid cutting the younger growth which will bear the flowers next season.

SOWING

The many devotees of sweet-peas should be preparing the ground for late summer and autumn sowing. Choose a sunny position, as sweet-peas are never at their best in shady places.

Good drainage is essential, and make the beds as wide as possible and mounded up a little above the surrounding areas.

Use compost or well-rotted animal manure in preparing the bed and remember that sweet-peas respond well to lime.

Half a pound of agricultural lime to the square yard is enough. Put up reasonably substantial and neat supports for the plants to grow on.

Beds in which the summer-flowering annuals have become spent and untidy should be cleared and dug over ready for the autumn planting of winter- and spring-flowering annuals.

Seed of stocks, calendulas, cheiranthus, cinerarias, linarias, pansies, violas, Iceland poppies, antirrhinums, ranunculi, and other annuals may be sown in this and later months.

PESTS

February can be a bad time for diseases, especially in zinnias and roses.

Chrysanthemums may be attacked by rust, nematodes, or black aphid. Red spider carries on its destructive work. Spray with the usual controls recommended for these diseases and pests.

Shrubs affected with wax scales should be sprayed before the middle of the month with solutions of 3lb. washing-soda to 10 gallons of water; but don't spray in hot weather or when the plants are suffering from dryness.

White oil may be applied with the soda.

In coastal areas, where the humidity is high, young seedlings may wilt and die if the drainage in the boxes is not good and the mixture not sufficiently sandy.

Citrus trees may be planted this month, but only if on rough lemon stock. In frosty areas, however, defer planting until spring. Trees on trifoliata root-stock should not be planted until September.

Established citrus trees, as a rule, will benefit from an application of fertiliser, using either a general fertiliser (1lb. for very young trees up to 4lb. for mature trees) or blood and bone (1lb. for young trees, up to 6lb. for mature trees).

Gardening Book, Vol. 2—page 142

Cut out and paste in an exercise book

The advertisement features a close-up of a woman's face with blue eyes and red lips, smiling. A large heart shape is drawn over her face, containing the text: "There is an easier way to make starch". In the foreground, a bottle of Zippy Liquid Starch is shown. The bottle is blue with a red cap and a label that reads: "NET 1 PINT", "ZIPPY", "LIQUID Starch", "EASY ADD WATER", "GENERAL STARCHING: MIX 3 PARTS WATER WITH 1 OF ZIPPY. MORE OR LESS WATER AS REQUIRED", "THE ORIGINAL AMERICAN Liquid Starch", and "MILBROOKS PTY. LIMITED, SYDNEY, AUSTRALIA. DISTRIBUTORS".

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ROLIMPEX—THE INTERNATIONAL PRIZEWINNERS

Page 58

Continued from page 55

time to complete her own toilet as well. The dark hair was now swathed into a smart chignon, and the shining face presented a smooth matt finish. Over breakfast he continued his story of Joyce, but strangely enough in the bright morning light, and with this cheerful girl sitting opposite him, it had lost its tragedy.

"I think she's too sure of you," she remarked sagely, helping herself to the last slice of toast. "Wait a while before you ask her out again. Let her make the first move for a change."

"Oh, she phones me occasionally, especially after she has broken a date." As though to verify his statement, the telephone on the small table at that moment began to ring.

"That's probably her now," he said eagerly, making a move to answer it, but she was before him. Her "Hello" was light and girlish, sweet as the morning.

Joyce's clear rather high-pitched voice could be heard distinctly across the room. "Is that 95-2303?" The note of surprise was quite audible to his ears. There was a pause while the girl glanced at the instrument to verify the number. Then "Yes, it is," she answered. "Who do you wish to speak to?"

"Why, Philip, of course," was the short reply. "Who is that, if I may ask?"

The girl covered the phone with her hand to muffle her small giggle. Passing it to Philip, she whispered, "Don't tell her who I am. And play it cool—don't be too eager for that next date." Then with a glance of dismay at her watch she waved to him, picked up the tray, and was gone.

Philip hastily picked up the receiver, and then remembering last night and also the girl's advice he purposely hardened his heart.

"You only just caught me, Joyce," he began briskly. "I'm about to leave." Then giving her no chance to question him about his early-morning visitor he added, "I'll give you a ring toward the end of the week. We might have a game of golf on Sunday if you're free."

As he hung up he congratulated himself on the way he had handled it. This was only Tuesday. If that girl knew what she was talking about (what was her name, by the way?), Joyce would have plenty of time for reflection between now and then.

On the way downstairs he took the trouble to check the number of the flat at the end of the corridor. In the entrance lobby the card above No. 5 letterbox told him that her name was Miss Patsy Turner.

That week seemed interminably long. Several times he almost rang Joyce but resisted the temptation. On Wednesday night he knocked on Patsy's door. It was only fair, he thought, to keep her posted with developments. But there was no answer to his knock, and the flat was in darkness.

On Thursday night he was about to try again, but as he came out of his flat he was just in time to see her running lightly downstairs. Leaning over the balustrade he called her name and she looked up and waved. She was dressed in something gold and shimmering, and looked entrancing.

Joyce had rung him at the office that morning, inviting him to take her to lunch. It had been such a dreary week that he would have succumbed to the temptation had he not been already committed to a business luncheon. Joyce's tone became notice-

ably cool when he told her, and after they had arranged a time for him to call for her on Sunday she bade him a curt goodbye.

On Friday morning he and Patsy closed their front doors behind them simultaneously. "Hello, gadabout," he greeted her. "Aren't you ever home?"

"Not often," she grinned. And as they walked downstairs together she asked, "How is the campaign going? Is she ready to fall into your arms yet?"

"I've followed your advice to the letter. Haven't seen her all the week, but we have a date for Sunday. How about taking pity on me by coming to a movie tonight?"

She shook her head regretfully. "I have a date, Philip. But I don't work on Saturdays. How about you?"

"I don't, either. What will we do?" Her bus came into sight just then, and they made hasty plans to go for a surf straight after breakfast. After seeing her off he walked briskly to the office, promising himself to come home a bit early and wash the car for the outing.

THE next morning dawned warm but overcast. They decided to go down the coast and have a game of golf first, by which time the sun might be shining. Philip's small sports car shone with cleanliness. The hood was down, and while he loaded the back with their bathers and golf clubs Patsy tied a scarf loosely round her head.

The main stream of traffic was headed toward the city, and they had a clear run down to the coast. There were few players on the links at that early hour. Rather to his surprise, Philip found that Patsy played a rattling good game of golf for a girl.

He was used to Joyce's hit-and-miss performances, and it was a welcome change not to be constantly in the rough, searching for her ball. By the time they had played eighteen holes the sun was shining. The clouds had dispersed, and the sky was sapphire-blue, a very jewel of a day.

They bought sandwiches and ate them in the car before going down to the beach. When they raced into the water it was icy cold on their hot bodies. They were exhausted when they finally came out, and spreading their towels on the sand they flung themselves down, chatting idly as the sun warmed their bodies again.

Philip stretched luxuriously. "What a day! I feel full of fresh air, salt, and sea water."

Patsy yawned. "Me, too," she said, as she stood up and rubbed the sand from her bare knees. "But I'm going out tonight, and if we don't start to make tracks I'm going to be late."

Philip was disconcerted for a moment. He had pictured them rounding off the day with a pleasant little dinner somewhere.

As they were driving home he said, "Keep an evening somewhere during the week to come out with me. It seems as though you have to be dated well in advance."

"Philip, I would have loved it," she told him regretfully. "But I'm going to Gosford tomorrow to stay with my sister. I'm taking a week of my holidays, and won't be home till some time Saturday night too late to go out, I'm afraid."

"Gosh, at this rate I'll be turning into a hermit. When does my adviser suggest I can take Joyce out again?"

A LESSON IN LOVE

"Don't overdo the treatment," she laughed. "Or she might go to the other extreme and forget all about you. If my diagnosis is correct you should find her delighted to see you tomorrow. Take her out during the week by all means. Then if you think she needs any more of the treatment by the weekend you could tell her you're playing golf with me on Sunday."

If the previous week had dragged for Philip, this one positively stopped altogether. And this in spite of the fact that he saw more of Joyce.

The golf on Sunday had proved a washout. She had insisted on playing at the Country Club, which was always crowded with visitors. They were constantly calling other players through while they wandered around in the rough in search of her ball. He found himself getting rather impatient, contrasting the game with that of last week's.

But Joyce's attitude toward him left nothing to be desired. Though they joined a party of friends for the smorgasbord luncheon on the clubhouse verandah, she clung to his side possessively. It looked as though Patsy's treatment was having effect.

When he took her home he asked her to keep Thursday night. Then she rang him the next day asking him to play bridge that evening. He enjoyed that. She played an excellent game, and it was an agreeable foursome.

But Thursday evening's outing proved oddly disappointing. He decided to take her to the Dutch restaurant. When they were seated at their table she looked around with evident interest, giving no indication that she had previously dined there. He had never noticed before how much she talked.

Through the oysters and filet mignon she kept up a running commentary about trivial matters, and he found it difficult to seem interested. He couldn't understand it. Before, he had hung on her every word. He must be sickening for something. Yes, that was it, he thought with relief, hoping he was saying yes and no in the appropriate places. There were a lot of feverish colds going round the office. He made that the excuse for taking her home rather early.

By the weekend no cold had developed, and he found he was looking forward eagerly to the Sunday game of golf with Patsy. Her flat looked dark and deserted when he went to bed on Saturday night. The next morning when he stepped out on to his tiny balcony to inspect the weather he noticed a car parked by the entrance.

Patsy was standing beside it, talking to a man. His

first thought was that she had only just arrived home from her holiday. But then to his amazement he saw a beach bag being tossed in the back, then Patsy and her companion got in and the car drove off.

At first he was furiously angry, not believing it possible that she could have forgotten their date. He raged round the flat cursing women in general, and a small dark one called Patsy in particular. Then his mood changed to one of keen disappointment, his thoughts reverting to that other perfect Saturday.

Every time he heard a car pull up outside the building he hurried to the balcony, expecting to see her.

When the car finally arrived he watched her jump out, pick up her bathers, and disappear up the steps. By the time she was upstairs he was waiting for her at his open door. Her cheerful look faded as she saw his grim expression.

"Hi, Philip," she greeted him a little uncertainly. "You don't look very pleased to see me back."

"I suppose that little matter of our golf date slipped your mind?" he inquired acidly.

"Golf date?" Her bewilderment looked genuine. "Don't you remember suggesting that I tell Joyce I was playing with you?" he reminded her.

"Yes, of course I do. But I thought you realised it was just part of the campaign. I'm terribly sorry, Philip, if you misunderstood me."

His anger immediately gave way to a wonderful feeling of relief. "Sorry, Patsy. But I've had a helluva day, thinking you'd stood me up. Say you'll come out with me now to make up for it."

They went to a nearby Chinese restaurant.

"I haven't eaten all day and I'm starving," he told her. Not till they were surrounded by dishes did she say, "Now start at the beginning and tell me all about it. How's the campaign going?"

He helped himself to a drawn cutlet, then was silent for so long that she added, "I'm not prying, Philip. If you'd rather not talk about Joyce, that's all right. But I was curious to know if my plan had worked."

"Yes, it worked all right. But — I guessed it kind of misfired." He looked at her sitting there in the soft light, her skin golden-brown after her holiday, her eyes sparkling with health. "And you're right. I don't want to talk about Joyce. I want to talk about us. Does it seem a crazy kind of idea to you?"

She searched his face for a long moment, then her eyes crinkled up at the corners and she smiled. "Why, no," she said softly, and her hand reached for his across the table. "I think it's a wonderful idea."

(Copyright)

SULKY SALLY YESTERDAY Sunny Sally today

Based on a real life story

"Bet I can roll my hoop further than you", says Sally to her friend.

"Sally's full of energy today", says her mother. "But yesterday she was so sulky and miserable I didn't know what to do with her. A good thing her auntie suggested Laxettes."

Children's upsets are often due to constipation. Laxettes help restore regularity overnight. No habit-forming. No embarrassing urgency. Each milk chocolate square contains an exact dose of safe, gentle laxative.

When Nature forgets, remember Laxettes! 3/6.



THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — February 3, 1965

DELIGHTFUL 'DIFFERENT' WARDROBE

● Sydney's cute Jenny Kee, 17, who is now working as a full-time model, studied dress designing at East Sydney Technical College for 18 months after she left school. "As I need so many clothes for modelling jobs, I'm so glad I can make my own," she said. "And, of course, it gives me the chance to use some really crazy designs."

DOLLY shift (right) and matching mini-scarf is the outfit Jenny likes to wear to the beach. The check gingham cost about 25/-. For an individual touch, she added a cross-over tie-string instead of buttons.

BACKLESS evening shift (above) of printed silk is really different. Jenny, of Chinese descent, gathers many designing ideas from fashion magazines.



SAFARI frock (left) of linen for a day in town. Jenny added leather buttons and belt for perfect finish.

HOODED shift (below) is Jenny's favorite. A casual for parties, it's made from spotted cotton which cost her only about £1/7/-.



GAY gingham suit (left) with matching mini-scarf looks cool and cute. The check material cost Jenny about 21/- and she made the covered buttons on the jacket.





Letters

Babysitting charges too high?

WHAT are other readers' opinions on babysitting charges? My friend and I honestly consider that 5/- an hour is too much for our services.

We go to someone's house (usually a friend's), make ourselves comfortable in front of the TV, are provided with an excellent supper, often munch peanuts or

chocolates specially bought for us, sometimes even sleep there for the night if the parents have a particularly late outing.

Failing TV, we study or read, or do whatever we would have done at home, anyway. Quite often the "baby" is not a baby at all but a well-behaved child of ten to 12.

I have talked with other friends who babysit, and they receive much the same treatment. Perhaps if the "baby" were actually a baby, or if toddlers were to be minded,

the responsibility might warrant 5/- an hour fee. — "Babysitter," Cairns, Qld.

Down to the sea

HAVING finished my pre-Christmas job I wanted an interest, and by inquiring and listening I came across a job that suits me right down to the sea. This job is crewing for a man on his yacht.

I got the job by going down to my yacht club and other yacht clubs and squadrons and asking around. I

made sure that the owner was a good yachtsman and also a fair man.

I didn't play hard to get, although there weren't many boys available compared with the number of sailing-boats in the bay.

An important thing to remember is not to expect to go down there and be engaged as captain or some similar rank, because you have to start from the bottom and work up. I am only forward hand, which is the lowest. — H. Ellis, Brighton, Vic.

Musical mugs

I HAVE just returned to Australia from England and am surprised at the apparent lack of imagination in teenagers' musical tastes here. When I was here last people used to draw the best from both American and British scenes and showed discriminating minds. Those were the days before Merseybeat had arrived.

Now, however, anything with the big British-beat sound goes straight to the top of the hit parades, whether it is good or bad. Even in Britain good negro groups are extremely popular, and authentic rhythm and blues and Country and Western tunes make the charts.

While I was there the "pirate" radio stations used to broadcast a great deal of uncommercial material (in contrast to Sydney stations), and this gave people a much broader viewpoint.

Here, though, the record scene seems to turn round in small, limited circles. — Neville Duery, Willoughby, N.S.W.

No gallant boys

THE days of gallantry seem to be fading more and more into the distant past. Nowadays, the majority of boys consider it stupid and foppish to give flowers to a girl or to buy her a corsage for a special occasion.

Letters must be signed, and preference is given to writers who do not use a pen-name. Send them to Teenagers' Weekly, Box 7052, G.P.O., Sydney. We pay £1/1/- for each letter used.

BEATNIK



"A great day for it, man. How are they biting?"

Girls love to receive flowers, and the boy who does not consider giving them an old-fashioned custom is highly esteemed among females. Boys, take note! — V. O'Hara, Quairading, W.A.

Parents' fault

AFTER considering the many problems which seem so prevalent in the teenage world today I have come to the conclusion that a good deal of the misunderstanding which seems to exist between the parents and children is the fault of the parents.

Certainly, teenagers will do the wrong thing at times, but when we consider it, doesn't everyone? When these wrongdoings occur it is the duty of the parents to try to understand just why and to guide the teenager through whatever trouble there might be.

Instead of this many parents take the opposite attitude and punish their children harshly, which will naturally arouse resentment.

I have very understanding parents and have found that their approach to

anything wrong I have done was one which has always made me very ashamed and made me resolve never to do such a thing again.

Kindness and understanding has always been their theme, and a happier family than ours could not be found.

If both parents and teenagers were to try a little harder to understand, I am sure it would result in many happier homes. — J. Postle, Toowoomba, Qld.

Holiday job

MY holiday job was working in a large department store in the city, and I think that this is something that every shy or self-conscious person should try to do.

It does not only keep you financially but it helps to develop your character, as you must learn to talk and carry on a conversation with numerous different types of shoppers.

I know that many of you would not be willing to sacrifice a holiday, but it is really worth while to do so. — "Helpful," Roseville, N.S.W.

Ladies' choice

● Tradition gives boys the right of choosing dancing partners, but reader E. Boerson said that girls, too, should have a choice — that of declining to dance.

AT the local dances where girls and boys go separately, some egotistical males wander round and round the hall, sizing up the talent, retreat into a corner to discuss the pros and cons of certain females, then one of the number saunters forth, and with a snap of the fingers and a quick jerk of the head utters "Dance?"

The expression registered when the invitation is met with a polite refusal is amazing. The jaws drop, the eyes open (but only for a second) as the bare-foot abomination from the backwoods bends closer and mumbles "Huh?" Another polite refusal, and with a "you've had your chance but fumbled it" shrug of his not-so-wide shoulders, he shuffles off.

Later, if he sees you dancing with a collared-and-tied individual, who asked "Would you like to dance?", a mixture of puzzled and hostile looks greet you from beneath 18 inches of greasy hair.

When will boys realise that girls, too, can afford to be choosy, and don't like to be sized-up like market vegetables? — "Disappointed," Melville Heights, W.A.

IT is my opinion that girls should have the right of choosing partners without being thought ill-mannered and discourteous, rather than spend an uninteresting evening dancing with boys they are not fond of.

But if the boy was the son of some very good friends of the family, the polite thing would be to accept. — A. Nevenkirchen, Elanora Heights, N.S.W.

SOME boys have to pluck up a lot of courage to ask a girl to dance. When they do, and the girl refuses, it certainly takes a while for the boy to work up enough courage to ask someone else.

I agree that before a boy asks a girl to dance he has the opportunity to pick and choose, but I really think

that the dance rules should stay as they are — boys' choice. — Julie Stevens, Roundhill, Tas.

AS a male I support the right of the girl to refuse to dance when asked, but with one stipulation. As most boys ask politely, I feel it only fair that the girl who refuses should sit that dance out. This is perhaps being diplomatic, but, after all, diplomacy will hurt no one. — "May I Have the Honor," Mitchelton, Qld.

I'M an old married woman now, but I would never refuse a dance. Admittedly, sometimes your partner may be a bore and a horrible dancer, but think of his good qualities.

My husband was a horrible dancer when he first asked me to dance, but now I hear admiring comments. All because girls were too polite to refuse him when he was just starting and so very self-conscious. — "Bulldog," Lindsay Point, S.A.

LUCKY STARR and his bride (right), formerly Gloria O'Brien, of Melbourne, in the car outside the church immediately after their wedding. Gloria's dress was of ribbon lace. Her veil was held by a coronet.

Lucky and Gloria are married



GUESTS shower Lucky and Gloria (above) with confetti after the wedding. Behind Lucky is David Taylor, of Kingsgrove, an old friend of Lucky's, who was best man. At right: Lucky and Gloria leaving the reception for their honeymoon at a secret hideout. Their home will be at Mosman.

• Hundreds of fans crowded outside the church to cheer Lucky Starr and his bride, Gloria, after their wedding at St. Giles' Presbyterian Church, Hurstville, recently. Among the 150 guests at the wedding and reception were many well-known entertainers and musicians, and 70 people flew to Sydney from Melbourne for the occasion.

THE TOY- LANDED GENTRY

ROUND
ROBIN

• I see that a Sydney doctor recently warned that a toy doctor set could harm children.

WELL, that started me thinking about other toys that are as dangerous as heck — but about which people don't give a hoot.

I refer, of course, to the traditional girls' toys that offer encouragement and training in hooking fellers later on.

If a girl never played with bride dolls and dolls' houses — not to mention toy purses! — perhaps a bloke would have a sporting chance to stay single.

(Lately, by the way, I have noticed an insidious toy intrusion by girls. More and more moppets seem to be driving kiddie-cars — a devilishly fiendish way to train women drivers!)

Toy manufacturers obviously would not like to stop production of the deadly toys I mention.

But I've come up with a solution which should please them — I've invented counter-toys.

I propose, for example, banker dolls for boys — you wind them up and they foreclose on dolls' houses.

I also see boys' detective dolls—they arrest bride dolls for bigamy.

And, just as girls are steered down the aisle by toys, to brainwash boys for bachelorhood I suggest toys that would give them a sour taste of things to come.

For instance, how about a toy cheque account — which is always in the red?

I know it is no easy task I have set myself. Why, only the other day I was working on a doll, pressed too hard — and

she slapped my face.

Oh, well — back to the drawing-board.

— Robin Adair



THE CLASSICS

HANDEL: "Solomon"

HANDEL wrote about 20 oratorios — works for singers and orchestra which tell a story but are not intended for stage performance — of which only one, "Messiah," is really well known to modern audiences. This is most unfair, both to "Messiah," which through endless repetition is getting the reputation of a bore, and to Handel's other oratorios, several of which are quite as good as "Messiah."

One of the best is "Solomon," a big, colorful, and dramatic work first performed in 1749, eight years after "Messiah." In its original version this oratorio is very long, but the late Sir Thomas Beecham arranged and recorded an abridged version of it. This recording has been reissued in a two-disc set by the World Record Club.

Unfortunately, Beecham did rather more than abridge the work; he rearranged the order of many of the numbers and reorchestrated Handel's score. On the credit side, the performance has all Beecham's verve and, in its own way, is technically admirable — and it is, as far as I know, the only recording of the work in existence.

The soloists, by the way, include two Australians: soprano Elsie Morison and baritone John Cameron; the other soloists are Alexander Young (tenor) and Lois Marshall (soprano). The orchestra is the Royal Philharmonic.

— MARTIN LONG

Louise
Hunter

Here's

your answer

• Although pen-names and initials are always used, letters will not be answered unless real name and address of sender is given as a guarantee of good faith. Private answers to problems cannot be given.

Independence

"I AM 18 and am getting engaged early next year. My boyfriend has had a very unhappy home life, whereas mine has been very happy and my parents spoil me and gave me everything I ever wanted. Lately, though, I have realised that, having been spoiled all my life, it is going to be hard for me to go without. I am working now and trying hard to save, but my parents say there is no need as they have plenty to give me. But I want to be independent. My boyfriend thinks I will not be happy with the life we will share, as I am used to getting most things I want. So do my parents. But, even though I know there will be many years of saving and hardship ahead, I don't mind. How can I prove to my parents and my boy-

friend that I am capable of being independent and going without?"

"M.D.," N.S.W.

Simply by doing just that.

You are very wise to realise that you cannot go on being dependent upon your parents for everything you want—and I am sure with your boyfriend's love and encouragement you will find that saving hard for something is much more satisfying than having it handed to you on a silver platter.

Should she wait?

"I HAVE been going with a wonderful boy for 18 months and we plan to get married some day. He is 22 and he wants us to get married on my 19th birthday next year, but I am an apprentice hairdresser and I won't finish my apprenticeship until some months

after, and I would prefer to wait. Both our parents agree that we should wait, but my boyfriend doesn't want to. I love him very much and I'm afraid that if he has to wait he might change his mind, even though I know he loves me."

"Confused," Vic.

If your boyfriend really does love you, then I think he would want what is best for you—and obviously that means waiting a few more months for you to finish your apprenticeship.

So many women these days wish they had a career to follow after a few years of marriage, and it is wise to know that you could always get a job if you needed to.

He wants promise

"MY girlfriend and I have been going out together for nearly seven months and shortly I will be going away on a two-month working trip to Western Queensland. While I'm away I don't want her to go out with anyone else. I'm very fond of her, but if she is unwilling to do as I ask, I want to break it off, because I don't want to be out in the bush by myself while she is having fun here with other boys. She would probably feel less toward me when I return, too. I am 20 and my girlfriend is 18. Do you think it wise to ask this of her?"

"Perplexed," Qld.

No, I don't, and while you are not engaged you really don't have the right.

If you think she is going to find someone else while you are away, then I don't have much faith in your romance anyway.

The wisest course of action would be, I think, to leave it up to her.

Tell her the way you feel and that you don't relish the thought of other boys taking her out while you are working in the bush.

If she is really fond of you, I think she will make the decision herself.

Bird-watcher

"I AM going steady with a wonderful boy. I am 18 and he is 20 and he says he is deeply in love with me, but my problem is girls. Every time a pretty girl goes by he admires her from head to toe and constantly remarks about pretty girls. After eight months I am becoming greatly annoyed. How can I overcome my problem?"

"Bobo," N.S.W.

You will just have to resign yourself to the fact that your boyfriend is an incorrigible bird-watcher.

Usually the kind that does all the talking rarely takes things further, but I agree that this is cold comfort when these constant remarks are hurtful to you.

But if you can't beat him, join him.

Start making remarks about different boys you meet and see.

If this doesn't cure him, then you'll either have to accept him as he is or look around for another boy who doesn't admire other girls quite so much.

Nurses' delight

"I AM in an embarrassing situation. I am a patient in hospital suffering from a complaint that will keep me here for some time. I am young and good-looking and all the nurses seem attracted to me. At visiting time, when my fiancée comes to see me, the nurses stay crowded around my bed and my fiancée is getting very jealous. I am sure, too, that the ward sisters and other patients don't like my being so popular. What can I do?"

"Patient," Vic.

If the situation really is as you describe it I'm sure it won't be long before these nurses are reprimanded by the ward sisters.

If it is true, next time your fiancée comes make it plain by your display of affection toward her that the nurses don't "stand a chance."

But are you exaggerating just a little?



Just pour..chill..whip..freeze
home-made ice cream never tasted this good



MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN

THE strange thief is in the museum to steal the Da Vinci drawing. However, as he tun-
nelled into the museum he left a
furrow in the grounds attracting
notice. NOW READ ON . . .



NIGHT IN THE MUSEUM—
A WEIRD INTERLUDE
AMONG ANCIENT FRIENDS



OUTSIDE—
WHAT'LL WE DO?
WHAT IS THERE TO DO?

WHAT KIND OF ANIMAL
COULD HAVE MADE
THAT FURROW IN THE
MUSEUM LAWN?

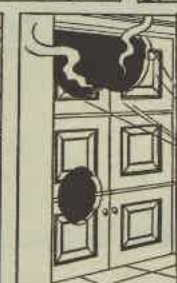
MEANWHILE—
INSIDE THE
DARK MUSEUM—
THIS IS THE ROOM.
LOCKED
NATURALLY.



A SPLIT-SECOND
FLASH OF LIGHT—
AND THERE IS A
HOLE IN THE DOOR!



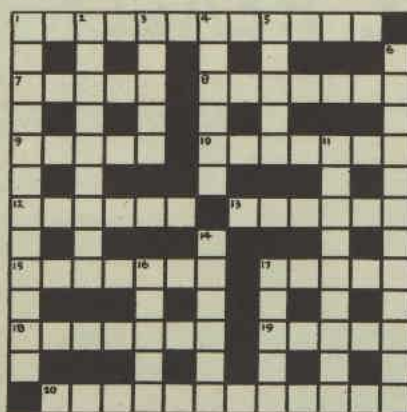
THAT HOLE IS TOO OBVIOUS.
BETTER REMOVE THE
DOORS ALTOGETHER.
MAKE IT MORE
CONFUSING—



THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

ACROSS

1. In this game of tennis there are a man and a woman on each side (5, 7).
7. Loiter (5).
8. A little tart (7).
9. Roman god of love (5).
10. If led in, becomes an unbeliever (7).
12. Snare soon turn for a start (6).
13. Thousand donkeys in unbroken expanses (6).
15. Red bath (anagr., 7).
17. Sound of birds and insects (5).
18. Our slab in works (7).
19. Contract for a term mostly with ease (5).



Solution will be published next week.

DOWN

1. It is not a drug pill, though it may give health (8, 4).
2. Wooden musical instrument with one end (9).
3. An arid, short advertisement makes a wood nymph (5).
4. Nose is in the organic basis of bones (6).
5. To deceive and be outspoken (5).
6. His poor helps, these lovers of wisdom (12).
11. Scatter pits aside (9).
14. Cooling drink after spirit (6).
16. Fleshy fruit with a stone (5).
17. Short visits, including all (5).



Solution of last week's crossword.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — February 3, 1965

Butterick PATTERNS

finish off
the summer
with a
Shift!



3119

3119. — Knee-length beach dress, hat, and drawstring beach bag. Sizes 31, 32, 34, 36in. bust. Price 6/- includes postage.



3120

3120. — Square-necked beach shift, hat, and drawstring bag. Sizes 31, 32, 34, 36in. bust. Price 6/- includes postage.

BUTTERICK PATTERNS ARE AVAILABLE AT LEADING STORES



3139. — Semi-fit shift. Sizes 31, 32, 34, 36, 38in. bust. Price 6/- includes postage.

3117. — Beach dress with "V" neckline scarf, and beach bag. Sizes Small, Medium, Large. Price 6/- includes postage.

2717. — A-line maternity shift. Sizes 31, 32, 34, 36, 38in. bust. Price 5/3 includes postage.

3165. — Little girl's beach shift. Sizes 4, 6, 8, 10, 12, 14. Price 5/- includes postage.

3165



2717

Send your order and postal note to: PATTERN SERVICE, P.O. BOX 4, CROYDON, N.S.W. (N.Z. readers: P.O. BOX 11-039, Ellerslie, S.E.6.) BE SURE TO STATE SIZE.

NAME	DESIGN	SIZE
ADDRESS		



ROTHMANS KING SIZE REALLY SATISFIES

BETTER TOBACCO



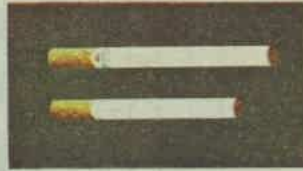
Rothmans is famous for paying top prices year after year at the world's great tobacco auctions, to give you the best tobacco that money can buy.

FINER FILTER



5,000 inches of pure cellulose fibre strands are used in every cigarette to give better filtration and to enhance the fine smooth flavour of the world's best tobaccos.

TRUE KING SIZE FLAVOUR



For true King Size flavour and full smoking satisfaction smoke Rothmans King Size Filter. Doubly smooth—the extra length plus the filter tip gives you that cooler, smoother taste.



THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

1963